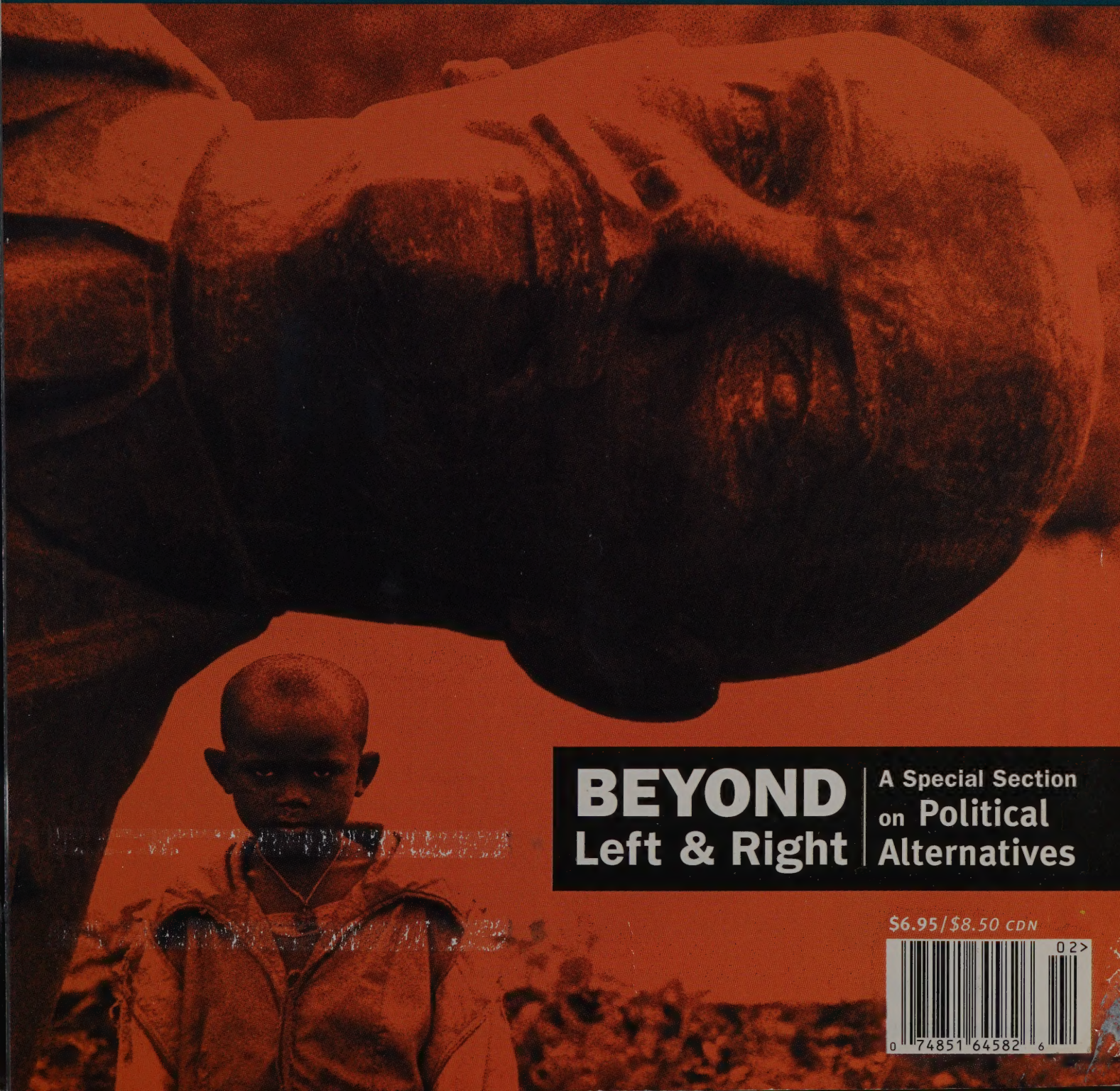


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COVER: CHILD STANDING
UNDER FALLEN STATUE OF LENIN, ETHIOPIA.
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SUBSCRIPTIONS: In US \$24; in Canada \$32 (includes postage and GST); elsewhere \$39 (US funds). For customer service, write *Whole Earth*, PO Box 3000, Denville, NJ 07834-9879, or call 888/732-6739.

Whole Earth (ISSN 0749-5056) is published quarterly by Point Foundation, a nonprofit educational organization, 1408 Mission Avenue, San Rafael, CA 94901-1971 (415/256-2800). Periodicals postage paid at San Rafael, CA and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: send address changes to *Whole Earth*, PO Box 3000, Denville, NJ 07834-9879. Copyright © 2000 by Point. Printed in USA.

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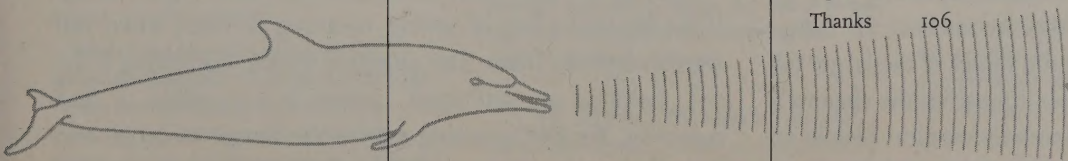
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The Doctor's Dilemma

RETURNING SERVICE, GRACE, AND MEANING TO THE ART OF HEALING

Rachel Naomi Remen, M.D.

An interview with Peter Warshall

Rachel Naomi Remen is one of my closest friends. She is a life partner in our work at Commonweal, a small health and environmental research institute in West Marin. She serves as medical director of the Cancer Help Program, our week-long residential program for cancer patients, and director of the Institute for Health and Illness, our training program for physicians and health professionals who work with people with life-threatening illnesses.

From fifteen years of work together with people facing cancer, I have a deep sense of Rachel's life project. Rachel's special genius—no lesser word will do—is to uncover the great wisdom in life stories that point us toward the enlargement of the soul. Her unique gift for this work has its source in her triple identity as a person who has lived with a life-threatening illness for many years, a physician, and a healer steeped in the traditions of the healer's art. So Rachel lives and writes with uncommon access to that place within us where life and death meet, where all pretense dissolves, where a deeper knowing and caring can be found. —Michael J. Lerner



A late-19th-century Japanese netsuke from the collection of the Science Museum, London.

Rachel Naomi Remen: Every culture has its shadow, and represses the wholeness of its people in some way. It persuades us to diminish ourselves, by disapproving of certain parts of our wholeness. It is a very natural thing to give up wholeness for approval. We don't even realize we're doing this, though we do it all the time in a lot of relationships and within the culture. Until fairly recently, our culture edited people very severely—the heart, the soul, the intuition were not acceptable; all that was respected was the intellect, the facts.

Any medical culture intensifies the values of the larger culture it tries to serve. Medical culture intensifies the shadow of the culture as well. Possibly this is why medical people are looked up to in the culture, seen as successful people. In my experience, those who are perceived as successful usually

bear the cultural wound most deeply.

Physicians have been wounded by their training. We are taught that objectivity is an invulnerable stance. But objectivity actually makes us vulnerable. From an objective stance, no one has access to his or her human strengths. You cannot cry or grieve or even pray. You don't even know that you're loved by the people you are serving. Objectivity makes physicians vulnerable to burnout. It prevents us from finding meaning. If the heart is a way of seeing, meaning is found when you see through the heart. The objective stance, distancing yourself, holding yourself apart, makes it impossible to find meaning. We find meaning only in the things we touch and that touch us deeply. Meaning is found only through genuine relationship.

The third-party payer system has created a crisis in medicine. It has invaded the integrity of the doctor/patient relationship. Ninety-five percent of California physicians really work for two people. They work for the organization that pays their salary, and they also work for the patient. What may be absolutely the best for the patient may not be economically the best for the organization. Your salary is paid by the organization. So there is this constant pull. There is now a certain lack of trust in these relationships. Malpractice suits started that—the doctor did not trust the patient. Now the patient does not trust the doctor, because he can never be sure whether what's being done is what's best for him or what best serves the company the doctor works for.

The third-party payer system has imposed a "business value system" on medicine. This can violate the deepest values of medical practitioners. Doctors are dropping out. Young, well-trained doctors are going elsewhere. It's not a question of money. It's about the violation of core individual values. It's about being asked on a daily basis to do your work at a level far below your capacity for excellence. It would be as if I said to you, "Now look, you're a good writer, a good editor. You've come here and talked with me for an hour. You could really have done it in fifteen minutes, and cut costs. And, you know, you're using so much audiotape. If you do it in fifteen minutes, you'll save tape. And you really don't need a pen—use a pencil." If you're a good editor, you can do something passable, even with all those constraints. But if you do this day in and day out, something dies within you.

Peter Warshall: My goddaughter is pregnant. She can have one obstetrician for the nine months, but suddenly, at the moment of birth, it's whoever is on call, any one of nine obstetricians on call.

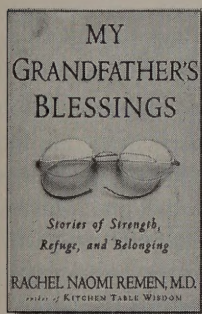
RNR: Talk about violation of a relationship! And yet people accept this because they feel that this is how it's supposed to be.

In your father's generation [*Peter's father was a pediatrician from 1945 to the late 1960s*], doctors had the freedom to do things according to what was best. If they wished to spend more time with someone,

When relationship starts getting mandated, and you have only your eight or ten minutes for every person, no matter how frightened, how sick, or what their needs are...well, it violates the very reason you went into this work. Many doctors have lost their sense of the meaning of their work, and they cannot go on.

they could. But when relationship starts getting mandated, and you have only your eight or ten minutes for every person, no matter how frightened, how sick, or what their needs are...well, it violates the very reason you went into this work. Many doctors have lost their sense of the meaning of their work, and they cannot go on.

There is a growing interest among medical educators and policy makers in helping physicians



MY GRANDFATHER'S BLESSINGS
 Stories of Strength, Refuge, and Belonging
 Rachel Naomi Remen, M.D. 2000; 382 pp.
 \$24.95. Riverhead Books.

When Peter Warshall proposed that I review *My Grandfather's Blessings*, he said: "There is something to say for friends reviewing books. The longer-term understanding of the author's intent, for instance; and the deeper understanding of their 'project' in life. Also, *Whole Earth* is about com-

munity, and I've always felt that something overflows from one review to another that speaks of intimacy. So, if you would like, I would like." That made sense.

Rachel's *Kitchen Table Wisdom* [Riverhead Books, 1997] was a word-of-mouth best-seller that has touched people in a way few books ever do. *My Grandfather's Blessings* takes us another great step forward in the unfolding of Rachel's service to the world. The titular reference is to what she learned from her grandfather, a rabbi and scholar of the Kabbalah. The 103 stories explore receiving blessings, becoming a blessing, finding strength and taking refuge, the web of blessings, befriending life, and restoring the world. —Michael J. Lerner

“Service is the work of the soul. We might view moments of genuine service as a movement toward the soul, a return to what is most genuine and real in each of us. In the trajectory of a life-

time, this turning toward our goodness happens not once but many times. Some of these turnings are small and some are large. All are important. Much in life distracts us from our true nature, captures the Self in bonds of greed, desire, numbness, and unconsciousness. But every act of service is an evidence that the soul is stronger than all that, and can draw us toward it despite all.

Perhaps our greatest service is simply to find ways to strengthen and live closer to our goodness. This is far from easy. It requires an everyday attention, an awareness of all that diminishes us, distracts us, and causes us to forget who we are. But every act of service bears witness to the possibility of freedom for us all. And every time anyone becomes more transparent to the light in them, they will restore the light in the world.

preserve and recover the meaning of medicine. Freshmen medical students come into medical school on fire with a spirit of service—if you can preserve that, maybe doctors can last longer in these difficult times.

There's a certain concern that medicine may be losing its soul. It's an

**We so easily outrun our headlights.
We're very technically capable, but
we're not very wise.**

old soul. I happen to be of a Jewish background, and the only other thing I know that has this kind of lineage is Judaism. It goes back a long, long way. The doctors of generations ago would have been awed by our science and our tools, but they would have understood our commitment perfectly, because they shared it with us. It is an unbroken lineage.

PW: "Meaning" for doctors appears threatened by the technological—the techniques for long life, for fertility. Their tools change so rapidly.

RNR: And the tools are so seductive and so powerful.

PW: Are we messing with the natural law of things?

RNR: Of course we are. We messed with the natural law of things the minute a human first took an herb. The natural law of things has been altered very significantly for a long time. There are numerous ways of looking at this. Obviously, when we alter natural law, we do harm. We are not wise enough to recognize the interconnectedness of our actions. No human being could be wise enough.

Doctors feel burdened and overwhelmed by the decisions that are now expected of them. There are so many decisions we make now that used to be in the hands of fate. It used to be that somebody simply died. Now people have a cardiac arrest and they're resuscitated. When do we resuscitate and

when do we not? Or do we give a woman (who would otherwise not be pregnant) fertility drugs—and terminate the lives of three fetuses in her seven-fetus pregnancy? And which three? And how about euthanasia? I don't believe that anyone wants to make these kinds of decisions. Anyone who's ever had to put a dog or a cat to sleep—even when the dog or cat is old and suffering—knows how difficult it is. Imagine putting a human being to sleep. Could you do it? Yet these decisions sort of come with the turf. Nobody asked the doctor, "Do you want to make these decisions?" They're being forced to make these decisions by the nature of the technology. It's not a very comfortable place. I think most practitioners feel unprepared.

Technology has changed medical education into a "training." It has been said that our technology is always fifty years ahead of our wisdom. And in that lag time, we may destroy ourselves. Do we act because we can or because we should? People are afraid, for instance, of genetically altered vegetables. But when in doubt, we generally go forward instead of waiting.

PW: The courts are being asked to judge. Like that recent decision about a woman who got divorced. She still wanted to use eggs fertilized by her former husband, and he said, "No, we're now divorced." But she said, "Well, you signed a legal document that we could do this." The court ruled that he has that right to refuse, since it would be his child. It begins a strange techno-materialist decision-making, reminiscent of King Solomon.

RNR: We so easily outrun our headlights. We're very technically capable, but we're not very wise. In a recent situation, seven babies were born through "the miracle of science" and, at the age of two, two of them are obviously retarded. I have yet to see this actually written up in a newspaper. Reporters covering the second birthday simply said, "Oh, this one can't sit up yet," "This one has poor head support."

PW: What can a culture do to change that kind of attitude? Most people I meet just accept that medical miracles are there for them. How do you work with medical students and doctors, given the dilemmas we've hashed over?

RNR: I work with doctors on two levels. I run a course called Continuing Medical Education (CME) at the Institute for the Study of Health and Illness at Commonweal. And I run a class called "The Healer's Art" for freshmen medical students at the University of California, San Francisco. The physician graduates of the CME program teach with me in the medical school course. Both of these courses are about recovering, strengthening, and preserving the meaning in this work.

The medical school course is preventive, because meaning seems to function inversely as expertise. The freshman students are on fire with the meaning of their work; by the time they are seniors, this is gone. It's as if they now know what they need to do, but have forgotten why they came. "The Healer's Art" is an elective. An elective usually draws eight to twelve students, but we get somewhere between fifty and sixty every year. That means that almost one out of every two students in the school has chosen to take this course.

Among other things, we develop an atmosphere of safety between students, and between students and faculty. A harmless space between health professionals is rare. Doctors are competitive and isolated. It is rare to hear anyone admit vulnerability or pain. Creating harmless space, and having that experience of acceptance of other people, is, I think, the absolute model of the doctor/patient relationship. We start by helping them to be harmless with their colleagues. The first session, "Survival Skills for Medical Students," starts with a simple exercise that enables students to recognize and reclaim a part of themselves that they fear may be changing in this process of becoming an expert. This is

everyone's hidden fear. Students are working fourteen-hour days, seven days a week. Nobody has any idea what this is like beforehand. It's easy not to feed parts of yourself that aren't immediately involved in the workaday tasks.

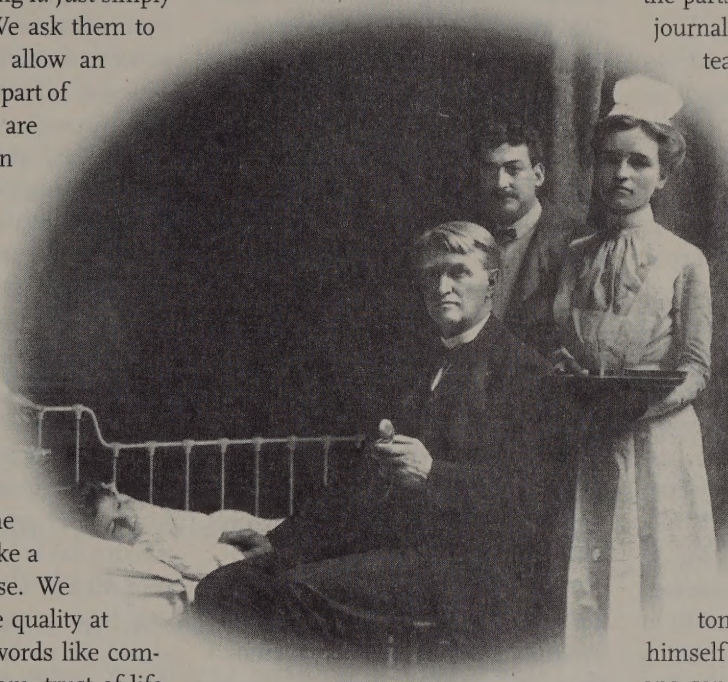
We start by talking about the cultural shadow, explaining it. Just simply tell stories about it. We ask them to close their eyes and allow an image to come for the part of themselves that they are afraid may change in this process of becoming an expert. We give them big pieces of paper and little boxes of crayons that smell just like the ones in kindergarten. And they draw a picture of this part of themselves. Often the picture is a symbol, like a candle or a lighthouse. We ask them to name the quality at its core...and we get words like compassion, fidelity, wisdom, trust of life, and the like. These are the parts that are threatened by the pressure of the training.

Cultural shadow is hard to heal. It's not like family shadow. Family shadow has more opportunity for healing, because when you become an adult you leave your family and you get validated by other people for things that were not validated by your family. Or you are accepted in ways that you never got accepted in your family. You have an opportunity to reclaim wholeness.

But cultural shadow is reinforced everywhere. There are no nonparticipants. So how do you heal the shadow of the medical culture? What occurred to me is that as culture wounds, so culture can heal. You heal a dominant culture by forming a subculture of credible people, in the middle of it, who value something new, who reinforce and reward

something that the dominant culture represses.

So this class might be considered such a subculture, a community that helps those who participate to heal the shadow of medicine. It's not didactic or theoretical. It's experiential. It's a



A doctor and a nurse call at the home of a sick child in this 19th-century photograph. Most doctors stopped making house calls in the 1950s.

discovery model. It involves taking off masks and showing others both your highest aspirations and your deepest fears. It also involves finding acceptance for who you authentically are.

After we draw, we go into small groups, a doctor and four or five students. The doctor is a facilitator but

You have to understand that nobody, absolutely no human being, can be harmless. In order to be a truly harmless person you would have to have a vision of the infinite, a chain of events that goes on forever, in order to know that any single action is truly a harmless action.

not a teacher. It's a level playing field. Doctors share their own struggles, their own doubts, their own dreams in the groups, and do the same exercises that the students do. In these

small groups, the students share their pictures and discover that they are not alone: others who seemed confident and self-assured have the same inner concerns.

We talk about all sorts of ways to self-remember. We teach ways to feed the parts that matter. There's a special journal we teach them to keep. We teach about ritual, about prayer; we talk about imagery. We close the session with a five-minute meditation—but we can't call it that. We just spend five minutes in supportive community. If I am the doctor in the group, I ask the person on my left to say his name aloud. And in absolute silence, everybody thinks about what that person has shared here tonight, what his dream is for himself and his medicine. And everyone sends strength to that person in any way they care to. You might want to pray for him, if that's your way, or believe in him, or experience that his struggle is important. This is done in silence for about forty-five seconds.

Then the next person to the left says her name and the group focuses its attention on her in just the same way, for forty-five seconds. Finally, the doctor says *her* name, and receives the support of the group as well. And for the first time, we come into right relationship with our fellow professionals.

Medical school is a marginalizing experience. So is medicine. In the next session, students often find that they are able to share things they may not be able to share elsewhere, because not only do they feel safe, they are with other people who can really understand these highly unusual experiences they're having, this highly unusual life they're leading.

We open the course with a drawing

To serve is to make whole in some way. Service...it's more of a grace. It's very close to love, but a very pure kind of love. A befriending of the life in others, unconditionally.

and we close the course with a drawing. In the final session, which is called "The Care of the Soul," we let the students rewrite the Hippocratic oath for themselves. The oath is about a commitment to befriend life. It is also a way of life. I think of it as a spiritual path. The qualities embodied in it—compassion, harmlessness, covenant, service, reverence for all life—are not the qualities of an expert or a technician. They are soul qualities.

You have to understand that nobody, absolutely no human being, can be harmless. In order to be a truly harmless person you would have to have a vision of the infinite, a chain of events that goes on forever, in order to know that any single action is truly a harmless action. So harmlessness is an aspiration, not something that anyone who is a human being could truly embody.

We may invite others—sometimes the hospital chaplaincy training program—to come, so we have the students, and the physicians who are the faculty, and a group of rabbis and ministers and priests. We remind those present that your medicine isn't something that tells you how to live, what to wear, what to say, when to sleep, what to read, how to spend your time. We invite them to imagine what it could be—a vehicle for the expression of their highest values—and to draw a picture of this vision.

All the drawings are different. They're all unique. I like to think of them as soul drawings. Uniqueness, for me, is one of the qualities of the soul. Then we invite them to ask for help in bringing more of this vision into their daily work. They write three or four sentences, in the "language of help": "Help me, show me, may I, give me," etc.

And then, for about two hours, everyone reads aloud to each other.

This is a very powerful moment for everyone, including me. If you close your eyes while people are reading, you can't tell who is a medical student, a surgeon, a minister, or a nurse. Somehow, through this simple exercise, we go past the divisiveness of our expertise, and inhabit the unity of our commitment. It always makes me wonder if there really isn't only one role and one profession—and that is service. We each do this with our own skills or gifts or expertise, but it is the same work. We befriend life. We become a blessing.

One year, a young woman stood up after reading, looked around at her classmates, and said, "I had no idea that's who you guys were. I thought I was here all alone." Just as there is an isolation in the American culture, there is extreme isolation in the medical culture.

I run a drop-in evening group for doctors who, like myself, are recovering from their training. Sometimes I think that medicine is like a disease: you have to recover from it. "I'm a recovering doctor." Each evening has a topic related to the practice of medicine...like compassion, or suffering, or listening. It's a discovery model. As the "price of admission" to the evening, each person brings a story from his personal life, his professional life, from the world literature, or a poem, or an exercise to help people explore the evening's topic more deeply.

During a session on listening, an oncologist brought a shopping bag with her. In the shopping bag were twelve stethoscopes she had liberated from Kaiser for the evening. She gave everyone a stethoscope and said, "Let's listen to our own hearts for about eight or nine minutes." So we started listening. We're middle-aged, and for the first few minutes you could see that everyone was diagnosing himself. But eight minutes is a long time. And we all went beyond this and found something ineffable...an experience of profound mystery. There were

two cardiologists in the room; both of them were blown away. So were we all. My experience was that I had never heard a heart before. I had auscultated thousands of hearts but I had never *heard* a heart before. It's very, very moving. Talk about an experience of reverence and awe.

I think we have made a trade between mastery and mystery, between information and wisdom. Mystery used to occupy the same place in medicine that science does now, and I truly believe that it still does—except we often do not notice. We often tell ourselves stories to cover up the places where we encounter something that we cannot understand.

I sometimes think that medicine is a front-row seat on mystery. There is so much that happens that we can't explain. A physician once told me the story of the time when he was 18 and his brother was dying of leukemia. About a day before his brother died, he was reading to him in his bedroom. His brother was lying in bed, eyes closed. He couldn't tell if he was awake or not, but he did not know what else to do, so he kept going. As he was reading, he suddenly felt his brother's hand on his arm. His brother's eyes were open and he was looking at a blank wall. "Look, George, look," his brother said. "There is someone there. Someone has come for me, George. Look. Can you see him?"

So George closed the book and looked at the blank wall and he couldn't see a thing... "but I could feel it. There was something in the room with us. It was completely benign, totally good." And he says that in this moment he knew that he was supposed to become a doctor. When his brother died, he went back to school and changed his major from engineering to medicine.

When I asked him to say more about it, he told me that he actually knew in that moment that he was a doctor and had always been a doctor. That he had been born with a doctor's soul in him. Very mysterious! He says that it was like a moment of healing,

“coming to my true self. Whatever it was that came for my brother, it came for me too. Perhaps this was a moment of healing for him as well.”

Once you get a group of doctors talking about mystery, it's often hard to get them to stop. So much of what we see just doesn't make sense. Sometimes it's a small thing, sometimes it's a large thing. But there's a lot that just does not fit into the box.

PW: In your book (*My Grandfather's Blessings*; see page 5), you say that service, in a sense, was letting the lives that touch yours, touch you. I kept on thinking, was “touch” there a metaphor?

RNR: The very oldest way of healing is touch, a connection between the hand and the heart. But we're trained to

You heal a dominant culture by forming a subculture of credible people, in the middle of it, who value something new, who reinforce and reward something that the dominant culture represses.

diagnose and cure, to connect the hand to the mind. In our CME workshop on healing, we may ask doctors to do hands-on healing with each other. At first it feels a little strange to lay your hands on someone and encourage the life in them. But many physicians say they felt as if something in them had always wanted to touch their patients in this way, and they couldn't think of a way to do it without being embarrassed. It's not just physical touch. It's more about the sense of belonging, of occupying a level playing field, a shared vulnerability and a shared strength. The experience I have, is, you greet the life in someone. You accept its present shape, accept it as it is. You recognize its holiness. After hands-on healing, you never see the person you were partnered with in the same way again.

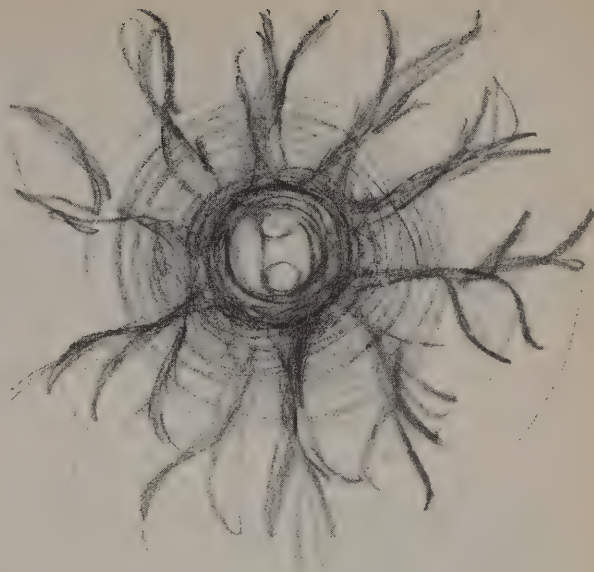
PW: When you were talking about your sense of service, I thought of something. “Service” is a hard word, because another word like it in English is “servitude,” and both come from the word for slave. In the Old Testament, you have three senses of service to the land: the manipulator (dominion over), the steward (caretaker), and the servant of the Earth. They keep fighting each other. Are we on a kind of quest for stewardship of the body?

RNR: A very strange idea floated through my head as you said that. I have no idea if the idea is valid or true, but what floated through was that service is much more about celebrating life than it is about dominating it. We don't dominate. We don't “steward.” It's more like a celebration.

A long time ago, when I first got interested in this, I asked a number of people whose lives seemed to me to be lives of service to define it. Nobody could. People obviously were living it; they just couldn't talk coherently about it. It was ineffable, in some way. One of the people I asked was my colleague, Marion

Weber, who is an artist. Marion is quite remarkable. She's a very, very wise woman. As we were driving somewhere I said to her, “I can't get clear on this article that I'm trying to write on service. No one even seems to be able to give me a decent definition for it.” And she said, “Oh well, why make it so difficult? Service is Belonging.” I think the dominion/stewardship/servitude construct has us standing *next* to something. It feels like a duality. Service doesn't have that distance. It's not a duality. To serve is to make whole in some way. Service...it's more of a grace. It's very close to love, but a very pure kind of love. A befriending of the life in others, unconditionally.

At some level, there's nothing personal in service. It's abstract. Just the same way that unconditional love is impersonal. It goes beyond any

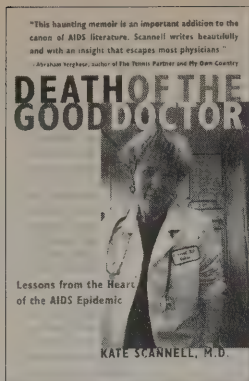


“Mystery,” drawn by a participant in Dr. Remen's medical school course, “The Healer's Art.”

During the course's first session, “We ask [participants] to close their eyes and allow an image to come for the part of themselves that may change in this process of becoming an expert. We give them big pieces of paper and little boxes of crayons that smell just like the ones in kindergarten. And they draw a picture of this part of themselves....These are the parts that are threatened by the pressure of the training.”

individual. So it's a response to the holiness that is at the foundation of all life. It's hard to put that into words. It's the sense that all that life is worthy. And it goes beyond your own preferences in thinking about life, whom you like and whom you don't. Your own preferences are irrelevant. All life is holy. I think the Hippocratic oath is about a relationship between an individual life and life itself. A person and life itself.

Fixing, helping, and serving are three different ways of experiencing and perceiving. When you experience your work as service, the work itself sustains you. The work itself blesses you. Fixing and helping are ultimately draining; service is renewing. When I fix something, I get satisfaction, pride, all those ego things. When I serve, I get a sense of gratitude for the opportunity to do the work. I feel lucky. Perhaps fixing and helping are the work of the ego...and service is the work of the soul. **WE**



DEATH OF THE GOOD DOCTOR
Lessons from the Heart of the AIDS Epidemic

Kate Scannell, M.D. 1999; 194 pp. \$14.95. Cleis Press.

This is one of the most startling and beautifully written books I've ever read from a doctor.

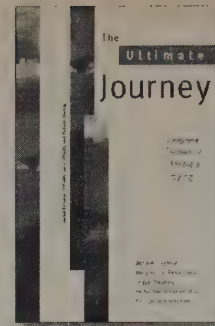
When Kate Scannell was appointed director of a hospital AIDS ward, she writes, she "stalked the...ward like a weary but seasoned gunfighter, ready for medical challenges to present themselves. I would shoot them down with my skills and pills." Enter Manuel, a 22-year-old AIDS patient, admitted "as a huge, bloated, violaceous, knobby mass with eyelids so swollen that he could no longer see." (Throughout the book, Scannell does not shield us from the hideous tumors and early putrefaction that overwhelm the body dying of AIDS. But she writes with such skill and compassion that we can tolerate the unspeakable and see directly into the heart of the patient). She interprets Manuel's, "Doctor, please help me," as a charge to attack all his medical problems.

The next day she learns that the evening-duty physician responded very differently to Manuel's pleas — by taking off Scannell's monitors and tubes and giving him additional morphine. "The nurse said that Manuel smiled and thanked the doctor for helping him," Scannell recalls. "He died within an hour, finally freed from his suffering." Sitting at Manuel's empty bed, she starts to experience the "death" of the "good doctor" in the conventional Western mode that she had been taught to be and striven to be. She begins to interact with patients in ways that take us deep into the psyches of caretaker and sufferer, until we don't know which is which. Her recollections are tinged with a mindfulness exploring each detail of life's last events, of an enlarged respect for each person's unique joy and manner of passage. —Pat Holt

“ As in an archeological expedition, I have tried to reclaim parts of myself that were buried beneath the rubble of the failed structure, the flawed foundation of the medical model I had lived and experienced....

Some of the rubble I can identify as remnants of that conventional structure: the trend toward increasing technological interventions; the overriding philosophy that physicians save lives, not “lose” them; the blatant chastisement and devaluation of physicians who use their empathy and intuitive insights when interacting with patients; the taboo against using compassion as a diagnostic and therapeutic medical skill.

“ I learned how to substitute ice cream and French bakery products as principal or even sole therapy for some AIDS patients with “complex medical problems.” I officially prescribed sunshine, a trip to the local department store, an afternoon with a tomatcat, and massage as “primary” treatments for others. For weeks on daily rounds I visited a demented AIDS patient who believed that he was back on his Texas ranch tending his beloved pigs and chickens; for days we discussed the problems posed by a few errant hogs and the most lucrative schemes to market fresh eggs. Once we invited the neighbors/patients on the ward for a farm-style breakfast in his room. This man never saw a needle in his arms or a catheter in his veins. I believe he was peaceful and free of pain when he died.



THE ULTIMATE JOURNEY
Inspiring Stories of Living and Dying

James O'Reilly, Sean O'Reilly, and Richard Sterling, eds. 2000; 303 pp. \$17.95. Travelers' Tales.

My good friend lost her best friend and when

I choked for words of my own, I wrote with quotes from this book.

Travelers' Tales typically perambulates the tangible world; this book covers the geography of the soul. Rachel Naomi Remen, Barry Lopez, Barbara Kingsolver, Sogyal Rinpoche, and thirty-nine others navigate the tender lines between grief and humor, matter and mystery; the human cascade of life and death. —NP

“ I am in France, driving Larry Rose south and west from Tours, along the banks of the Loire. Two days later he will be dead, impossible to believe then or now....

I drive until I am blinded by tears—my lover is so quiet, so ill. Under the crenelated medieval towers of Langeais I stop the car and turn to him. “Are you in pain?”....

He presses his finger to my lips. “I'm happy being quiet here with you.” (This is what I have learned, the gift grief has given me: the sufficiency and necessity of being quiet here with you.)

—FENTON JOHNSON, “THE WEIGHT OF MEMORY”

DR. REMEN'S RECOMMENDED READING ON SERVICE, HEALING, AND RELATIONSHIP

BEING WITH DYING
Contemplative Practices and Teachings (audiocassette)
Joan Halifax.
Sounds True, 1997.

THE HEALER'S ART
Eric J. Cassel.
Mt. Press, 1985.

THE NATURE OF SUFFERING AND THE GOALS OF MEDICINE
Eric J. Cassel. Oxford University Press, 1991.

A WOMAN'S JOURNEY TO GOD
Finding the Feminine Path
Joan Borysenko.
Riverhead Books, 2000.

PRAYERS FOR HEALING
365 Blessings, Poems, & Meditations from Around the World
Maggie Oman, ed.
Conari Press, 1997.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL; ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL; ALL THINGS WISE AND WONDERFUL; THE LORD GOD MADE THEM ALL
James Herriott.
Various editions.

NEXTMED

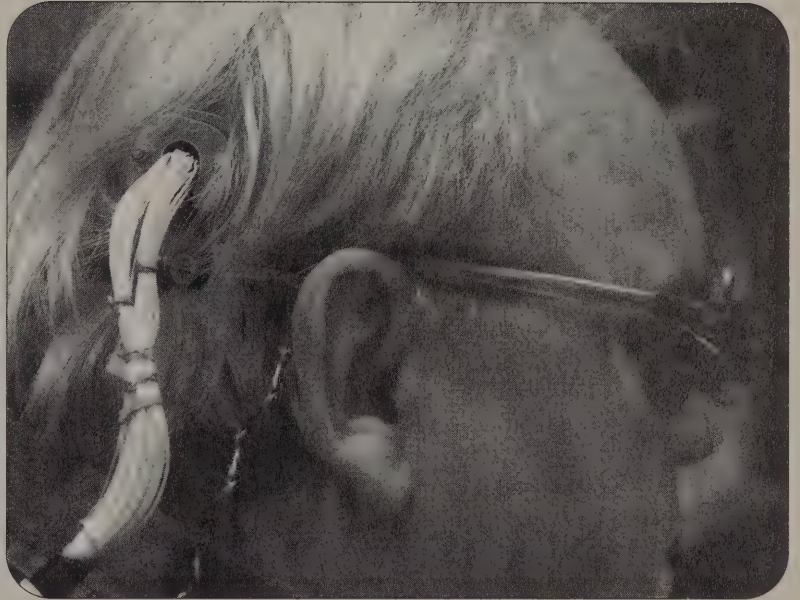
Revolutionary drugs, tools, and bioengineering will plunge our future bodies, babies, families, deaths, and evolution into a chaos of moral choice

Research by Michael K. Stone

“Jerry” is thought to be the first blind person to “see” in real time. His vision system, developed by the Dobbelle Institute (New York), takes images from a camera and range finder mounted on a pair of spectacles, and feeds them directly into his brain’s visual cortex via sixty-eight platinum electrodes. The system, implanted in 1978, enables Jerry to read large letters at a distance, navigate around objects, and connect to such devices as a TV or computer.

Techno-medicine and managed care economics have confronted and affronted the sense of service and healing so eloquently spoken of by Dr. Rachel Naomi Remen (see page 4). With blood shortages for transfusions, companies are researching artificial blood, including human hemoglobin cultured in plant sap. Medical corporations are close to marketing pharmfoods, such as a glass of milk that will contain all your daily medicines and nutrition. Some of these medicines will be grown in microbial vats, or in plants, or in animals cloned or genetically altered to more closely resemble humans. The Japanese already sell a toilet that monitors your weight and urine and automatically transmits the results to your doctor. Amputees may soon feel, through heat- and warmth-sensing prostheses, and the blind may see, through devices wired directly into their brains.

But these are the minor products. The next ten pages are a field guide to some of the major trajectories of techno-materialist medicine. We thank the Global Business Network’s NextMed2 conference for goosing us into the here-and-now realities of techmed. Listen to what leading, mainstream researchers at conferences such as NextMed are assuming: In coming decades, we will be able to determine when to die, by reversing the aging process and replacing deteriorating organs. We’ll have the capacity to genetically upgrade our children (whatever “upgrade” means). Women will be capable of childbearing from the ages of ten to eighty. Genetic diseases such as Parkinson’s and sickle-cell anemia will go the way of smallpox and polio. We will need to become comfortable with a future peopled by de facto cyborgs (part human, part machine). No one



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

seems to know how (or is very inclined) to stop the rush into this Brave New Medicine, let alone to integrate it with the compassionate spirit of the Hippocratic oath and more humane doctor/patient relations.

Other recent presentations (we liked *Popular Science’s* special issue, “Body of the Future,” October 1999) have nodded at the bioethical consequences of techmed, but it’s mostly rah-rah, here comes immortality. *Whole Earth* wants to bring bioethics front and center. We’ve always emphasized complements to mainstream medicine—self-care, acupuncture, hands-on healing, meditation, herbal support of the immune system. We will continue to do so. But the parallel techno-materialist universe is about to alter family design as dramatically as did the industrial revolution, and population management (via death control) as drastically as did the birth control pill. Let the bioethical questions sink in. They are preparation for life just a decade or two down the line. —PW

Does your egg, sperm, or womb matter anymore? Is the biological family truly obsolete?

EGGS AND SPERM FROM THE DIVORCED, THE "STERILE," AND THE DEAD

Sperm can now be taken from the testicles of a sterile man and injected directly into a woman's egg. If there are too few sperm, more can be grown in mouse testicles and then transferred from the mouse into the human egg. Is it safe? No one knows. Is it happening? Four children in Italy claim to come from dad's rodent friends.

» British law requires a man's prior consent for use of his sperm after his death. US law is being decided. Already a California woman has had a child fertilized with sperm removed from her dead husband's testicles after a car accident.

» US courts have judged that a man can prevent a divorced wife from using his frozen sperm, even if he signed a consent agreement during the marriage.

» Medical science is enthusiastically working on converting asexual cells into sex cells. A doctor could take any cell from a woman (from her cheek, say) and convert it into an egg cell. Women could essentially produce "eggs" until death—and even a bit after that.

A grieving husband might want his wife's cheek cells for fertilization and implanting into a surrogate womb.

The court system is going bananas trying to judge what "consenting adults" means when it comes to creating a child after a parent's death or divorce. And what happens in an inheritance dispute? Does the unborn child have precedence over living relatives? What rights do the dead father's relatives have to an unborn child if the mother dies or they feel she's unfit? Can the same rules apply to eggs as to sperm?

THREE PARENTS

» "Cytoplasmic transfer" micro-injects the "egg white" of a younger woman into the egg of an older woman. The egg white enhances the protein and enzymes in the older woman's egg, and increases her chance of fertilization. But the egg white con-

tains mitochondrial DNA from the younger woman that interacts with both the father's DNA and the older woman's nuclear DNA—three parents!

What are the responsibilities, let alone feelings, of the egg-white donor mom? Does society have rights to regulate egg-white moms who may carry mitochondrial DNA-influenced diseases like infant death syndrome and Alzheimer's?

ANY-AGE PREGNANCIES

» Arceli Keh lied about her age at the fertility clinic, and gave birth when she was 63; she'll be 80 when her child graduates from high school.

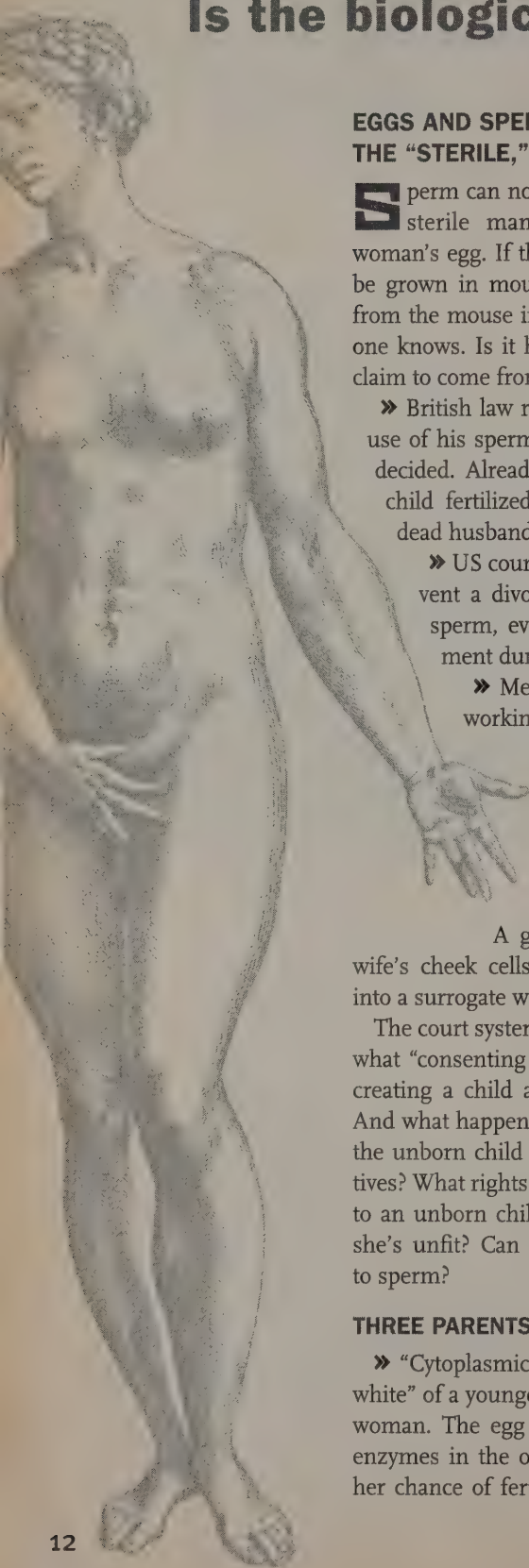
» Eggs harden with age, frustrating sperm. But now you can hatch eggs in a lab, fertilize them in vitro, and implant them directly into the uterine wall. If you're not too far into menopause, you can take drugs to re-start ovulation. If all else fails, you can implant another woman's egg in your womb, fertilized with your hubby's (or some other guy's) sperm.

» Some young women have begun to bank eggs cryogenically for future retrieval, when and if career and love-life timing come together.

Who is too old, or young, to have a child? Should girls, with help from drugs, have kids at ten? If men can become parents at any almost age, why not women? Who decides? The medical care system may incur costs from children with chromosome abnormalities, conceived by very elderly mothers. Social welfare organizations may wind up with more orphans, or with elderly parents whose children are still too young to be allowed to work and support them. Is it responsible to impose your old age on your children's youth?

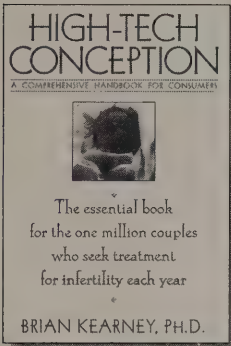
EMBRYO RIGHTS

» In vitro fertilization takes place "in glass"—usually a petri dish. Since in vitro fertilization started, two decades ago, there has been an explosion of twins, triplets, quadruplets, even quintuplets. For moms between 40 and 44, there has been a 63-percent increase in twins; for moms 45 to 49, it's a mind-boggling 1,000 percent. The infants often suffer from low birth weights and delayed development. The parents get more than they expected, and



the medical system gets increased costs.

Should multiple-fetus pregnancies resulting from in vitro fertilization be allowed? Should only one embryo be allowed to survive? Can "extra" in vitro embryos be discarded, or is that murder? Back to the thorny abortion issue—at what stage of fetal development does an embryo become human? Should public health care funding be available for in vitro fertilizations? —PW

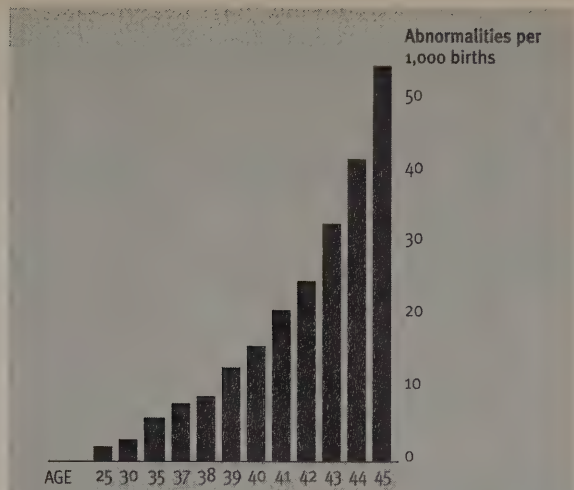


HIGH-TECH CONCEPTION
A Comprehensive Handbook for Consumers
Brian Kearney. 1998; 359 pp. \$14.95.
Bantam Books.

The most fertile and informed ground for thought. —PW

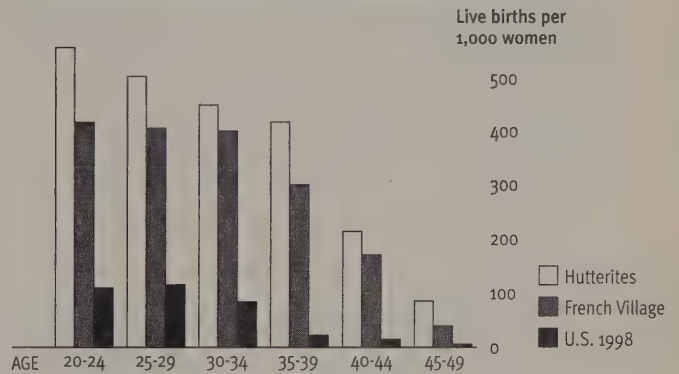
“ The short-term risks [of high-tech conception] are relatively well understood, but the magnitude of long-term risks has not yet been established. After all, the first [in vitro fertilization] child, Louise Brown, was only twenty years old in 1998.

“ Whether or not ovulation induction causes ovarian cancer, its other risks cannot be ignored. Recently, some distinguished members of the fertility community have called for a reassessment of current practices....The group charges that too many doctors seem to place too high an emphasis on sheer numbers of eggs and embryos as a sign of a successful stimulation....For most cases, the group recommends the minimal stimulation necessary to retrieve two or three healthy eggs, instead of a full-scale assault to obtain every last egg that can be squeezed from an ovary. And to reduce the risk of multiple pregnancy, they recommend transferring fewer (generally two) to the uterus in each cycle.



CHROMOSOMAL ABNORMALITIES

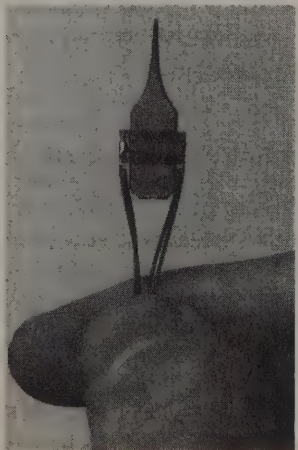
The risk of children born with chromosomal abnormalities dramatically increases with the age of the mother. Down's syndrome, hypertension, diabetes, and breast cancer in female children have all been correlated with later pregnancies. Abnormalities jump from 2.1 births per thousand at age 25, to 53.7 per thousand at 45.



FERTILITY RATES

Natural fertility rates for women drop off dramatically at the age of 40. Without birth control, the infertility cliff is obvious among the Hutterites (a religious group in the western US and Canada) and in studies of seventeenth-century French women. It's not so obvious for modern US births, because of birth control, fewer overall births, and delayed pregnancies and marriage.

FUTURE SCALPEL—Surgical cutting tools made of silicon are up to ten times as sharp as tools made of metal. The tools, designed by University of Wisconsin computer engineer Amit Lal, are etched from silicon wafers, using the same lithography techniques that produce integrated circuits. Silicon's properties allow the instruments to include built-in sensors and monitors; for instance, a silicon device could be designed to detect the difference between healthy and diseased tissue, and tell the surgeon exactly what to remove.



JEFF MILLER/UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON



GEORGIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

MICRONEEDLE—This experimental microneedle array developed at the Georgia Institute of Technology contains 400 tiny needles. The needles are painless—they penetrate only the outermost layer of skin, which contains no nerve endings—and are envisioned for use in delivering drugs continuously or in response to the body's needs.

When should I die?

“Sometimes I get so mad, I feel like just up and diluting his anti-gerasone,” said Em.

“That’d be against Nature, Em,” said Lou, “it’d be murder. Besides, if he caught us tinkering with his anti-gerasone, not only would he disinherit us, he’d bust my neck. Just because he’s one hundred and seventy-two doesn’t mean Gramps isn’t strong as a bull.”

“Against Nature,” said Em. “Who knows what Nature’s like anymore? Ohhhhh—I don’t guess

I could ever bring myself to dilute his anti-gerasone or anything like that, but, gosh, Lou, a body can’t help thinking Gramps is never going to leave if somebody doesn’t help him along a little.

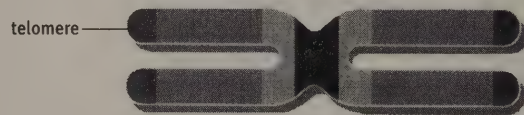
Golly—we’re so crowded a person can hardly turn around, and Verna’s dying for a baby, and Melissa’s gone thirty years without one.” She stamped her feet. “I get so sick of seeing his wrinkled old face, watching him take the only private room and the best chair and the best food, and getting to pick out what to watch on TV, and running everybody’s life by changing his will all the time.

—Kurt Vonnegut,
Welcome to the Monkey House (1968)
(see access, page 15)

Kurt Vonnegut was, of course, the first to depict a totalitarian gerontocracy. What will happen when we are able to ask: When should I die? Will doctors be reborn as postmodern shamans and tell us how to choose between living long and living well? What is the new path of the soul?

In the odd ways of the world, as birth control has become a fact of life, death control has begun to emerge as a futuristic option for population management. Over the next fifty years, as birth rates subside, there may be a tidal wave of elders—some approaching 120 to 160 years in age. With increasing life spans, can we make the transition from birth control to death control? If not, what is the meaning of population control? Will Kevorkian euthanasia become as common as birth-control pills?

The techno-materialist view insists that longer and healthier lives are unquestionable “assets”—death is the enemy, and should be resisted with every last resource. A budding ecological/Hippocratic service-oriented movement wonders about society’s willingness to spend so lavishly to extend the lives of some, while being apparently unwilling to focus public spending to improve the quality of the majority’s shorter lives. Do the poor, always marginalized, die sooner from lack of funds? — PW



Telomeres are sequences of DNA at the tips of chromosomes that stop them from merging with other chromosomes. Their degradation over time, which may be the key to cell aging, can be reversed with the enzyme telomerase.

LIFE IS INHERENTLY IMMORTAL A Report by Steve Weber from NextMedz

Eugenia Wang reminded us that life span extension, in principle, is a familiar thing in the twentieth century. The average human life span in 1900 was around 54 years; it is now around 78 years in industrialized countries. Even without revolutionary breakthroughs in technology, incremental improvements in knowledge about genetic risk factors and environmental elements will continue this trend. After all, there is already a substantial population of centenarians in the world.

But there will almost certainly be some revolutionary breakthroughs which will change the parameters of how long we can live. Consider chronic heart failure, a common endpoint of many different diseases, which frequently brings an end to life in the developed world. Heart failure costs the US upwards of \$18 billion a year. For the most part, today's medicine offers little more than palliative treatment.

In the near future, some combination of (1) stem cell biology, (2) drug intervention, (3) gene therapy, and (4) material sciences will change that. Heart repair is on the way, but probably not through the artificial-heart approach that was favored twenty years ago. In fact, biological approaches are eclipsing engineering approaches. Xenotransplantation (the use of organs grown in other animals) is a promising interim approach, but it will be probably be eclipsed by the increasing use of human cells through myocyte proliferation (finding ways to stimulate heart cells to divide), transdifferentiation (converting other kinds of cells into myocyte heart cells), and stem cell transplants. After all, skeletal muscles repair themselves and often get stronger in the process (think of weightlifters). The trick is to control the proliferation, differentiation, and most

importantly, the structural and architectural arrangement of heart muscle cells. The biology to do all three is in reach.

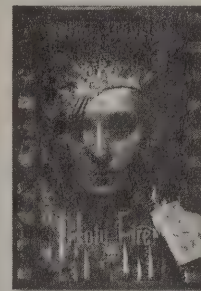
In some sense, all of medicine is about extending and improving the life span, but some approaches are more direct and dramatic than others. Recent work on telomeres is the most dramatic. For instance, discreet sequences at the ends of the chromosomes, called telomeres, degrade over time as the cell goes through cycles of cell division. Stop this process of degradation, as we can now do easily with an enzyme called telomerase, and you stop the genetic key to the aging of cells. Introduce the telomerase gene into normal human cells, and they become immortal, but not cancerous.

When I was in medical school this achievement was thought to be the unattainable Holy Grail of cell biology. It is now done. The company Advanced Cell Technology is currently preparing telomerase virus vectors, and anticipates moving to clinical trials in perhaps three years. These trials will tell us if cells in living animals can actually be brought back from old age to youth.

COURTESY GBN NEXTMED2 CONFERENCE.



WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. 1998
(reissue ed.); 331 pp.
\$11.95. Delta.



HOLY FIRE
Bruce Sterling. 1997;
368 pp. \$8.50. Bantam.
Immortality-for-sale and the risks of gerontocracy. Fiction... or is it?

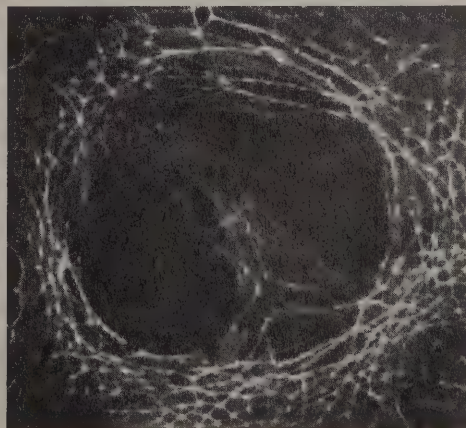
BIOMIMICRY THAT EXPLOITS THE ARCHITECTURE OF LIVING CELLS



MOLECULAR GEODESICS, INC.

Detail of a mask for protection against biological warfare, containing a porous geodesic scaffold with bioactive coating and activated carbon. The device is highly porous and lightweight, and resists tearing. Biologically active materials neutralize toxic agents that enter the material's interstices.

Molecular Geodesics, Inc. (MGI), of Boston, creates biomimetic materials using the design principles of living cells and tissues. MGI's founder, Donald Ingber, discovered that many cells use a form of geodesic architecture, "tensegrity" (the principle described by Buckminster Fuller), in which arrays of balanced tension and compression elements provide great mechanical resilience and toughness. MGI is working to mimic biological tensegrity both for industrial applications (see left) and to engineer weight-bearing tissue replacement scaffolds. Projected applications include vascular grafts, bone graft substitutes, cartilage repair, and artificial vertebral disks.



MOLECULAR GEODESICS, INC.

Geodesic molecular skeleton of a living cell.

Postmodern cannibalism?



VIVIANE MOOS

Left: A police mortuary in South Africa. Victims of violence or accidents can be designated as "unidentified" within hours of arrival at the morgue, for purposes of removing usable body parts, some of which are exported to medical centers in Europe.

Organ transplants in the globalocal market

by Nancy Scheper-Hughes

THIS ARTICLE FIRST APPEARED IN SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORM IN THE APRIL 1998 ISSUE OF *THE NEW INTERNATIONALIST* (SEE ACCESS, PAGE 55). USED WITH PERMISSION.

Over the past thirty years, organ transplantation has developed from being an experimental procedure, performed in a few advanced medical centers, to being a fairly common therapeutic one carried out in hospitals and clinics throughout the world.

Kidney transplantation is now conducted in the US, in most European and Asian countries, in several South American and Middle Eastern countries, and in four African nations. Survival rates have increased markedly over the past decade, although rates of infection are higher in Brazil, India, and China, which rely more on living donors, than in the US, Canada, and western Europe.

The gap between supply and demand is wider in countries where there are strong religious sanctions or cultural inhibitions with respect to "brain death" or the improper handling of the dead body. But sanctions in one country may stimulate organ sales in a neighboring one. Wealthy patients have shown willingness to travel great distances to secure a transplant, even in areas where survival rates are

quite poor. And with the globalization of the economy, the circulation of bodies and body parts increasingly transcends national boundaries.

In general, the movement and flow of living-donor organs—mostly kidneys—is from South to North, from poor to rich, from black and brown to white, and from female to male. For many years, desperate Japanese nationals have used intermediaries with connections to the underworld of organized crime—the so-called "body mafia"—to locate paid kidney donors in other countries. One ring of *yakuza* gangsters, operating through connections at

a major medical center in Boston,

was uncovered by journalists and broken up by police a decade ago.

More recently, Japanese kidney patients traveled to Taiwan and Singapore to purchase organs obtained—without consent—from executed prisoners. This practice was roundly condemned by the World Medical Association and prohibited in 1994.

CHINA'S "KILLING-MACHINE"

Today, China stands alone in continuing to use organs of executed prisoners for transplant surgery. Because China enacted a rule in 1984 stipulating that "the use of corpses or organs of executed criminals must be kept strictly secret, and attention must be paid to avoid negative repercussions," most doctors and public officials in China deny any knowledge of the practice.

David Rothman, head of the Bellagio Task Force now investigating allegations of traffic in organs worldwide, visited major hospitals in Beijing and Shanghai in 1995. While the surgeons and hospital administrators answered the technical questions freely and accurately, they responded with blank stares to inquiries such as, "Where do donated organs come from?" "How many foreigners come to the medical institutions seeking transplants?" "How much do the hospitals charge for various transplant

operations?”

A Mr. Lin of San Francisco tells a disturbing story—one that is repeated by many other recent Chinese immigrants to the US. Just before coming to live in California two years ago, he visited a friend at the same medical center visited by Professor Rothman in Shanghai. In the bed next to his friend was a wealthy and politically well-situated professional man who told Mr. Lin that he was waiting for a kidney transplant. His new kidney would arrive, he said, as soon as a prisoner was executed that morning. Minutes after the condemned prisoner was shot in the head, doctors present at the execution would quickly extract his kidneys and rush them to the hospital, where two transplant-surgery teams would be assembled and waiting.

Human rights activists report that in China the state systematically takes kidneys, corneas, liver tissue, and heart valves from executed prisoners. While these precious organs are sometimes given to reward politically well-connected Chinese, often they are sold to medical “visitors” from Hong Kong, Taiwan, or Singapore, who will pay up to \$30,000 for an organ.

Harry Wu (the Chinese human rights activist) and others claim that the Chinese Government takes organs from 2,000 executed prisoners each year. That number is growing: the list of capital crimes in China has been expanded to accommodate the demand for organs.

ORGANS BAZAAR

But nowhere more openly and flagrantly than in India has the “shortage” encouraged a sale of kidneys. There, a veritable organs bazaar is operated out of private clinics, especially in Bombay and Madras.

Until a 1997 law prohibited the sale of living-donor organs, patients from the Gulf States—Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates—traveled to India to purchase a kidney. That market has now been driven underground. The international kidney trade has declined, but

has left in its wake an even larger underground market controlled and organized by cash-rich crime gangs expanding out from the heroin trade into the organs trade.

In some cases they have the backing of local political leaders. Organ “donors” are recruited by “agents” to sell a spare organ in order to cancel crippling debts, to pay for a necessary operation, or to cover large family expenses. Professor Veena Das of the University of New Delhi told the story of a young woman with stomach pains who went to a small clinic where she was told by the doctor, “It looks like you have a bladder stone and we had better remove it.” But in fact the doctor used it as a pretext to operate and remove a kidney, which he had contracted to deliver to an intermediary for an undisclosed third party.

Lawrence Cohen, a medical anthropologist from Berkeley who has

What is the nature of property rights when it comes to the human body? Should donors be paid? How do we regulate the “body mafia,” the black market in stolen organs?

worked in the southern and western regions of India, reports that trading “a kidney for a dowry” has caught on and become a fairly common strategy for poor parents. Cohen notes that ten years ago, when villagers and townspeople first heard through newspaper reports of kidney sales occurring in the big cities of Bombay and Madras, they responded with predictable alarm and revulsion. Today, some of these same villagers speak matter-of-factly about when it might be necessary to sell a “spare” organ. Some village parents say they can no longer complain about the fate of a dowry-less daughter. “Haven’t you got a spare kidney?” an unsympathetic neighbor is likely to respond.



VIVIANE MOOS

“COMPENSATED GIFTING”

In Brazil, there are over 100 medically certified centers for kidney transplant, twenty-one centers for heart transplant, and thirteen centers for liver transplant. The medical demand for organs to keep these clinics operating has meant tolerance toward various unofficial incentives to encourage donation.

In contrast to the rampant commercialism in, say, India, the more

Kidney “in prep” for transplant in a South African hospital. Under what circumstances was it obtained?

ambiguous concept of “compensated gifting” is passively accepted by many Brazilian transplant surgeons as an ethically “neutral” practice.

As one Rio doctor explained, “I don’t want to know what kinds of private exchanges have taken place between my [kidney] patients and their [living] donors. But obviously you do have to suspect something when the patient is a wealthy Rio socialite and her ‘donor’ is a poor, barefoot ‘cousin’ from the country.”

The compensations can be modest—a lump sum of \$1,000 for example—or extravagant. In one incident, a niece agreed to donate a kidney to her wealthy uncle in exchange for a

suburban house complete with amenities. Even though the operation failed, the niece still got her part of the bargain. "Wouldn't you say that was a fair deal?" the surgeon asked.

These sentiments are shared by transplant surgeons and bioethicists in other countries. Labor is sold, sex is sold, sperm and ova are sold, even babies are sold in international adoption. "What makes kidneys so special, so exempt?" asks Dr. Abdullah Daar, from Oman.

Meanwhile, the American Medical Association is currently considering financial incentives to enable people to bequeath organs to their heirs or to charity. One proposal is for a "futures market" in cadaveric organs that would operate through contracts. These would provide that if, at the time of the

Waiting on Transplants

Type of Transplant	Patients Waiting for Transplant
Kidney	43,995
Liver	14,517
Pancreas	685
Pancreas islet cell	182
Kidney-Pancreas	1,244
Intestine	114
Heart	3,135
Heart-Lung	233
Lung	3,584
Total Patients*	67,077

*SOME PATIENTS ARE AWAITING MORE THAN ONE ORGAN, THEREFORE THE TOTAL NUMBER OF PATIENTS IS LESS THAN THE SUM OF PATIENTS WAITING FOR EACH ORGAN.

FROM THE UNOS NATIONAL PATIENT WAITING LIST.

"educate" the poor, who had for many years been terrorized by rumors of kidnapping and murder with the aim of extracting organs. But to the average

lines of anxious people, most of them poor and from Brazil's notorious *favelas*, were seeking to opt out of compulsory donation before the law came into force. "God forbid," whispered Rosa, a young black school-cafeteria assistant who had taken her own lunch break to get the stamp—which, as she saw it, would save her body from greedy doctors or over-zealous mortuary police wanting to transfer her young organs to some "wealthy old so-and-so."

Variations of the same story were repeated up and down the line of those waiting at the Felix Pacheco Institute in LeBlon, Rio, not far from Copacabana Beach. House painter and pedestrian Seu Jose said, "Now we are doubly afraid of being hit by a car. We were always afraid of crazy drivers. Now we have to worry about ambulance workers who may be paid on the side to declare us 'dead' before our time is really up."

To transplant surgeons an organ is just an organ, a heart is just a pump, and a kidney is just a filter, a thing, a commodity better used than wasted. But to vast numbers of ordinary people, an organ is something else—a lively, animate, spiritualized part of the self that most would still like to take with them when they die. ☹

Nancy Scheper-Hughes is professor of anthropology at the University of California, Berkeley, co-director of Organs Watch (see access), and a member of the international Bellagio Task Force on transplantation. —MKS

What is "justice" when need exceeds supply? Who gets organs? Who doesn't? Should priority go to the rich and influential?

seller's death, organs are successfully transplanted, a substantial sum would be paid to the seller's designee. A sum of \$5,000 per major organ utilized is suggested. The proposal is based on the idea that pure gifting can be expected among family members, but financial inducements might be necessary to provide organs for strangers.

While some transplant surgeons are not alarmed by such commercial exchanges, in Brazil a large coalition of civil-rights activists, lawyers, and public officials are. They mobilized support in passing a radical new law that went into effect in 1998. The ruling—similar to laws in Belgium and Spain—makes all Brazilian adults into universal organ donors at death unless the individuals officially declare themselves "non-donors." Behind the law, I was told by key legislators, was the desire to eliminate any possibility of "organ trafficking" in Brazil by mass-producing a surfeit of freely available organs for transplant surgery.

The law was also intended to

man and woman on the streets of Rio, Recife, and Salvador, the new law was yet another unwelcome bureaucratic assault on their bodies. The only way to exempt oneself was to request a new identity card or driver's licence stamped with the logo: "I am not a donor of organs or tissues."

In 1997 I visited various civil offices in large and small cities where long

TRANSPLANT ACCESS

US DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

www.organdonor.gov

Two million Americans die every year. Only 15,000 to 20,000 become donors. Carrying a donor card isn't enough. The best way to ensure your donor status is to talk with your family members.

This is *the* how-to-donate site.

UNITED NETWORK FOR ORGAN SHARING (UNOS)

1100 Boulders Parkway, Suite 500, Richmond, VA 23225. 804/327-1432, newsroom@unos.org, www.unos.org.

UNOS is a nonprofit that operates the Organ Procurement and Transplantation Network, a national system to ensure equal access for all patients needing organs for transplantation.

ORGANS WATCH

510/642-8711 or 510/643-8396, nsh@sscl.berkeley.edu, <http://sunsite.berkeley.edu/biotech/organswatch/>.

Investigates charges of organ stealing, trafficking, waiting-list corruption, and violations of the human and medical rights of the nearly dead and of bodies. They document and publicize violations, and put them on the agenda of international medical organizations.

Universal Repair

Right: Doctors may one day fuse the nuclei of, say, cheek cells, with donated, de-nucleated eggs. The fused egg cells could be directed to develop into desired tissue (even organs!). No tissue rejection; new body parts.

A *stem cell* is any cell that can give rise to more than one kind of cell. Human embryonic stem cells—the cells that make up the fertilized embryo just prior to differentiation—have been promoted as the “universal repair material” for the human body. Since they are *totipotent* at this stage—have the ability to become *any* of the 210 types of human tissue (heart, brain, bone, etc.)—they may be able to enter the human body, seek out damaged human tissue, and repair it. In the future, cells might be grown for special repair jobs and then injected into the damaged areas. It’s expected that embryonic stem cells will soon make dopamine that is lacking in the brain tissue of patients with Parkinson’s disease; grow insulin cells for diabetics; grow heart cells to repair heart-attack damage; create neural cells to repair spinal-cord injuries or skin that has been severely burned; or even be used to construct entire new organs.

Embryonic stem cells are embroiled in every shade of ethics, ranging from paying a woman to deliberately become impregnated and abort her fetus for money (practiced in China), to using only adult (no embryonic) stem cells (advocated by some US citizens). Some believe that the embryo is already a human, with a soul present, and therefore should not be destroyed. In the US, opponents have successfully stopped publicly funded research using embryonic stem cells. Congress must decide if it is ethical *not* to pursue research that could save lives or relieve suffering.

A MORAL MINEFIELD

- Is there any ethically acceptable source of embryonic stem cells?...Spontaneously aborted fetuses and stillborns? Purposely aborted fetuses? Fetuses obtained by paying a woman to produce embryos for medical abortion?

- Is it more ethical to cultivate stem cells from embryos created during in vitro fertilization? What about from “extra” in vitro embryos? Should their use require parental consent?

- What about deriving stem cells from embryos deliberately “handicapped” so that they can never become humans (e.g., by removing the gene for uterine implantation from the egg before it is fertilized, or using a denucleated cow’s egg with an implanted human nucleus and human sperm)? Would using

these “pre-embryos” and hybrids circumvent objections that they are potential humans? If they *are* human, would this be a scientific conspiracy to commit wrongful death?

- Can adult stem cells be used in place of embryonic stem cells to avoid the ethical quandaries? Can pig stem cells be used in place of human? —PW

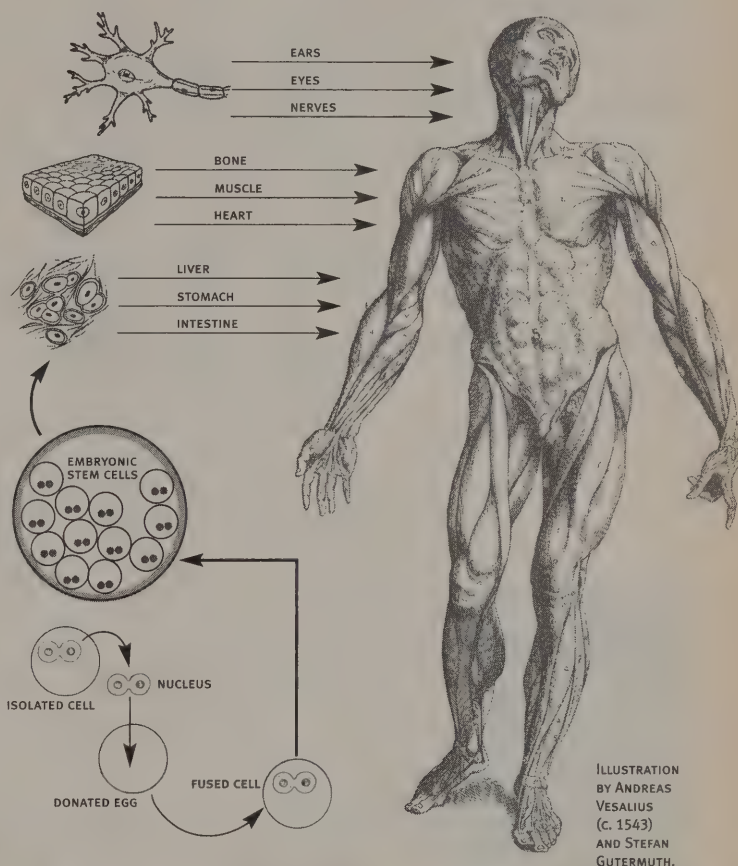


ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREAS VESALIUS (c. 1543) AND STEFAN GUTERMUTH.

STEM CELL ACCESS

“THE ETHICS OF HUMAN EMBRYONIC STEM CELL RESEARCH”

www.banneroftruth.co.uk/articles/ethics_of_%20human_embryonic_stem_cell_research.htm

Research is illegal, unethical, and scientifically questionable. So says this site.

“CAN SCIENTISTS BYPASS STEM CELLS’ MORAL MINEFIELD?”

Rick Weiss.
<http://Thefuturist.net/WebBioTech4GeneTherapy-News22.html>

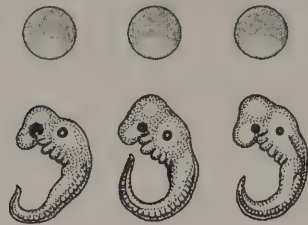
Grow masses of human cells too crippled to develop into persons, but healthy enough to produce usable stem cells.

“CURE-ALL? STEM-CELL RESEARCH IN DEBATE The Ethics of Using Fetal Cells Has Been Sharply Questioned”

Faye Flam.
www.phillynews.com/inquirer/99/jun/27/front_page/STEM27.htm

NEXTMED XENOTRANSPLANTS

When does the embryo become a tortoise?



When does the embryo become a rabbit?



When does the embryo become a human?

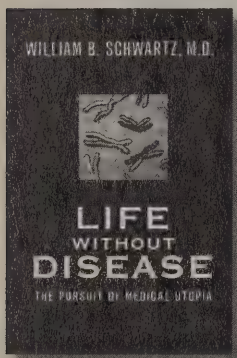


Are pig organs the solution to too few human organs to go around? Since the early 1900s, scientists have been attempting to graft animal organs into humans. New immunosuppressants and grafting techniques keep the quest alive. Genetically manipulating pigs so they are even more like humans has also encouraged xenotransplantation. Some opponents fear cross-species virus transfer, and indeed, the risk has halted most xenotransplants in the US. Viruses could spread to other humans, but also back to the pigs, causing unpredictable epidemics. Humans with other species' organs will need to be monitored carefully, as xenosis (a disease spread from a transplanted tissue) might not evolve for decades. —PW

FOCUS ON XENOTRANSPLANTATION

www.nature.com/nm/web_specials/xeno/

Why we pick parts from pigs...and is it poor planning?



LIFE WITHOUT DISEASE

The Pursuit of Medical Utopia

William B. Schwartz, M.D. 2000; 178 pp. \$15.95.
University of California Press.

As I get older, I like perspectives that acknowledge the past before they jump into the future. *Life without Disease* is sober, not a cheerleader for medical utopia. It speaks to HMOs and the question of who's to pay for hi-tech medical interventions as much as to the interventions themselves. Thoughtful; a must for those in health care careers and those who prefer a concerned doctor's inside "thick" views on upcoming therapies, malpractice, in-and-out-of-hospital procedures, rationing hospital time and budgets, and changes in diagnostics. —PW



WWW.HANGER.COM

“Confidentiality clauses, or “gag rules,” have been included in many contracts between managed care providers and physicians....Physicians have been forbidden to talk with patients about treatment plans without administrative authorization. They have also been barred from revealing the practice guidelines that underlie their decisions or disclosing any financial incentives in their contracts to keep expenditures under specified amounts.

The Hanger Socket System, by Hanger Orthopedic Group (Bethesda, Maryland) includes anatomically designed channels to accommodate muscle growth, vascular areas, and bones. Hanger is currently developing “Hot and Cold” and “Sense of Feel” enhancements that will transmit external stimuli signals from the device to the wearer's skin.

Designer kids, superathletes, and genomic cures

Genomics—the science of describing and manipulating mitochondrial and chromosomal DNA—has changed the global economy and will soon change every human life. DNA diagnostics will permit earlier interventions; genetically influenced diseases and infertility will become easily treatable by transferring genes into the body or spray aerosols. Treatment will substitute for defective genes, turn damaging genes off or helpful genes on. New biological-warfare weapons and genetic correction of undesirable human behavior are foreseeable realities of the Brave New Medicine.

In the not-too-distant future, you may read out your genome and create a “virtual genetic self” on a computer. This *in silico* self can pre-test drugs to see if they will be effective, and at what doses. Since 25 percent or more of the drugs now taken do nothing for particular individuals—and some cause horrendous side effects—the virtual self will save you money, speed recovery, and perhaps save your life. This is *pharmacogenetics*: investigating the individual responses of genetically variant humans to different drugs. It is but one of the new “life sciences” businesses spawning health care tools, patents, dreams, and IPOs.

Here’s more of the future:

- By 2025: Coming soon, your physician will advise whether to re-engineer your embryo, or to rely on gene therapy after the kid is born (e.g., to eliminate the symptoms of sickle-cell anemia).

- By 2040: Designer kids will provoke legal nightmares. Should governments or doctors limit gene-engineering your kid’s embryo? Is this a private issue, choosing your infant’s sex, IQ, blue eyes, or production of extra red blood cells so he/she can

excel as a long-distance bicyclist? What’s the line between *can* and *should*? And anyway, how many genes can you change and still say it’s your child? Is a designer embryo carried by a surrogate mother still yours?

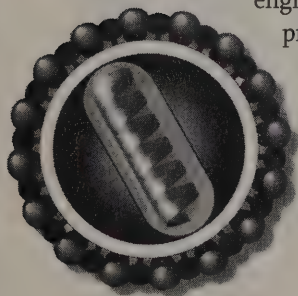
Children born in the next twenty years will probably be the last to play in the casino of random assortment of genes. Will your great-grandchild in 2075 become a futurist-hippie outlaw and go natural?

By 2050: The court system will gain new power, maybe sentencing a criminal to redesign his behavior with gene therapy instead of jail time. Or a psychiatrist may insist: Drugs won’t work, you must treat your chronic depression with gene therapy. Gene lobotomies.

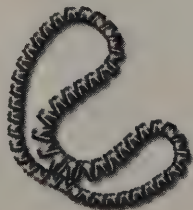
But genomics cannot be the techno-materialist Total Answer to the desire for a rich and happy life. Only 2 percent of all diseases, for instance, can be directly traced to a single gene mutation. All the others have complex origins combining environment (including uterine environment) and multiple gene influences. Even now we can diagnose many genetic diseases by amniocentesis and chorionic villus samples, but most of these cannot be cured.

Finally, what genomic information will remain confidential? Will your total DNA profile be available to insurance agents, employers, your church, mosque, or temple? —PW

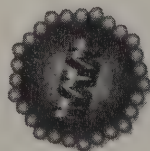
Researchers are developing a variety of techniques for introducing healthy genes into patients’ bodies. The method selected depends on factors such as the nature of the disease being treated and the size of the gene being transferred.



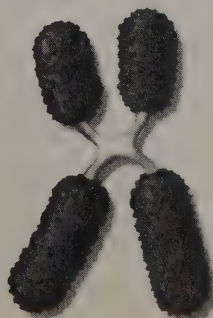
An ADENO-ASSOCIATED VIRUS can insert itself into many types of cells without provoking an immune response, but can carry only small genes.



NAKED DNA, a gene without any viral carrier, is injected directly into muscle and does not cause an immune response. But this method may be inefficient at getting genes into cells.



LENTIVIRUS, a pared-down version of the HIV virus, can carry large genes—such as the one responsible for a blood-clotting factor needed by hemophiliacs.



An ARTIFICIAL CHROMOSOME is a strand of synthetic genetic material that acts like the real thing. The problem: getting enough of them into the target cells.

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BEYOND

LEFT



AND

RIGHT

Guest Editor Jay Kinney

Whole Earth has a long tradition of guest editors. Jay Kinney is our first since our revival in 1997. He was editor of the *CoEvolution Quarterly* (1983–85), and spent many years as publisher of *Gnosis*, the best magazine tracking little-known or much-repugned Western spiritual traditions. I come to Jay for the lovely revelation of edges, both new and old, chipped and razor-sharp. He has reported on many cultural cutting edges—like punk and New Wave music, as well as anarchists, libertarians, and left/right politics. He made me laugh with satiric edges in his cartoons (he was editorial cartoonist for *In These Times* and founder of *Anarchy Comics*), and brought me to very thoughtful edges (too “dangerous” for most others to touch) as editor of the “Politics & Religion” and Islam issues of *CQ* and *Whole Earth Review*.

Eminently fair, revealing the validity of whoever is speaking, poking holes in stock categories, moving from the short-term opinion and current sound bite to a more timeless sense of human endeavor, Jay seemed just what *Whole Earth* needed in an election year. I mean, politics is not the mainstay of *Whole Earth*, but asking “What are your real allegiances?” and “What’s required in these politically demeaning times to re-energize a sense of the heartfelt citizen?” is crucial in all times. In his exploration of both inner meanings (see the review of *Hidden Wisdom*, page 97) and their outward expression, Jay’s the fine, open-minded tracker who can lace any journey with mind-bogglers and winking asides. —PW

I'll admit right off the bat that pulling together this special section for *Whole Earth* has been a bit of a gamble. I'm not much of a gambling man, actually—in fact my Scottish blood dictates that on those rare occasions when I find myself in a casino, the extent of my gambling is to splurge on two rolls of nickels for the five-cent slots.

Nevertheless, when it comes to editing I like to take bigger chances, and the forty-eight pages that follow are the editorial equivalent of a bracing game of strip poker. My wager is that you'll find the material by turns touching, intriguing, infuriating, and, hopefully, inspiring. If you don't, then the joke's on me.

A few words of explanation are probably in order. Like many *Whole Earth* readers whose worldviews first took shape in the '60s and '70s, my broad sympathies lay with the left for many years. I evolved from antiwar liberal to socialist to anarchist, until some time in the '80s when I got fed up with the whole radical-left milieu, which seemed doomed to spin its wheels endlessly.

However, I remained interested in politics—especially the energies unleashed by *glasnost* and *perestroika*, which ultimately led to the breakup of the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc. All bets were off, it seemed, and I increased my investigation of outlooks that ran counter to left orthodoxy: libertarianism, neo-conservatism, paleo-conservatism, the radical right, you name it.

My modus operandi was fairly simple: I'd explore one group's convictions, granting them the benefit of the doubt, and see how it felt to see the world through their eyes. In due course, I'd do the same with the next, and the next. The result of this exercise—apart from a resistance to being pinned down to one solid viewpoint during political arguments (utterly maddening to the people I talked with)—was a kind of self-deprogramming, wherein terms like “left” or “right” simply lost their negative or positive charge. Granted, some perspectives felt better than others and some felt decidedly worse. But I reached a point where I saw that one's assumptions largely shape the conclusions that one draws, and that reality is so richly complex that it can simultaneously sustain and reinforce all manner of contradictory viewpoints.

Whether this was a kind of political epiphany or merely a crystallization of my inherent ambivalence is not for me to say, but the next logical step was an interest in

perspectives that transcended left and right altogether. There had been elements of this tendency in both anarchism and libertarianism, but both positions' followers seemed overly certain that they had found the one-and-only Truth. What interested me was not finding the perfect ideology to believe in, but rather discovering ways in which people could sidestep ideologies altogether while still making sense of their lives politically and socially.

If this were only my own eccentric pursuit, I doubt that I would have found much out there that dovetailed with this goal. However, there does seem to be something in the air (besides particulate pollution, that is), and relevant material kept arising as this issue came together. The rest of this short essay is my effort to summarize my findings.

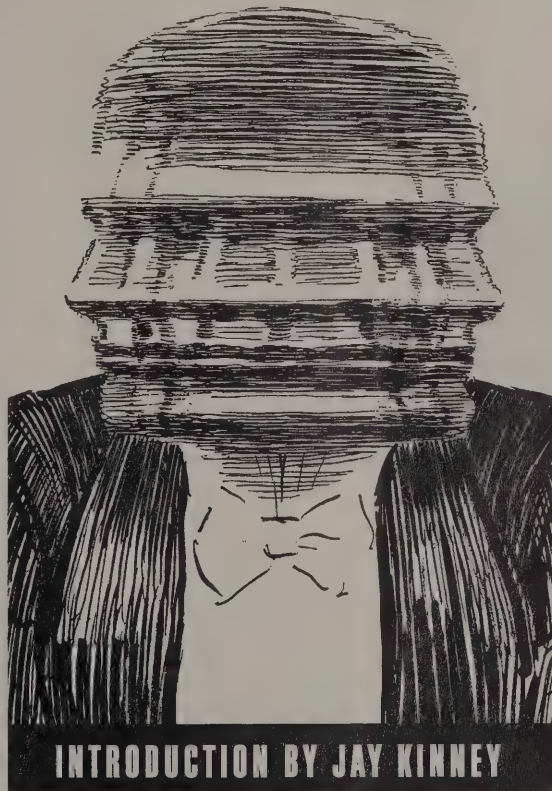
TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY

“Left and Right,” like “Night and Day,” are such familiar and oft-used concepts that they offer the illusion of having always been with us. Yet their use as political markers only dates back to 1789 and the French Revolution. At that time, as Roger Eatwell has described it, “a seating pattern emerged in the new National Assembly in which most of the nobility and clergy could be seen to take up positions on the right, whereas the Third Estate, which demanded a constitution and limitation of the King's power, occupied the left.”

Thus, from the start, the right has been popularly associated with a conservative, cautionary stance, a certain defense of custom and tradition, and a resistance to idealistic innovation. Conversely, the left, broadly speaking, has been associated with the modern quest to change and improve things, to perfect the social order, and to stoke the coals of the mighty engine of “progress.”

Counterposed in this way, the left and right sound more like personal dispositions than ideological camps. The conservative thinker, Michael Oakshott, memorably summed up just such a disposition when he noted:

To be conservative, then, is to prefer the familiar to the unknown, to prefer the tried to the untried, fact to mystery, the actual to the possible, the limited to the unbounded, the near to the distant, the sufficient to



INTRODUCTION BY JAY KINNEY

the superabundant, the convenient to the perfect, present laughter to utopian bliss.

However, as attractive as the proposition may be, politics is not solely reducible to psychology—as if all ideological skirmishes could be attributed to optimists versus pessimists, or perhaps manics versus depressives. Rather, over the course of the last two centuries, very real differences in political and economic theory and practice have attached themselves to the poles of left and right.

While those differences have hardly been static, and the nineteenth-century eruptions of Marxism and nationalism shifted definitions around considerably, the following might serve as a brief summary of the respective camps as they stand at present:

- **POLITICALLY**, the left has advocated as broad an implementation of democracy as possible, although in

Liberals and conservatives, and their more radical cousins, have fenced themselves in with reflexes and taboos which forbid considering any solutions or critiques other than their own—even if their own have manifestly failed.

practice this often means an expansion of “public” (i.e., government) ownership or oversight of previously private realms of social life, as would be the case with national health care or a democratized industrial policy. The right, by comparison, has often been skeptical of democracy and the general population’s (much less the government’s) ability to guide society intelligently—the underlying sentiment behind the old Bircher bumper sticker, “This is a Republic Not a Democracy!”

- **ECONOMICALLY**, the left has generally favored government intervention to regulate corporations and redistribute wealth more evenly among the population. At its most sweeping, the left has supported socializing industry and agriculture and, in some cases, eliminating private enterprise altogether. The right, on the other hand, has only favored government intervention to assist economic growth, and has usually favored minimal interference in the market (viz. deregulation, etc.)

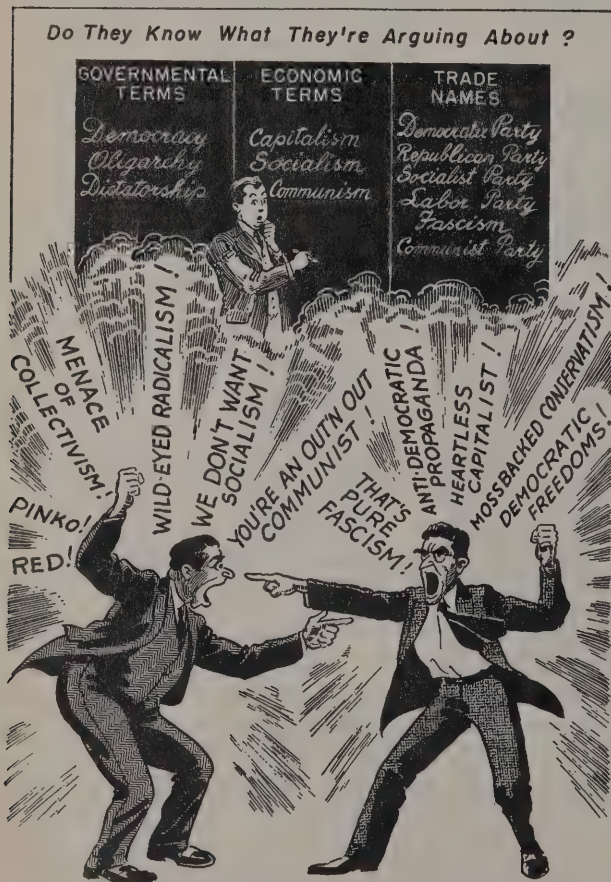
- **SOCIALLY**, the left has rallied behind a program of minority rights, pushed for broadening the safety net and increasing entitlements, and championed new social arrangements (single parenthood, gay marriage, etc.) The right, by contrast, has emphasized individual responsibilities, encouraged self-reliance, and defended traditional social arrangements.

DISSATISFACTION GUARANTEED

There is no denying that there are concrete differences here in approach and values. Yet increasing numbers of people have become dissatisfied with the solutions offered by both the left and right. Marx’s critique of capitalism and his vision of a communist utopia captured the imagination of the left over a century ago, and most proposals from that camp ever since have been variations on the Marxist theme. Unfortunately, as brilliant as Marx’s critique of capitalism may have been, socialism and communism as they have been implemented in the real world since Marx’s time have resulted in economic stagnation, labyrinthine bureaucracies, gulags, authoritarian regimes, and cults of personality. Even the softer liberalism that has characterized the left in America has ended up devising an ad hoc patchwork of legalistic and bureaucratic “reforms” that have too often failed in their stated goals of reducing poverty, crafting racial harmony, and making our lives more secure.

The right, for better or worse, largely threw its lot in with the capitalist expansion of private enterprise (often euphemized as free enterprise or the free market). However, an increasingly unfettered capitalism has been accompanied by a growing income gap between rich and poor, the consolidation of businesses into mega-corporations, the devastation of the environment, and a formal democracy where electoral campaigns are dominated by millionaires and PACs.

In short, neither side has an exactly sterling track record, but efforts to devise alternatives have been plagued with failures of their own. The most



This cartoon and those on pages 25, 28, and 29 originally appeared as anonymous illustrations in social studies pamphlets and textbooks of the 1940s and 1950s.

prominent (and scary) attempts in the early twentieth century were fascism and Nazism. Both movements (which were not identical, although they've since become conflated in popular political rhetoric) combined a strong state apparatus working in close coordination with privately held corporations. This, in and of itself, wasn't terribly different from trends at work in the rest of the world, but when combined with a bellicose nationalism, authoritarian rule, and notions of racial purity, proved a recipe for genocide and aggression. Not surprisingly, few people at this point—other than would-be storm troopers and the permanently bent—wish to advocate that particular alternative. However that hasn't kept both the conventional left and right from brandishing “fascist” and “Nazi” as swear words with which to tar anyone who is not in their own camp.

This cuts to the heart of the dilemma present in attempting to imagine new possibilities beyond the current impasse. Liberals and conservatives, and their more radical cousins, have fenced themselves in with reflexes and taboos which forbid considering any solutions or critiques other than their own—even if their own have manifestly failed.

This has led to what Carl Boggs, in his cautionary book, *The End of Politics* (Guilford Press, 2000), calls “the disintegration of politics in the modern world,” which “reflects the profound failure of major ideologies to continue to furnish visions and guideposts for the future, to address people's needs and aspirations—indeed to offer the kind of political language required to confront new situations, conditions, and challenges.”

UNWRAPPING THE PACKAGES

No small part of the problem is that the left and right, as they have evolved, have become “package deals” encompassing a set of

WHOLE EARTH SUMMER 2000



positions that all good followers are expected to embrace. And woe to the leftist or rightist who doesn't buy the whole package. This dilemma is especially noticeable on the left.

For instance, while the Old Left of the early twentieth century was largely concerned with economic issues and considered itself the representative of the vast majority of the population (i.e. the working class), the left of the last few decades, influenced by the polarization of the 1960s, has drifted from its original identification with labor unions and middle Americans, who have often been written off as “hard hats,” Archie Bunkers, and religious fundamentalists. In their place, the left has absorbed several distinct ideologies—the primary ones being feminism, civil rights, and gay liberation—each of which has defined itself as representing a different oppressed minority whose oppressors are, in most cases, the rest of society.

This is not the place to argue the merits or demerits of “identity politics,” as this amalgam has come to be known. The point is that the left's present package deal is a rather tough sell to a general population, the majority of whom the left has

implicitly defined as racist, sexist, and homophobic. Even among those demographic segments it speaks for, the left's strategy leaves little room for individual variations, such as a churchgoing black woman who opposes abortion or a gay man who thinks affirmative action is wrong-headed.

Since the right—especially American conservatism—is less programmatic than the left, in that most of its stands tend to be responses to left/liberal initiatives, it has easily taken up the mantle that the left has dropped: purporting to be the real voice of most people (e.g. Nixon's “Silent Majority” or Falwell's “Moral Majority”). Yet it too has had its own package deal of positions—such as support for school prayer and capital punishment, blind faith in free enterprise, and opposition to abortion—that conservatives are expected to salute, but that the general population is disinclined to accept unquestioningly.

Political realignments come about when such packages are unwrapped and their contents are shuffled or discarded altogether. Let's look at some recent attempts to envision how that might look.

THE MACRO AND THE MICRO

The most common entry point into fashioning a worldview beyond the familiar left/right opposition has been through raising concerns that encompass everyone, regardless of their political stance or their gender, race, or sexual orientation. Spiritual perspectives that view all people, regardless of their

Unfortunately, the “virtual” communities, both online and defined by lifestyle, that have been celebrated as replacements for older forms of community, fall far short of both the demands and rewards of real social ecosystems defined by place, cultural inheritance, and concrete interactions.

material or political status, as interrelated souls, are one example. Environmental concerns that see the preservation of the planet’s biodiversity and ecological health as crucial to our survival are another. And political perspectives that champion ostensibly universal principles, such as freedom, peace, or human rights, are still another. Each of these meta-perspectives is represented in this issue.

Julius Lester and Dorothy Day are present as political activists whose spiritual values led them to chart paths beyond familiar territory. Julius Lester (page 30) recounts his journey through the New Left and Black Power movements of the ’60s—movements that began as impulses towards human liberation and ended up choking on their own divisions and will-to-power. Bill Kauffman examines Dorothy Day’s work with the Catholic Worker movement (page 38) and discovers ways in which this champion of the dispossessed shared common ground with the right as well as the left.

As Charlene Spretnak notes in her symposium contribution on page 47, the Green movement early on championed the slogan of “Beyond Left and

Right” in its efforts to rein in industrialism and include threats to the Earth’s survival in political considerations. Similarly, the bioregional movement, advocated by Stephanie Mills in the symposium (page 49), cuts across ideological boundaries in viewing watersheds and ecological systems as more natural boundaries for political action and awareness than those we employ at present. Nature recognizes neither left nor right, and in bringing nature into greater prominence in our reckonings, the political apple cart is upset.

Alexander Cockburn and Justin Raimondo, whose speeches at the recent conference sponsored by Antiwar.com can be found on pages 62 and 67, envision an alliance of left and right—despite their other differences—in opposing war and defending individual freedom.

Meanwhile, there is a route opposite to the embrace of universal values that can also lead to the refashioning of political categories—the defense of the particular. Much of the growing dissatisfaction with globalization derives from the dawning realization that human communities and cultures in all their uniqueness are increasingly under threat from a creeping global monoculture.

Americans, until recently, were less attuned to this than most global inhabitants, since it was usually our culture that was doing the creeping. Given our domestic mobility and our immersion in a mass culture whose hallmark is the penetration of identical chain stores and franchises wherever possible, we’ve successfully destabilized our own sense of community over the course of the last century. If we laud the particular, it is often in the guise of celebrating ethnicities whose quaint preferences for a specific cuisine, music, or dress provide a greater selection of choices for us to consume.

Unfortunately, the “virtual” communities, both online and defined by

lifestyle, that have been celebrated as replacements for older forms of community, fall far short of both the demands and rewards of real social ecosystems defined by place, cultural inheritance, and concrete interactions.

Nevertheless, online networking has played a role in enabling diverse groups of local activists to coordinate and organize anti-globalist demonstrations like those in Seattle and Washington D.C. over the past year. And the publicity generated by the protests has helped spread the realization that the nations and tribes at the receiving end of the West’s economic and political expansionism may have a legitimate beef with being shoehorned into our reigning paradigms.

Richard K. Moore’s essay (page 50) examines the tensions between the global and the local that are presently being exacerbated, and spotlights the role that powerful economic interests—themselves beyond left and right—are playing in reshaping our lives.

Ironically, as Peter Warshall notes in his account of his stint as an elected town official (page 60), ideological categories also don’t apply to much of the decision making involved at the local level in issues such as sewage systems or school locations. In this sense, at the extremes of macro and micro, left and right may be beside the point, a perspective echoed by Joseph Stromberg (page 45), who suggests “liberty-and-localism” vs. “statism-and-empire” as more relevant polarities.

Charles Siegel, who heads the Preservation Institute, suggests (page 44) that “preservationist vs. modernist” is a more accurate characterization for many political struggles. Defending the particular and the local brings one up against the ideology of growth and modernization that has so much of the world in its sway.

Finally, Mark Dowie (page 46) argues that a kind of neo-socialism is being birthed that finds a place for both capital and the market, but emphasizes greater democracy as well. Should such an approach succeed, the

familiar left-right spectrum will “dissolve into air.”

THIRD WAYS

In addition to those represented here, other efforts at thinking about new political perspectives should be mentioned.

One phrase that has been bandied about a great deal over the past few years has been that of a “Third Way.” The most publicized formulation of this supposedly new approach has come from the Democratic Leadership Council and its affiliated think tank, the Progressive Policy Institute (PPI), which were responsible for brainstorming Bill Clinton’s center-left strategy throughout the ’90s. This was mirrored in the UK in 1997 when Tony Blair and his “New” Labour Party took power on a platform of similar principles. Indeed, in April 1999, President Clinton and the DLC played host to an international roundtable discussion called “The Third Way: Progressive Governance for the 21st Century,” whose participants included Blair, German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder, and the Prime Ministers of Italy and the Netherlands.

Positioning itself as a “progressive alternative to worn-out dogmas of traditional liberalism and conservatism,” the Third Way philosophy claims, in the PPI literature, to rest on three cornerstones: “the idea that government should promote equal opportunity for all while granting special privilege for none; an ethic of mutual responsibility that equally rejects the politics of entitlement and the politics of social abandonment; and a new approach to governing that empowers citizens to act for themselves.”

Whether such rhetoric has actually amounted to anything in practice can best be judged by reflecting on Clinton’s eight years in power.

However, as it turns out, the Clinton/Blair Third Way is not the only Third Way around. If one goes to www.thirdway.org on the Web, one discovers the Third Way party, the “voice of the radical centre,” a small but feisty British group whose use of the term actually predates Clinton’s and Blair’s.

This Third Way successfully eludes the stock left/right labels with a set of positions (including support for ecology, decentralization, regionalism, co-ops, a guaranteed basic income, opposition to the European Union, etc.) that defy easy categorization. Perhaps because Third Way party executive board member Patrick Harrington was

alternative political party—especially one whose name is now associated with Clinton and Blair—can really make a difference, remains to be seen.

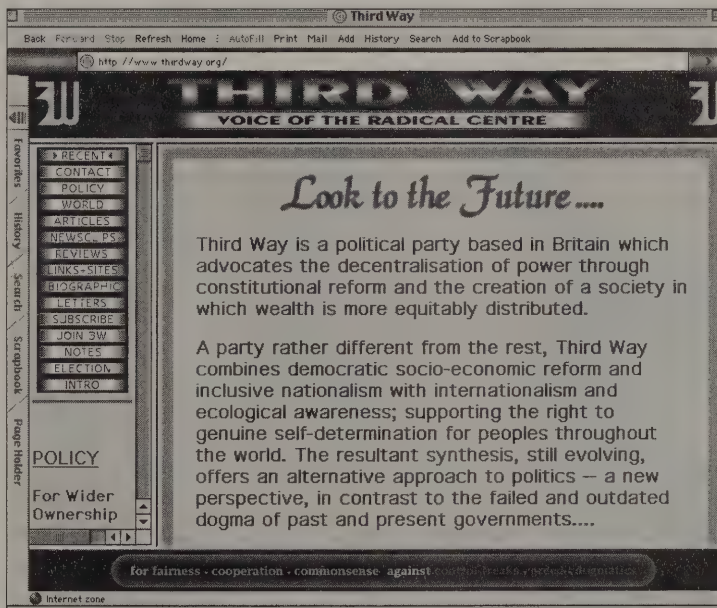
THE NEW CLASS

Another interesting attempt to see beyond the old categories has been the critique of the “new class,” an analysis which can be traced back to several sources, including the Frankfurt School (which included intellectuals such as Max Horkimer, Theodor Adorno, and Herbert Marcuse); James Burnham’s work, such as his book *The Managerial Revolution*; Milovan Djilas’s book, *The New Class*, about the Yugoslavian *nomenklatura*; and others.

At the risk of oversimplification, this critique identifies the rise in the twen-

tieth century of a new class of professionals, managers, and administrators who have come to hold the reins of cultural, corporate, and state power. As might be expected, their solutions to the social problems that they identify entail programs and bureaucracies administered by themselves. As a class, their interests transcend both left and right, and no matter what party may occupy the White House or Congress, the new class remains entrenched.

The triumph of the new class has been implicitly celebrated in recent decades in paeans to the burgeoning Information Economy, in which information and its manipulation have allegedly become the new determiners of power and wealth. While this has been heralded as leading to the breakup of previous concentrations of power based on the ownership of property and capital, recent experience—such as the rise of Bill Gates to the status of richest man in



More than one “third way”: alternatives to left/right use the Web to make their voices heard.

formerly a leader in the National Front in the 1980s, the watchdogs of the British left have seen the Third Way as some kind of extreme-right trick to co-opt the left’s pet issues. It would seem more likely, however, that when Harrington admits, “I have revised some of my former views as unsound,” he means what he says, and that the Third Way party represents a genuine attempt to break out of old ideological traps. Whether a small

the world—suggests that spectacular wealth is only shifting laterally from one set of hands to another.

Social critics coming from the left, such as Christopher Lasch in *The Revolt of the Elites* (Norton, 1995) and Paul Piccone, editor of *Telos: A Quarterly Journal of Critical Thought* (www.angelfire.com/biz/tepress), in tandem with critics coming from the right, such as paleo-conservatives Samuel Francis and Paul Gottfried, have sought to counter the new class dominance by encouraging decentralized populist struggles against liberal social engineering.

Populism is, of course, a loaded term that usually refers to “the common people” rising up against an oligarchic elite that has usurped their control over their own lives. The traditional left and right, while employing the rhetoric of populism from time to time, have generally shied away from actually stirring it up, for fear of

sparkling a brushfire that might prove impossible to contain. In fact, despite all the talk about spreading democracy that both liberals and conservatives engage in (for liberals domestically, for conservatives internationally), it is an open question whether our leaders really still believe in it.

William Ophuls, whose recent book, *Requiem for Modern Politics* (Westview Press, 1997), is a profoundly sobering look at the breakdown of Western liberalism, probably speaks for many of those in power when he observes that “our physical and social milieu is now so grandiose in scale, complex in structure, and isolating in character that confusion and anomie are rife. To be blunt, the putative citizen can no longer comprehend his world well enough to cast an intelligent ballot. The major political issues of our time have become so esoteric that only full-time specialists can hope to understand them.”

If this is really true, then democracy is clearly threatened, if it isn't already gone in everything but name. The populist response to this dilemma is to pare back the scale of governance, as much as possible, to the local and regional; to insist that schemes for improving our lives require the approval of those affected; and to rethink the roles that economic entities, such as corporations, play in impacting our society.

On this latter point, some new ideas are emerging.

THE MARKET VS. CAPITALISM

Jeff Gates and David C. Korten are two activist thinkers who have tried to envision ways in which democracy can be reconstituted and the economy made more humane.

In *Democracy at Risk* (Perseus, 2000), Gates challenges the very premise behind today's capital markets—obsessed economics, chronicling the many perils of allowing financial values to undermine sus-

Visions of greater democracy, including calls for more community involvement, economic accountability, and political activity all carry the unspoken assumption that people want to be more involved. But is that really so?

tainability across an array of domains: social, economic, and environmental. His remedy is to rewire capitalism for inclusion—peoplize, localize, and human-size it. Gates is a former counsel to the US Senate Committee on Finance, where he worked with Louisiana's Russell Long (Huey's son). His wide-ranging prescriptions include a requirement of “ownership impact statements,” mandating broad-based ownership for government contractors, and a populist Share Our Wealth program inspired by Huey.

David C. Korten, whose recent books include *When Corporations Rule the World* and *The Post-Corporate World: Life After Capitalism* (Berrett-Koehler, 1996, 1999), makes the significant point that capitalism as it has developed is not necessarily synonymous with a healthy market economy. As he puts it:

Beginning with Adam Smith, market theory has been quite explicit that market efficiency is a consequence of small, local-owned enterprises competing in local markets on the basis of price and quality for consumer favor. By contrast, what we know as the global capitalist economy is dominated by a handful of gigantic corporations and financial speculators with billions of dollars at



their disposal to reshape markets and manipulate prices....In the United States 77 percent of shareholder wealth is owned by a mere 5 percent of households. Globally the share of the world's population that has a consequential participation in corporate ownership is most certainly less than 1 percent. This concentration of power denies the most basic principles of both market economics and democratic governance.

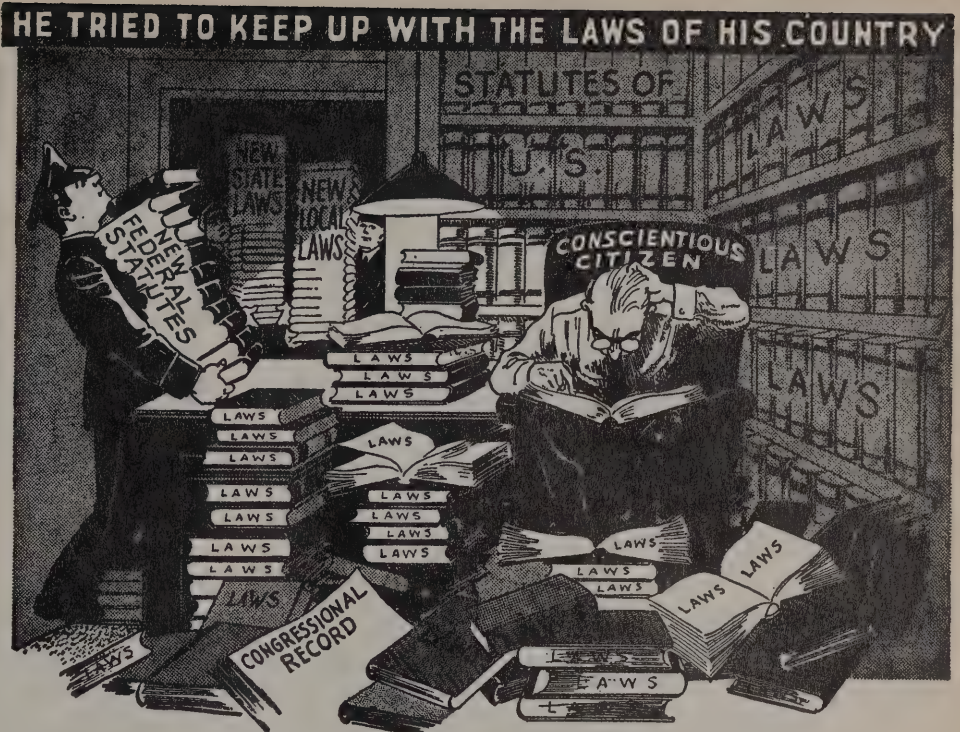
Both Gates and Korten wish to reform corporations—which under the present laws are treated like individuals, but without the legal responsibility and accountability that individuals are subject to. Korten envisions a “properly regulated and locally rooted market economy” that would “favor smaller local enterprises over global corporations, encourage local ownership, penalize financial speculation, and give priority to meeting the basic needs of the many over providing luxuries and diversions for the wealthy few.”

The writings of Gates and Korten, and of Paul Hawken, Amory Lovins, and L. Hunter Lovins in their recent book, *Natural Capitalism* (Little Brown, 1999), constitute some of the most serious attempts to push beyond conventional left/right thinking, and their proposals deserve far more attention than can be provided here. In their defense of democracy and interest in reconfiguring economics, they express the populist impulse, at least in theory. The actual work of effecting change in practice remains to be done.

DREAM ON

Which brings us to the fundamental question raised by all such alternatives: Do we really want a more democratic world? This is not just a rhetorical question, but a deeply practical one.

When my second jury duty notice in two years arrived in the mail the other day, I audibly groaned and briefly considered not voting for a while in order



to take my name off the registrar's rolls. Of course I realize that serving on juries is a civic duty, as is voting—even though my anarchist leanings still make me sympathize with the slogan, “Don't vote....It only encourages them.”

Nevertheless, my impulse to opt out of both voting and jury duty is hardly atypical. Most of us are inclined to cut back on as many demands on our spare time as possible, in order to salvage some breathing room. Visions of greater democracy, including calls for more community involvement, economic accountability, and political activity all carry the unspoken assumption that people want to be more involved. But is that really so?

If much of the growing dissatisfaction with left and right stems from a sense that we are increasingly in the grips of forces beyond our control, the only practical remedy involves taking responsibility back from those who have usurped it by default. And who has the time for that?

Rebuilding our communities, restoring the environment, and all the other good fights that need fighting,

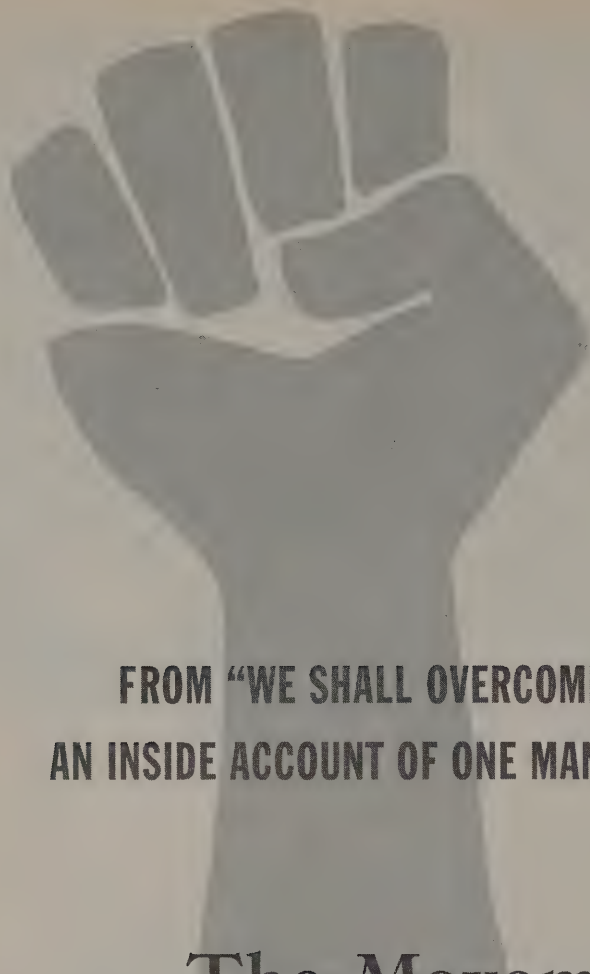
all take an expenditure of time and attention—precisely the things in greatest scarcity in our lives. If we can't solve this dilemma to begin with, all the rest is just talk.

William Ophuls cautions:

“Solutions” that simply rearrange the contents within the old structure will produce no effective change: exactly the same conditions will recreate themselves. Hence no “new political gadget” can have the slightest effect, because we need a new vision of the good life, and a new philosophy of politics, not yet another social, economic, or technological fix.

New visions are a nebulous thing. They are rarely created of whole cloth and on demand. Instead they coalesce strand by strand, idea by idea, dream by dream. It's my bet that the time spent in reading what follows will spark some insights into our present impasse and provide some images to dream with.

Your turn's next. **we**



BEYOND IDEOLOGY

FROM “WE SHALL OVERCOME” TO “BLACK POWER” AND BEYOND:
AN INSIDE ACCOUNT OF ONE MAN’S JOURNEY THROUGH RADICAL POLITICS

by Julius Lester

The Movement. It was a special time, a time when idealism was as palpable and delicious as a gentle rain, a time when freedom and love and justice seemed as immediate and seemed as ripe as oranges shining seductively from a tree in one’s backyard. It was a time when we believed that the ideals of democracy would, at long last, gleam like endless amber waving fields of grain from the hearts and souls of every American. It was a time when we believed that love was too wonderful and too important to be confined to our small circles of family and friends because love was a mighty stream that could purify the soul of the nation, and once purified, the nation would study war no more, and everyone would sing “no more auction block” because we were all slaves of one kind or another. We had a vision of a new world about to be born and that vision burned us with a burning heat.

Julius Lester was an organizer for SNCC in the 1960s, as well as a columnist for the radical weekly, *The Guardian*. His first book, *Look Out Whitey! Black Power’s Gon’ Get Your Mama!* appeared in 1968. He’s published two dozen books since then, including award-winning children’s books. He is presently professor of Judaic and Near Eastern Studies at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM *SECOND THOUGHTS: FORMER RADICALS LOOK BACK AT THE SIXTIES*, PETER COLLIER AND DAVID HOROWITZ, EDs. MADISON BOOKS, 1989.

SUMMER 2000 WHOLE EARTH

In its beginnings, in the latter half of the fifties, The Movement challenged us to sing the Lord's song in a strange land, a land in which we all sat by the rivers of Babylon and wept, though only a few of us knew we were weeping. In Montgomery, Alabama, Martin Luther King, Jr. was saying that yes, segregation was wrong, but that one was not justified in destroying it by any means necessary. "All life is interrelated," he said. "All humanity is involved in a single process, and to the degree that I harm my brother, to that extent I am harming myself." We must be careful, he admonished, not to do those things that will "intensify the existence of evil in the universe."

From a monastery in Kentucky, a monk named Thomas Merton was writing essays and books imbued with a clarity and authenticity unlike anything any of us had ever read:

...our job is to love others without stopping to inquire whether or not they are worthy. That is not our business and, in fact, it is nobody's business. What we are asked to do is to love; and this love itself will render both ourselves and our neighbors worthy if anything can.

And on the West Coast, in a place with the romantic name of North Beach, there came the voices of Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Alan Watts, and Gary Snyder stripping the Eisenhower and McCarthy years of their gray-flanneled fear, and through their words we were invited to live life in its fullness and blinding complexity. Henry Miller, the elder statesman of the Beat Generation, put it this way:

I am not interested in what a man actualizes—or realizes—of his potential being. And what is potential man, after all? Is he not the sum of all that is human? Divine, in other words? You think I am searching for God. I am not. God is. The world is. Man is. We are. The full reality, that's God—and man, and the world, and all that is, including the unnamable.

The Movement was not born from the desire to change the system. We wanted to move far beyond systems; we wanted to create community, and in the words of one of the earliest white members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), Jane Sternbridge, that community was to be "the beloved community."

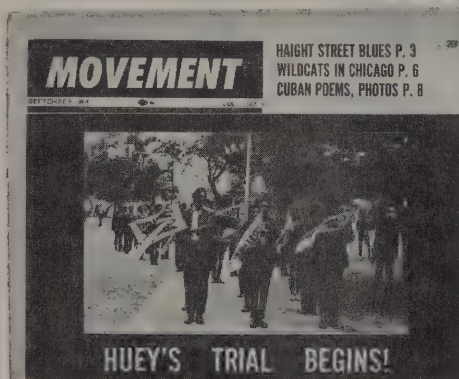
What made The Movement such a compelling force in its early years was that political action was merely the vehicle for spiritual expression. The values by which we lived were what really mattered—the quality of who we were and the subsequent quality of our relationships. Ending segregation was not sufficient as a goal. (Anyone who really thinks that the aim of the early Civil Rights Movement was to sit down at a lunch counter next to a white person

and eat a hamburger and drink a cup of coffee insults not only the intelligence of black people but also our tastebuds. We had always known that the food was better on our side of the tracks.) We wanted to create a new society based on feelings of community, and to do that, The Movement itself had to be the paradigm of that New Community.

Spring, 1960. I stood in the Student Union Building at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, staring at the bulletin board. The sit-in movement had begun in February of that year in Greensboro, North Carolina. And it had spread quickly to Nashville and other cities in the South and become national news. That spring afternoon of my senior year, I stared at the bulletin board reading the telegrams tacked up on it. They were telegrams from schools all over the country expressing support for the sit-in movement: Harvard, Yale, Stanford, the University of Chicago, Oberlin, and on and on and on.

I was bewildered. I didn't understand their what or their why. I had lived my twenty-one years shuddering within the lingering shadow of slavery—segregation. I had learned to walk great distances rather than sit in the back of segregated buses, to control my bodily functions so that I would not have to use segregated bathrooms, to go for many hours without water in the southern heat rather than drink from the Colored Fountains, and to choose hunger rather than buy food from a

segregated eating place. I was fourteen before I ever spoke to a white person. Although I had encountered whites during a semester at San Diego State the previous year, and although there were white instructors and a few white students at Fisk, white people had no reality as persons. They were an implacable force as massive and undifferentiated as



The underground *Movement* exemplified the politicized '60s.

The Movement was not born from the desire to change the system. We wanted to move far beyond systems; we wanted to create community, and in the words of one of the earliest white members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), Jane Sternbridge, that community was to be "the beloved community."

an iceberg, and somehow I would have to find the way to steer the fragile craft of my life around it or be thrown into the icy waters, another victim of that hard and blinding whiteness.

But as I stood there reading those telegrams, I recognized for the first time in my life that white people were not an undifferentiated mass, an unfeeling negative Other.

There were whites who cared, and who did not think of segregation as a Negro problem, but who knew it for what it was—an American problem. For the first time in my life, I felt that I was not alone in America.

That is why the “New Community” of the early Movement tried to be—had to be—black and white together. The Old America had been one of black and white forcibly kept apart by segregation, economics, and prejudice. In 1960, most states had laws forbidding interracial marriages, and the southern states had additional laws forbidding social relationships between blacks and whites.

He looked at me coldly and said, “What are you? One of those followers of Malcolm X?” The way he said it told me all I needed to know about Malcolm, and I returned his cold stare and said, “Yes.” Significantly, he treated me with a cool but proper respect after that, something that had been absent before. Such was the power of Malcolm X.

“Black and white together,” we would sing in one of the choruses of “We Shall Overcome.” What a revolutionary statement it was! Black and white together on such a scale was unprecedented in American history because black and white together was not how the nation had ever perceived itself. It was not surprising, then, that during demonstrations, it was the whites who were singled out for the most vicious beatings. They were traitors to America’s conception of itself as a white nation. William Moore, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, Jonathan Daniels, Rev. James Reeb, and Mrs. Viola Liuzzo were made to pay the ultimate price: they were murdered. Others, like James Peck, suffered for the rest of their lives from the beatings they received. Some committed suicide. Others paid and continue to pay psychically.

We did not know that America

would extract such a price to maintain the status quo. We did not know that the Justice Department of Robert Kennedy would not be eager to use the power of the federal government to protect civil rights workers. We did not know that seeking the end of segregation and disenfranchisement would lead the liberal press to accuse us of wanting too much too soon. Above all, perhaps, we did not know that the values we sought to embody—the values of nonviolence and the beloved community—were not values that America wanted for itself.

One can live in the valley of the shadow of death only so long before

asking, why am I doing this? I lost fifteen pounds in two weeks that summer of 1964 in Mississippi. The body is an organism with an intense awareness of itself. It knows when its existence is being threatened, even when the mind claims there is nothing to worry about. My mind thought the

long and desolate highways of Mississippi beautiful; my body knew that southern trees bear a strange fruit. At night my mind would tell me that the house I was sleeping in might be bombed while I slept, but, it would add blithely, “Everybody has to die sometime.” My body, trembling with incredulity, would say, “Sometime ain’t this time,” and refuse to fall asleep.

Faint whispers of second thoughts like those of the witches in *Macbeth* disturbed a lot of us that summer of 1964. Trying to register blacks to vote was not worth risking one’s life for, especially when one walked into the voting booth and had to choose between Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater. And as Navy men searched the swamps and countryside of Mississippi for the bodies of Chaney, Goodman, and Schwerner, our own mortality stared at us with its hollow eyes and we wondered if America really cared.

In August 1964, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP) went to the Democratic Party’s convention in Atlantic City and challenged the Democrats to seat it as the legitimate representative of the party in Mississippi instead of the all-white delegation led by arch-white supremacist, Senator James Eastland. The convention offered the MFDP two token seats.

Those foreboding second thoughts acquired full-bodied voices because of our feeling of having been betrayed by our country. We had offered America love; it played politics. We wanted the Constitutional ideals of equality, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to stroll through the streets of cities and along country back roads with the glowing wonder of lovers discovering themselves in each other. America told us that we were young and did not understand. We understood that America’s only interest was business as usual. We could not accept business as usual.

Second thoughts confront us when reality does not correspond to our expectations, when new information leads us to modify or change wholly what we had believed to be true. Second thoughts are important because they are the threshold of self-examination.

I do not remember the first time I heard of Malcolm X but I remember clearly the first time I took him seriously. During the winter of 1962 I worked for the Welfare Department in Harlem. For reasons beyond my comprehension, the month of February at the Welfare Department was devoted to raising money for the NAACP. The department was organized into units of six caseworkers, each with its own supervisor. One morning, my supervisor, who was white, informed me that our unit was to raise money for the NAACP the following day and that I was scheduled to sit at the table in the lobby from twelve to two and sell cookies, muffins, or whatever it was. I told him I didn’t support the N-double-A and had no intention of raising

money for it. He looked at me coldly and said, "What are you? One of those followers of Malcolm X?" The way he said it told me all I needed to know about Malcolm, and I returned his cold stare and said, "Yes." Significantly, he treated me with a cool but proper respect after that, something that had been absent before. Such was the power of Malcolm X.

There were a few blacks at the Welfare Department who went to hear Malcolm at the mosque in Harlem, and on Mondays they would give me a summary of his speech. What Malcolm said was fearful to hear, even secondhand. He derided integration and mocked nonviolence. He scorned love and extolled power. He had contempt for everything white and a startling love for everything black. What he preached was hard to embrace. It was even harder to deny.

We did not follow Malcolm, but what he said followed us like some nagging super-ego, especially after four little girls were murdered in the bombing of a church on a Birmingham, Alabama Sunday morning, and we began to ask ourselves whether Malcolm was right. Was violence the only appropriate response to violence?

One day in the mid-sixties—about 1965, I think—I was in New York's Forty-second Street Library and ran into a friend whose first words were an excited, "Have you read this yet?" He thrust into my hands a book called *The Wretched of the Earth* [Grove Press, 1986]. The author was someone named Frantz Fanon.

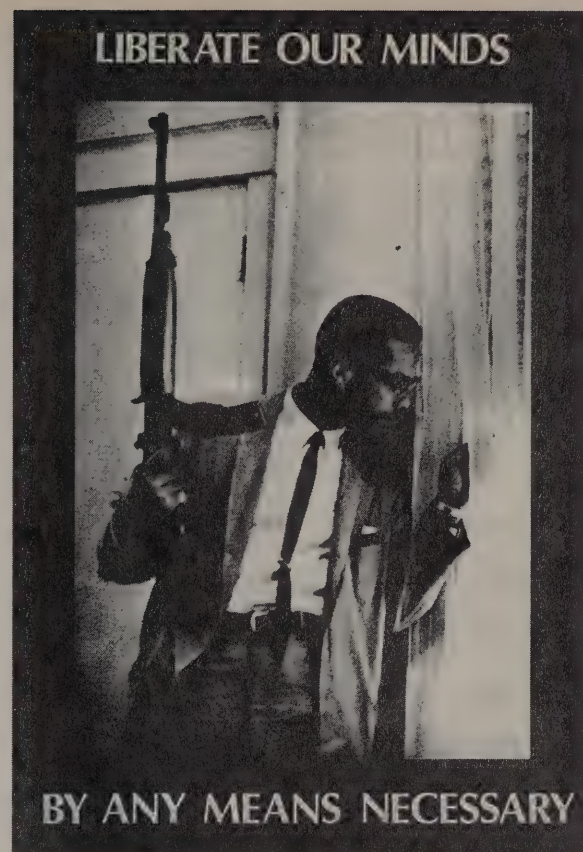
The Wretched of the Earth was a sophisticated reiteration of much that Malcolm had said, and reading it made our second thoughts become new convictions. Fanon gave us words through which to know ourselves anew. In his writings we found the term "Third World," and no longer would we identify ourselves as American. He told us that we were a colonized people, and that we had a political identity that aligned us with all the people of the

twentieth century who had struggled against colonialism. Most important, Fanon told us that violence was redemptive, that it was the only means by which the colonized could cleanse themselves of the violence of the colonizers.

We did not have to wonder about the violence of the colonizers because every night on the news we watched the films of US soldiers carrying out a war in a country we had never heard of, a country that none of us thought threatened America's security. The nation was at war and something happened that was perhaps unprecedented in American history: A significant number of young Americans sided openly with the enemy. Young men fled to Canada and Sweden rather than be drafted to fight an unjust war. Draft cards and American flags were burned at antiwar rallies and Phil Ochs sang "I Ain't A-Marching Anymore."

At the same historical moment, the predominantly black Civil Rights Movement and the predominantly white anti-Vietnam War Movement became anti-American. Suddenly, America was the enemy. If ever there was a moment in history for second thoughts, that was one. Common sense should have told us that it is impossible to transform a nation if you hate it.

But that is one of the dangers of idealism. When it is let loose in the public arena, it is like an animal in heat and in desperate need of a sexual joining. All too quickly, unrequited idealism can become surly and aggressive. All too quickly, it becomes rage, bares the teeth that have been lurking behind the smile as pretty as a morning glory, and, enraged, bites itself and never feels the pain, never knows that the



Malcolm X, undated poster.

blood staining its teeth is its own.

But the signs had been there almost from the beginning. I remember being at a civil rights rally in the early sixties and hearing the chant, "Freedom Now! Freedom Now!" I muttered "Freedom any ol' time" because I was afraid of what would happen if we didn't get "Freedom Now." Later in the sixties, Jim Morrison of The Doors shouted, "We want the world and we want it now!" We should have been frightened, and we weren't.

Freedom did not come now. We may have wanted the world, but we didn't get it, at least not warm from the oven, as light and flaky as a croissant. Because freedom did not come now, because we did not get the world, we turned against the nation we had wanted to love, a nation that did not want our love. Or so it seemed. And we turned against each other.

It is spring, 1968. I am sitting in my apartment in New York with one of my closest Movement friends. I am a very private person, and there are not many people with whom I share my home

and family. This friend was one of the few who had eaten my wife's cooking and mine and had played with our children. We are alone in the apartment that afternoon chatting with an ease that is possible only with those to whom we have entrusted our souls. He and I had trusted our very lives to each other on the back roads of Alabama. Suddenly, he says, "I probably shouldn't say this, man, but I don't think you

protect them. I was the one in danger, and in ways I had not anticipated

I was invited to speak on college campuses and I saw the disappointment in the eyes of black students when I got off the plane and I did not have a ten-foot-high Afro and was not wearing a dashiki made by Jomo Kenyatta's grandmama. I found myself being asked, angrily, to explain how I could consider myself a black activist and have a white wife.

For a while, I wondered, too. But I kept remembering one close friend who had dissolved a relationship with the love of his life for no other reason than that she was white, and I remembered too, his unhappiness and shame. Having grown up in the South, where whites decreed who I

could and could not marry, I was not going to turn around and give blacks that power. My eventual divorce had nothing to do with my wife's race or mine but with us and who we were as persons.

Second thoughts abounded now like wildflowers. Both the black and white movements attacked individuals within their ranks more viciously than they attacked the administration in Washington. The personal had become political, and the gray-flanneled conformity of the fifties was replaced by a blue-jeaned and Afroed totalitarianism. A mysterious and mystical entity called The People became the standard against which everyone was measured and judged. One's actions, thoughts, and lifestyles had to serve the needs of The People. At one meeting, I asked a simple question: "Which people? Do you mean junkies, winos, and prostitutes? Do you mean the churchgoing people, the manual laborers, the unwed mothers, or the strivers?" When the meeting continued as if I had not spoken, I knew that I had committed a revolutionary faux pas. I also knew that I had asked a good question.

Wasn't the role of the intellectual simply that—to have second thoughts and ask good questions? But an intellectual could not do that if he or she felt guilty about being an intellectual, if she or he found virtue only in something called the "working class" or something even more amorphous called "The People." The intellectual had to realize that to think and feel what had not yet been thought or felt was also work, though the hands remained uncalled and the armpits were devoid of perspiration.

In his very fine novel, *An Admirable Woman* [David R. Godine, 1988], the late Arthur Cohen has his heroine say:

The mind has its work and its materials; it has no choice in this respect. It can do nothing else but work properly—balancing thrust with caution, intuition with verification, argument with detail, interpretation with groundwork, grand truth with the webbing of subtle argument. The working of the mind is a slow and patient procedure. It cannot be rushed....Clarity is the moral luster of the mind.

This was our birthright as intellectuals, but to possess it we needed to withstand the terror, loneliness, and isolation inherent in intellectual life. The intellectual must be an Outsider because only from the outside can one see clearly what is occurring on the inside. We succumbed to the understandable human need to be at the party, standing beside the fireplace, drinking hot cider.

Such failings were predictable because it is only a short step from idealism to ideology. Both hold out the promise of giving life meaning; both promise to shelter us from the uncertainties and anxieties of self-knowledge. Ideology does not permit second thoughts, however, because ideology is a cosmology, answering all questions, past, present, and future. Eventually, thoughts become unnecessary, even first thoughts, and the struggle to be human is scorned as individualism. The factionalism and political name-

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should be married to a white woman. You probably think it's none of my business." Quietly, I say, "You're right." He nods, and there is nothing more to be said—about that or anything else. After a moment of silence as long as winter, he gets up. "Take care of yourself," he says. "Yeah, you too," I respond and I close the door gently behind him. I never saw him again and a few years later he was dead, killed in a bombing.

By 1968 the Movement that had begun with the singing of "We Shall Overcome" was shouting "Black Power." I wrote a book called *Look Out, Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama* [1968]. It was the first book that sought to explicate Black Power, an angry book, expressing not so much personal anger as racial anger. It was also a very funny and outrageous book, which I thought would be evident from the title. Everyone took the title seriously. I will never forget the headline in a Fort Wayne, Indiana newspaper: "White Mamas in Danger, Says Black Militant Lester." I knew, however, that "white mamas" had the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines to

calling that had alienated so many of us from the Old Left became the language of the Black Movement and the New Left.

In the spring of 1969, SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) passed a resolution asserting that the Black Panther Party was the “vanguard” of the Black Movement, the true representative of revolutionary nationalism. In my weekly column in *The Guardian*, I objected and wrote, in part: “What is at issue here is the correct relationship a white radical organization should have to the black revolutionary movement. By presuming to know what program, ideology, military strategy, and what particular organizations best serve the interest of the black community,” SDS was being “more white than revolutionary.”

Two weeks later *The Guardian* published a response by Kathleen



Kathleen and Eldridge Cleaver, about 1968.

Cleaver, the Panther “Minister of Communications.” Among other things, she called me a “counterrevolutionary,” “a fool” peddling “madness,” and a “racist,” and ended with these eloquent words: “Fuck Julius Lester. All power to the people!”

I did not understand. I remembered Kathleen from when she had come to work in the Atlanta SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) office, a young woman with a big grin and a lot of enthusiasm. We were pals, in the best sense of that word, able to

laugh and play together. What had happened to her? What was happening to us all? Why did Kathleen need me to agree with her? Why did the blacks need me to leave my wife so they could be black? But when the personal became political, persons ceased to exist. When persons cease to exist, war is imminent.

I was not surprised to hear rumors that the Panthers were going to kill me. I believed the rumors because I knew people whom the Panthers had threatened with guns because of political disagreements. But all my second thoughts crystallized into an unshakable conviction: I would choose death, because to live and not write what I believed to be true was not to live at all.

The rumors were only rumors and nothing happened, but a new round of second thoughts arose. What did it mean that I had more space and freedom to think and write in Nixon’s America than in The Movement with all its revolutionary rhetoric?

In September of the same year, Ho Chi Minh died. I had been in North Vietnam for a month in 1967, and had witnessed US bombing raids at a time when the government was still denying such bombing raids. Most of all, though, I remembered the lyrical beauty of that country. Perhaps that is why my response to Ho’s death was to write a poem and publish it as my weekly column in *The Guardian*. This is the poem:

Half awakened by the light of morning
choking in the greyness
of a third of September Wednesday,
I reached out for the
roundness
softness
fullness
allness of her
and she, awakened,
began to move,
softly,
silently,
gently,
and my hand found that place,

that hidden place,
that secret place,
that
won-
der-
ful place
and in the quiescent light of
a third of September Wednesday morning,
I felt my penis being taken into the
salty
thick

fluidity
of her swirling movement
easily
softly
gently
(as the children were waking.)

Afterwards,
my penis, moist and warm,
resting on my thigh like some
fish washed onto the beach by full moontide,
I turned on the radio
And we heard that
Ho Chi Minh lay dying.
(The fog covered the seagulls that
sit on the rocky beach when the tide is out.)

I retreated from her,
not talking that day as the radio told me
(every hour on the hour)
that Ho Chi Minh lay dying.
Finally, when night had covered the fog,
we heard that
Ho Chi Minh was dead
and I came back to her.
Ho Chi Minh was dead.
I wanted her again.
The softness
the roundness
the fullness
the allness.

Ho Chi Minh was dead.

When the next issue of *The Guardian* came out, a poem of Ho’s was in the space where my column usually appeared. Angry, I called the office wanting to know why my poem had not been published. The editor told me the staff had decided that if the poem were published the week of Ho’s death, it would not be understood as

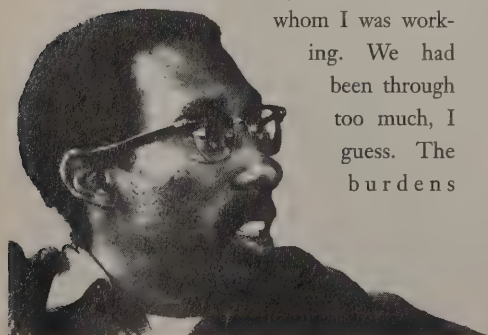
the appreciation of Ho that it was. They had decided to delay publication of my poem for a week. I asked why they hadn't let me know, or discussed it with me. The editor said they had been too busy. I was not convinced.

They published the poem the following week, and the week after that my final column appeared announcing my resignation from the paper. I wrote about a young black kid named George

I am not radical or conservative because I do not see an essential difference between the two positions, despite appearances. Both are political worldviews that divide the world into an Us against a Them. Radicals and conservatives merely disagree on who is the Them.

Best who used to hang around the Atlanta SNCC office. In the summer of 1967 George had gone to West Point, Mississippi to organize and had died under suspicious circumstances. The police claimed that George's car accidentally ended up in a creek, George inside. I did not learn of George's death until my return trip to Cuba. I also learned that SNCC had not sent flowers to his funeral. I was outraged and frightened and that, perhaps, was the moment when my second thoughts acquired their strongest roots. Near the end of that last column for *The Guardian*, I wrote about how instrumental SNCC's failure to send flowers to George's funeral had been in my eventually leaving the organization:

It became too much to have to fight the enemy and those with whom I was working. We had been through too much, I guess. The burdens



had gotten too heavy and the frustrations had become too painful that we could no longer give each other the personal support each of us needed to do our job—make the revolution. Our love for black people was overwhelmed by our inability to do everything to make that love manifest, and after a while we could not even love each other. We got so involved in the day-to-day functioning of an organization, so enmeshed in fixing the mimeograph machine, writing leaflets, raising money, sitting in interminable meetings where we said what we were going to do and had forgotten what we were going to do by the time the meeting was over; and eventually we forget, can't even remember that the revolution is an "embryonic journey" and that we are the embryos inside society. If we cannot be human to each other, the revolution will be stillborn.

I had thought that the revolution was to create a society in which power elites did not arbitrarily determine what "The People" might and might not understand. Well, I should have known that the revolution wouldn't be erotic.

I left *The Guardian* but it was hard to leave The Movement. It had been my identity and life, my family and community. When Dave Dellinger's magazine, *Liberation*, asked me to write for it, I agreed. Less than a year passed, and once again I wrote something that a Movement publication did not want to publish.

The occasion was the trial in New Haven of seven members of the Black Panther Party who had been accused of torturing and murdering Alex Rackley, another BPP member. Three party members admitted their active participation in the torture and murder of Rackley. Yet, black and white radicals were demonstrating on the New Haven Green, and many articles were published in the radical press demanding that the New Haven Seven be freed. The

rationale? It was impossible for blacks to receive justice in America. White sycophancy toward the Black Movement had set a new standard for madness. I sat down to the typewriter:

...we can self-righteously cite the verdict of the Nuremberg Trials when we want to condemn the military establishment and the politicians. We can say to them that you are personally responsible for what you do, that you do not have to follow orders and there are no extenuating circumstances. Yet, we can turn right around and become Adolf Eichmanns, eloquent apologists for the Movement's My Lai....Our morality is used to condemn others, but it is not to be applied to ourselves. We can react with outrage when four are murdered at Kent State, but when a professor is killed in the dynamiting of the Mathematics Building at the University of Wisconsin, we don't give it a second thought. When we kill, there are extenuating circumstances. It was an accident, we say. The blast went off too soon.

The murder of Alex Rackley was...the logical culmination of the politics we have been espousing, a politics of violence-for-the-sake-of-violence, a politics which too quickly and too neatly divides people into categories of "revolutionary" and "counter-revolutionary." The murder of Alex Rackley is the result of the politics which more and more begins to resemble the politics we are supposedly seeking to displace.

The editors of *Liberation* held the article for three months. Finally, I had a tense meeting with them in which they argued that the prosecution could use my article against the Panthers. Did I want that? I was asked. How many times during my years in The Movement had someone tried to control my thoughts, my words, or my deeds by saying that such-and-such would not be in the best interest of The People, that such-and-such would merely play into the hands of the "enemy," that I was being individualistic and that people in The Movement had to submit to discipline,

and that their individual thoughts and lives were not as important as those of The People.

I knew only that as a writer and an intellectual, I was responsible for conveying whatever minuscule portion of the truth I could find. And as a person, my responsibility was to be as fully human as I could. Giving one's soul to ideology permitted one to rationalize murder, to attack friends, to deny the power and beauty of the erotic. Allegiance to ideology gave one permission to turn other human beings into abstractions, and as a black kid growing up under segregation in the 1940s and 1950s, I knew what being an abstraction felt like because, dear God, my soul still bled from the wounds. If I had learned nothing else, I had learned that one does not turn another human being into an abstraction without becoming an abstraction oneself, and to turn another into an abstraction is murder. I recognized, moreover, that even if murder is justified in the name of God, freedom, justice, socialism, revolution, or democracy, it is still murder.

Liberation published the article, but our relationship was over. Nevertheless, among my feelings of sadness and hurt, there was a strange, new feeling. I was free. I was free to be whoever I was and would be; and slowly and painfully in the ensuing years, I came to love all the contradictions and inconsistencies inherent in being human.

Robert Frost said that he was never a radical in his youth because he didn't want to be a conservative in his old age. I was a radical in my youth, but I have not become conservative in middle age.

I am not radical or conservative because I do not see an essential difference between the two positions, despite appearances. Both are political worldviews that divide the world into an Us against a Them. Radicals and conservatives merely disagree on who is the Them. Because I am black, because I am Jewish, I must resist the succulent temptation to define another

human being as a Them, and sometimes that is very hard.

This does not mean that those responsible for the evil in South Africa should not be held accountable for their deeds. But I do not have to define another as a Them to hold him or her accountable. It is sufficient to say that they have failed, on even the most minimal level, to live humanely.

I am not politically naïve about the Soviet Union, but neither do I forget that it is a nation that lost twenty million people in World War II. I cannot imagine what impact that can have on a nation's character and policies. I look at Iran and see madness, but I cannot forget the years of the Shah's reign and those of this father; and again, I cannot imagine what an impact that can have on that nation's character and policies. I am not politically naïve, but I am convinced that unless I know and make a part of me the pain and suffering of another, I have no chance of comprehending his or her humanity. Trust between persons is established when each is receptive to the abiding sorrows of the other. I think that may also be true for nations.

There is a Them, but it is not out there. Them is always and eternally Me. To the extent that I take responsibility for the Them that is Me, to that extent do I free others to be persons in all their crystalline fragility. That is the vision with which The Movement began, and it is a vision many of us are still trying to live.

The Movement disappointed us and we disappointed ourselves. Perhaps, then, it is important to remember these words of Bertolt Brecht:

You, who shall emerge from the flood
In which we are sinking,
Think—
When you speak of our weaknesses,
Also of the dark time
That brought them forth...

Even the hatred of squalor
Makes the brow grow stern.
Even anger against injustice
Makes the voice grow harsh. Alas, we

Who wished to lay the foundations
of kindness
Could not ourselves be kind.

But you, when at last it comes to pass
That man can help his fellow man,
Do not judge us
Too harshly.

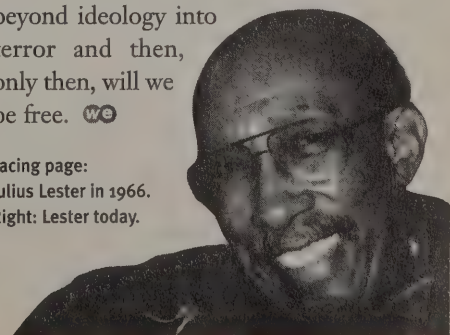
I sincerely hope that, in our second thoughts, we will judge ourselves, but not too harshly. Judging ourselves too harshly is to think that the proper expiation for radicalism is conservatism. Having attempted to balance ourselves by standing on our left legs, we must not shift all our weight to our right legs.

Standing on both legs, the weight distributed evenly throughout the body, is an intricate and demanding task. It means being neither radical nor conservative. It means examining issues and recognizing that in certain cases a radical methodology is wisest. In others, a conservative justice and economic equity. Though both theories present themselves as if they are truth incarnate, they are not. But each does carry a truth, and each must be listened to for its truth.

Radicalism and conservatism are merely two ways that one attempts to make sense of the world. We delude ourselves when we use them to seek our identities, when we wear them and think we know who we are. Identity cannot be resolved so easily.

Ultimately, the task is to be utterly human. Only to the extent that I know and accept my humanity will I be able to see others as they are, as nothing more and nothing less than utterly human. When we are able to do this, we will have moved beyond ideology into terror and then, only then, will we be free. ☪☪

Facing page:
Julius Lester in 1966.
Right: Lester today.



MILAN SABATINI

the

Way

of Love

Dorothy Day and the American Right

Mixing up Categories
and Stirring up Trouble
with the Catholic Workers

by Bill Kauffman

The title “Dorothy Day and the American Right” promises a merciful brevity, along the lines of “Commandments We Have Kept” by the Kennedy brothers. After all, the founder of the Catholic Worker movement and editor of its newspaper lived among the poor, refused to participate in air-raid drills, and preferred Cesar Chavez to Bebe Rebozo.

But there is more to the “right” than a dollar bill stretching from the DuPonts to Ronald Reagan, just as the “left” is something greater than the bureau-building and bombing of Roosevelts and Kennedys. Maybe, just maybe, Dorothy Day had a home, if partially furnished and seldom occupied, on the American right.

The Catholic reactionary John Lukacs, after attending the lavish twenty-fifth anniversary bash for *National Review* in December 1980, held in the Plaza Hotel, hellward of the Catholic Worker House on Mott Street, wrote:

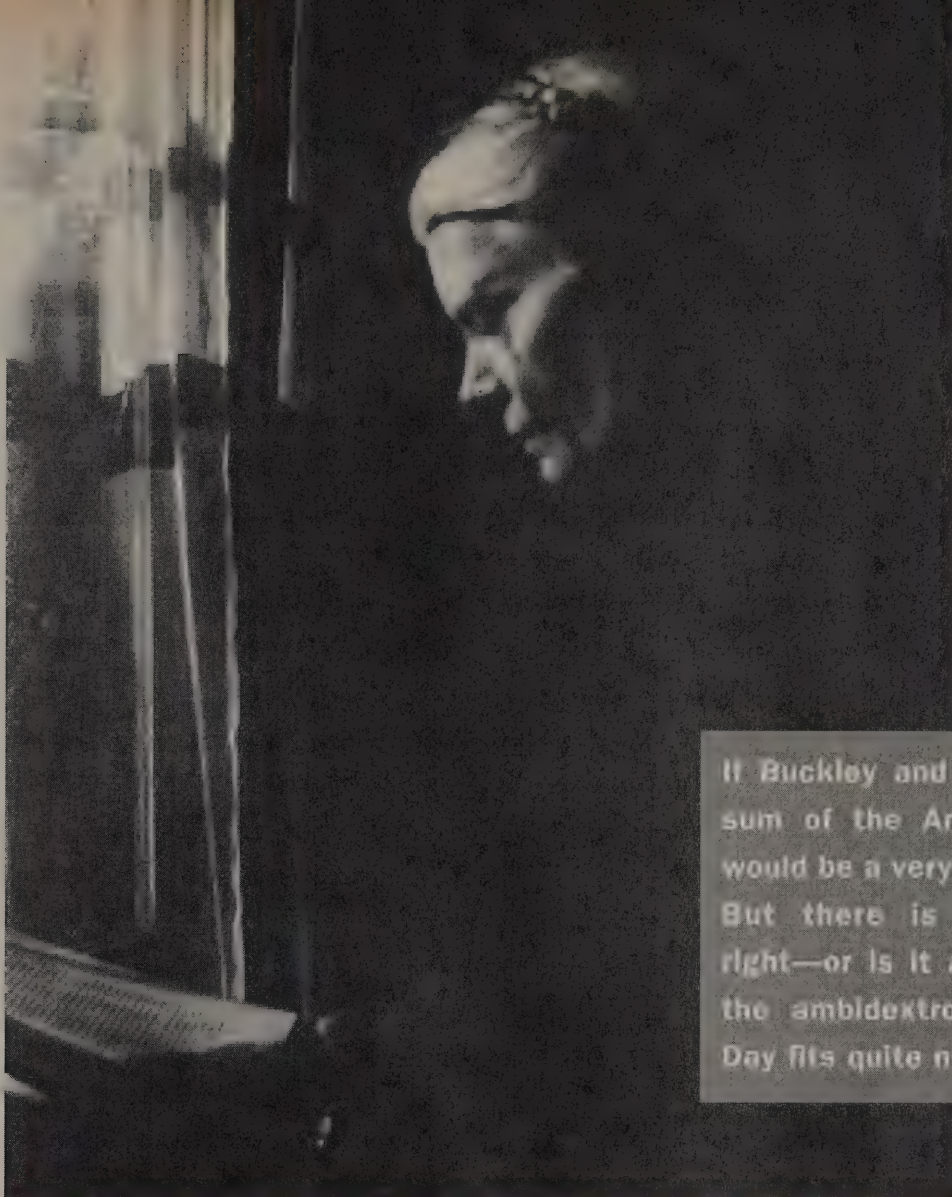
During the introduction of the celebrities a shower of applause greeted Henry Kissinger. I was sufficiently irritated to ejaculate a fairly loud Boo! . . . A day or so before that evening Dorothy Day had died. She was the founder and saintly heroine of the Catholic Worker movement. During that glamorous evening I thought: who was a truer conservative, Dorothy Day or Henry Kissinger? Surely it was Dorothy Day,

whose respect for what was old and valid, whose dedication to the plain decencies and duties of human life rested on the traditions of two millennia of Christianity, and who was a radical only in the truthful sense of attempting to get to the roots of the human predicament. Despite its pro-Catholic tendency, and despite its commendable custom of commemorating the passing of worthy people even when some of these did not belong to the conservatives, *National Review* paid neither respect nor attention to the passing of Dorothy Day, while around the same time it published a respectful R.I.P. column in honor of Oswald Mosley, the onetime leader of the British Fascist Party.

National Review, dreadnought of postwar American conservatism, occasionally aimed its scattershot at Day. Founder William F. Buckley, Jr. referred casually to “the grotesqueries that go into making up the Catholic Worker movement”; of Miss Day, he chided “the slovenly, reckless, intellectually chaotic, anti-Catholic doctrines of this good-hearted woman—who, did she have her way in shaping national policy, would test the promise of Christ Himself, that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us.”

The grotesqueries he does not bother to itemize; nor does Buckley explain just what was “anti-Catholic” about a woman who told a friend, “The hierarchy permits a priest to say Mass in our chapel. They have given us the most precious thing of all—the Blessed Sacrament. If the Chancery ordered me to stop publishing *The Catholic Worker* tomorrow, I would.”

Bill Kauffman is the author, most recently, of *With Good Intentions?* (Praeger, 1998). This article is derived from a speech given at the Dorothy Day Centenary Conference at Marquette University in October 1997. It previously appeared in the November 1998 issue of *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*, a publication of The Rockford Institute (928 N. Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103; www.chroniclesmagazine.org).



If Buckley and Kissinger were the sum of the American right, mine would be a very brief article indeed. But there is another American right—or is it a left, for praise be the ambidextrous—in which Miss Day fits quite nicely.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES (WWW.CATHOLICWORKER.ORG)

If Buckley and Kissinger were the sum of the American right, mine would be a very brief article indeed. But there is another American right—or is it a left, for praise be the ambidextrous—in which Miss Day fits quite nicely. Indeed, I think she is more at home with these people than she ever was with Manhattan socialists. They are the Agrarians, the Distributists, the heirs to the Jeffersonian tradition. The keener of them—particularly the Catholics—understood their kinship with Day. Allen Tate, the Southern man of letters and contributor to the 1930 Southern Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand*, wrote his fellow Dixie poet Donald Davidson in 1936:

I also enclose a copy of a remarkable monthly paper, *The Catholic Worker*. The editor, Dorothy Day, has been here, and is greatly excited by our whole program. Just three months ago she discovered *I'll Take My Stand*, and has been commenting on it editorially. She is ready to hammer away in behalf of the new

book. Listen to this: *The Catholic Worker* now has a paid circulation of 100,000! [Tate neglects to say that the price is a penny a copy]...She offers her entire mailing list to Houghton-Mifflin; I've just written to Linscott about it. Miss Day may come by Nashville with us if the conference falls next weekend. She has been speaking all over the country in Catholic schools and colleges. A very remarkable woman. Terrific energy, much practical sense, and a fanatical devotion to the cause of the land!

The program that so excited Miss Day was summarized in the statement of principles drawn up at the Nashville meeting of Southern Agrarians and Distributists. Mocked as reactionary for their unwillingness to accept bigness as an inevitable condition, the conferees declared (*inter alia*):

—The condition of individual freedom and security is

the wide distribution of active ownership of land and productive property.

—Population should be decentralized as well as ownership.

—Agriculture should be given its rightful recognition as the prime factor in a secure culture.

Though Day was absent from Nashville, she was to speak the language of the Southern Agrarians, without the drawl, many times over the years. “To Christ—To the Land!” Day exclaimed in the January 1936 issue.

Dorothy Day kept to the little way, and that is why we honor her. She understood that if small is not always beautiful, at least it is always human.

“*The Catholic Worker* is opposed to the wage system but not for the same reason that the Communist is. We are opposed to it, because the more wage earners there are the less owners there are...how will they become owners if they do not get back to the land.”

Widespread ownership was the basic tenet of the Agrarians’ Catholic cousins, the Distributists. *The Catholic Worker* published all the major Distributists of the age, among them Chesterton and Belloc, Vincent McNabb, Father Luigi Ligutti, and the Jesuit John C. Rawe (a Nebraska-born “Catholic version of William Jennings Bryan”). On numberless occasions Dorothy Day called herself a Distributist. Thus her gripe with the New Deal: “*Security* for the worker, not ownership,” was its false promise; she despaired in 1945 that “Catholics throughout the country are again accepting ‘the lesser of two evils’...They fail to see the body of Catholic social teaching of such

men as Fr. Vincent McNabb, G.K. Chesterton, Belloc, Eric Gill and other Distributists...and lose all sight of *The Little Way*.”

Dorothy Day kept to the little way, and that is why we honor her. She understood that if small is not always beautiful, at least it is always human.

The Catholic Worker position on economics was expressed quite clearly:

[W]e favor the establishment of a Distributist economy wherein those who have a vocation to the land will work on the farms surrounding the village and those who have other vocations will work in the village itself. In this way we will have a decentralized economy which will dispense with the State as we know it today and will be federationist in character...We believe in worker ownership of the means of production and distribution as distinguished from nationalization. This to be accomplished by decentralized cooperatives and the elimination of a distinct employer class.

The American name for this is Jeffersonianism, and the failure of Distributism to attract much of a state-side following outside of those Mencken derided as “typewriter agrarians” owes in part to its Chesterbellocian tincture. “Gothic Catholicism” never could play in Peoria.

Nor could it stand upon the Republican platform. Garry Wills recalls this exchange during his first visit with William F. Buckley, Jr.: “‘Are you a conservative, then?’ [Buckley asked]. I answered that I did not know. Are Distributists conservative? ‘Philip Burnham tells me they are not.’ It was an exchange with the seeds of much later misunderstanding.”

Were the Distributists conservative? Was Day conservative? Depends. Herbert Agar, the Kentucky Agrarian and movement theorist, wrote in the *American Review* (April 1934), “For seventy years, a ‘conservative’ has meant a supporter of Big Business, of the politics of plutocracy,” yet “the

root of a real conservative policy for the United States must be redistribution of property.” Ownership—whether of land, a crossroads store, a machine shop—must be made “the normal thing.”

“Property is proper to man,” insisted Dorothy Day, though she and the Distributists—and much of the old American right—meant by property something rather more substantial than paper shares in a Rockefellerian octopus. “Ownership and control are property,” declared Allen Tate, making a distinction between a family farm—or family firm—and a joint-stock corporation, the artificial spawn of the state.

Like Tate and the Southern Agrarians, Day was no collectivist, eager to herd the fellaheen onto manury unromantic Blithedale. “The Communists,” she said, sought to build “a sense of the sacredness and holiness and the dignity of the machine and of work, in order to content the proletariat with their propertyless state.” So why, she asked, “do we talk of fighting communism, which we are supposed to oppose because it does away with private property? We have done that very well ourselves in this country.” The solution: “We must emphasize the holiness of work, and we must emphasize the sacramental quality of *property* too.” (“An anti-religious agrarian is a contradiction in terms,” according to Donald Davidson.)

Day described the Catholic Worker program as being “for ownership by the workers of the means of production, the abolition of the assembly line, decentralized factories, the restoration of crafts and the ownership of property,” and these were to be achieved by libertarian means, through the repeal of state-granted privileges and a flowering of old-fashioned American voluntarism.

During the heyday of modern American liberalism, the 1930s, when Big Brother supposedly wore his friendliest phiz,

Day and the Catholic Workers said No. They bore a certain resemblance to those old progressives (retroprogressives)—Senators Burton K. Wheeler, Gerald Nye, and Hiram Johnson—who turned against FDR for what they saw as the bureaucratic, militaristic, centralizing thrust of his New Deal. The antithetical tendencies of the *Catholic Worker* and the 1930s American left were juxtaposed in the November 1936 issue of the *Catholic Worker*. Under the heading “Catholic Worker Opposition to Projected Farm-Labor Party,” the box read:

Farm-Labor Party stands for:
 Progress
 Industrialism
 Machine
 Caesarism (bureaucracy)
 Socialism
 Organizations.

Catholic Worker stands for:
 Tradition
 Ruralism
 Handicrafts
 Personalism
 Communitarianism
 Organisms.

And never the twain shall meet.

An anarchistic distrust of the state, even in its putatively benevolent role as giver of alms, pervaded the Catholic Workers, as it did the 1930s right. But then as the late Karl Hess, one-time Barry Goldwater speechwriter turned Wobbly homesteader, wrote, the American right had been “individualistic, isolationist, decentralist—even anarchistic,” until the Cold War reconciled conservatives to the leviathan state.

The 1930s dissenters—the old-fashioned liberals now maligned as conservatives; the unreconstructed libertarians; the cornbelt radicals—proposed cooperatives and revitalized village economies as the alternative to government welfare. The Catholic Workers agreed. The holy fool Peter Maurin, Day’s French peasant comrade, asserted that “he who is a

pensioner of the state is a slave of the state.” Day, in her memoir *The Long Loneliness*, complained:

The state had entered to solve [unemployment] by dole and work relief, by setting up so many bureaus that we were swamped with initials. . . . Labor was aiding in the creation of the Welfare State, the Servile State, instead of aiming for the ownership of the means of production and acceptance of the responsibility that it entailed.

“Bigness itself in organization precludes real liberty,” wrote Henry Clay Evans, Jr. in the *American Review*, a Distributist journal. The home—the family—was the right size for most undertakings. And so the home must be made productive once more. In the April 1945 *Catholic Worker*, Janet Kalven of the Graiiville Agricultural School for Women in Loveland, Ohio called for “an education that will give young women a vision of the family as the vital cell of the social organism, and that will inspire them with the great ambitions of being queens in the home.” By which she did not mean a sequacious helpmeet to the Man of the House, picking up his dirty underwear and serving him Budweisers during commercials, but rather a partner in the management of a “small, diversified family farm,” who is skilled in everything “from bread-making to beekeeping.” For “the homestead is on a human scale”—the only scale that can really measure a person’s weight.

The Agrarians and Distributists dreamed of a (voluntary, of course) dispersion of the population, and Day, despite her residence in what most decentralists regarded then and regard now as the locus of evil, agreed: “If the city is the occasion of

sin, as Father Vincent McNabb points out, should not families, men and women, begin to aim at an exodus, a new migration, a going out from Egypt with its flesh pots?” asked Day in September 1946. This revulsion against urbanism seems odd in a woman whose base was Manhattan, symbol of congestion, of concentration, of cosmopolitanism rampant. Yet she wrote of the fumes from cars stinging her eyes as she walked to Mass, of the “prison-gray walls” and parking lots of broken glass. “We only know that it is not human to live in a city of ten million. It is not only not human, it is not possible.” The Southern Agrarians would not demur.

World War II destroyed agrarianism as an active force in American intellectual life—just as it fortified the urban citadels of power and money. Foes of America’s involvement in the war, heirs to the non-interventionist legacy of George Washington, were slandered—most notably Charles Lindbergh, whom the *Catholic Worker* defended against the smears of the White House.

Despite Day’s disavowal of the “isolationist” label, the *Catholic Worker* of 1939–1941 spoke the diction of the American antiwar movement, which, because it was anti-FDR, was deemed “right-wing.” Sentences like “We should like to know in just what measure the British Foreign Office is dictating the foreign policy of the United States!” could have come straight from the pages of Colonel McCormick’s *Chicago Tribune*. So could the objection to the “*English and Communist Propaganda*” of the New York papers, and the reverence toward the traditional “neutrality of the United States” and the keeping of “our country aloof

THE CATHOLIC WORKER



Logo for the *Catholic Worker* newspaper.

from the European war.”

“*The Catholic Worker* does not adhere to an isolationist policy,” editorialized the paper in February 1939, though in fact its position, and often its phraseology, was within the American isolationist grain. The editorial sought to distinguish the paper from the bogeymen “isolationists” by urging “that the doors of the United States be thrown open to all political and religious refugees”—a position also taken by many isolationists, for instance H.L. Mencken, who wanted our country to be a haven for the persecuted Jews of Europe.

Day and the Workers dug in for a tooth-and-nail fight against conscription—“the most important issue of these times,” as they saw it. Day replied to those who noted that Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem to register with the census, that “it was not so that St. Joseph could be drafted into the Roman Army, and so that the Blessed Mother could put the Holy Child into a day nursery and go to work in an ammunition plant.”

Or as Peter Maurin put it:

The child does not belong to the state;

it belongs to the parents.

The child was given by God to the parents;

he was not given by God to the state.

This was by now a quaintly reactionary notion. What were children, if not apprentice soldiers? Like their isolationist allies, the Catholic Workers suffered years of “decline, suspicion, and hatred” during the Good War. Circulation of the *Catholic Worker* plummeted from 190,000 in May 1938 to 50,500 in November 1944. By 1944, only nine of thirty-two Houses of Hospitality were operating.

The Cold War transmogrified the American right: anticommunism became its warping doctrine, yet a remnant of cantankerous, libertarian, largely Midwestern isolationists held on, though the invigorating air of the 1930s, when left and

The powerful libertarian strain in the *Catholic Worker* was simply not present in other postwar magazines of the “left,” excepting *Politics*, edited by Day admirer Dwight Macdonald. American liberals had made peace with—had made sacrifices to—Moloch on the Potomac.

right might talk, ally, even merge, was long gone. The fault lies on both sides.

The unwillingness of the *Catholic Worker*’s editors to explore avenues of cooperation with the Old Right led them, at times, to misrepresent the sole popular anti-militarist force of the late 1940s. In denouncing the North Atlantic Treaty, which created NATO, the *Catholic Worker* claimed that “the only serious opposition in the Senate is from a group of the old isolationist school, and their argument is that it costs too much.” This is flatly untrue—the isolationist case was far more sophisticated and powerful, and it rested on the same hatred of war and aggression that underlay the Catholic Workers—but to have been honest and fair would have placed the *Catholic Worker* on Elm Street and Oak Street, whose denizens might have taught the boys in the Bowery a thing or two.

Postwar Catholic isolationists would be condescended to as parochial morons by the Cold War liberal likes of James O’Gara, managing editor of *Commonweal*, who snickered at those mossbacks who refused to recognize that “American power is a fact” and that “modern science has devoured distance and made neighbors of us all.” What good is personalism in a world of atomic bombs? What mattered the

small? Father John C. Rawe’s experimental school of rural knowledge, Omar Farm, near Omaha, was shattered when all but two of its students were drafted to fight in World War II. Liberal Catholics continued to support the conscription against which pacifists and right-wingers railed, although, as Patricia McNeal has written of the League of Nations debate, “the majority of American Catholics supported the popular movement towards isolationism and rejected any idea of collective security.” But the League aside, we all know which side won. The state side. The liberals who do not know us but, as they so unctuously assure us, have our best interests at heart.

“The greatest enemy of the church today is the state,” Dorothy Day told a Catholic audience in 1975, sounding much like the libertarian right that was her natural, if too little visited, kin.

The powerful libertarian strain in the *Catholic Worker* was simply not present in other postwar magazines of the “left,” excepting *Politics*, edited by Day admirer Dwight Macdonald. American liberals had made peace with—had made sacrifices to—Moloch on the Potomac. As *Catholic Worker* editor Robert Ludlow argued in 1951:

we are headed in this country towards a totalitarianism every bit as dangerous towards freedom as the other more forthright forms. We have our secret police, our thought control agencies, our overpowering bureaucracy. . . . The American State, like every other State, is governed by those who have a compulsion to power, to centralization, to the preservation of their gains. And it is the liberals—*The New Leader*, *New Republic*, *Commonweal* variety—who have delivered the opiate necessary for the acceptance of this tyranny among “progressive” people. It is the fallacy of attempting social reform through the State, which builds up the power of the State to where it controls all avenues of life.

To which the *New Republic*-style liberals replied: welcome to the real world.

The inevitable Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in *The Vital Center* (1949), his manifesto of Cold War liberalism, wrote, "One can dally with the distributist dream of decentralization," but "you cannot flee from science and technology into a quietist dreamworld. The state and the factory are inexorable: bad men will run them if good abdicate the job."

Alas, most on the "right" crawled into the devitalizing center. A dispersion of property, a restoration of ownership, the reclaiming of the land, a foreign policy of peace and noninterference: these were the dreams of losers, of fleers from reality, of shirkers of responsibility, of—most damningly—*amateurs*. Non-experts. In 1966, in the just-as-inevitable *National Review*, Anthony T. Bouscaren mocked Day and other "Catholic Peaceniks" because, "sinfully, their analysis of the situation [in Vietnam] goes directly counter to that of the distinguished list of academicians...who support US defense of South Vietnam." Grounds for excommunication, surely.

In all this worry about the other side of the world, few partisans bothered to notice the dirt under their feet. Distributism was dead. Or was it? For in 1956, long after the Agrarian dream had been purged from the American right, supplanted by the Cold War nightmare, Dorothy Day insisted that "Distributism is not dead." It cannot "be buried, because Distributism is a system conformable to the needs of man and his nature."

Conforming to their decentralist principles—and presaging a later strategy of "right-wing" tax resisters—the Workers refused payment of federal taxes, though, as Day wrote, we "file with our state capital, pay a small fee, and give an account of monies received and how they were spent. We always comply with this state regulation because it is local-regional," and

"because we are decentralists (in addition to being pacifists)." This resistance, she explained, was

...much in line with common sense and with the original American ideal, that governments should never do what small bodies can accomplish: unions, credit unions, cooperatives, St. Vincent de Paul Societies. Peter Maurin's anarchism was on one level based on this principle of subsidiarity, and on a higher level on that scene at the Last Supper where Christ washed the feet of His Apostles. He came to serve, to show the new Way, the way of the powerless. In the face of Empire, the Way of Love.

How beautiful: in the face of Empire, the Way of Love.

It is only in the local, the personal, that one can see Christ. A mob, no matter how praiseworthy its cause, is still a mob, said Day, paraphrasing Eugene Debs, and she explained, in Thoreauvian language, her dedication to the little way:

Why localism?...[F]or some of us anything else is extravagant; it's unreal; it's not a life we want to live. There are plenty of others who want that life, living in corridors of power, influence, money, making big decisions that affect big numbers of people. We don't have to follow those people, though; they have more would-be servants—slaves, I sometimes think—than they know what to do with.

We don't happen to believe that Washington, D.C., is the moral capital of America...If you want to know the kind of politics we seek, you can go to your history books and read about the early years of this country. We would like to see more small communities organizing themselves, people talking with people, people caring for people...we believe we are doing what our Founding Fathers came

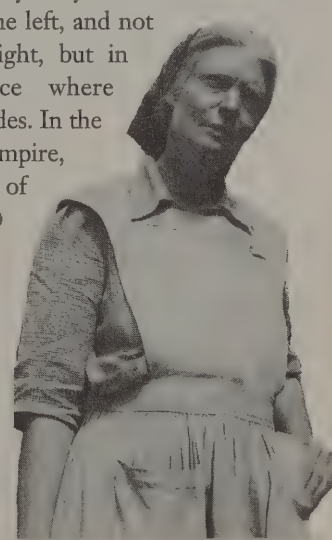
here to do, to worship God in the communities they settled. They were farmers. They were craftspeople. They took care of each other. They prayed to God, and they thanked Him for showing them the way—to America! A lot of people ask me about the influence on our [Catholic] Worker movement, and they are right to mention the French and the

It is only in the local, the personal, that one can see Christ. A mob, no matter how praiseworthy its cause, is still a mob, said Day, paraphrasing Eugene Debs.

Russian and English writers, the philosophers and novelists. But some of us are just plain Americans whose ancestors were working people and who belonged to small-town or rural communities or neighborhoods in cities. We saw more and more of that community spirit disappear, and we mourned its passing, and here we are, trying to find it again.

Dorothy Day found it.

Not on the left, and not on the right, but in that place where Love resides. In the face of Empire, the Way of Love. **we**



MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

STORM WARNING

Are Left and Right Obsolete?

A Symposium

Time for a reality check. We asked a variety of thinkers to share their thoughts on the conceptual lens through which politics is presently viewed, and their ideas, if any, for future possibilities. Here are their responses to the following question:

“The 1991 breakup of the Soviet Union and the related loss of faith in socialism is commonly viewed as a general discrediting of the left. At the same time, the disappearance of the Cold War has led to what has been called the ‘conservative crack-up,’ on the right. Do you feel that the long-running practice of viewing the political/economic landscape in terms of left vs. right is still useful? If so, why? If not, do you have any thoughts on what could succeed it?” —*Jay Kinney*



ALFRED KUBIN

Progressives Against Progress!

by Charles Siegel

Charles Siegel is director of the Preservation Institute (www.preservenet.com). His most recent book is *What's Wrong with Day Care*, forthcoming from Teachers College Press.

Political parties were first arrayed from conservative to progressive during the French Revolution. Through the nineteenth century, progressive radicals wanted to free people from traditional forms of authority—the aristocracy, the church, the family—and they believed history was on their side, because a new age of reason, science, and technology was sweeping away these older social forms.

During the twentieth century, this faith in progress led to “modernism,” symbolized by the glass, steel, and

concrete designs of architects such as Le Corbusier and Walter Gropius. Modernists believed in “rational” planning and top-down management by specialized experts; in economic growth; in centralization, with housing projects replacing small-scale neighborhoods and bureaucracies providing services; and, above all, in the inevitability of technological progress.

Today, some progressives—the old left, ranging from Communists through socialists to old-line liberals—still believe in this modernist ideal. But most people who still call themselves progressives oppose this vision of “progress.” During the 1930s, for example, American progressives backed Roosevelt’s plans to promote economic growth by building highways and dams; progressives today are

more likely to sue to *stop* highways and dams. Stalin collectivized and industrialized agriculture; progressives today want to save small farms and stop industrial agriculture.

Today’s most important new political movements oppose modernization, but their ideas will not come together unless we think about politics in a new way. We are still using terms that made sense a hundred years ago, but now are obsolete. We need to replace the old political spectrum, which ranged from “conservatives” who were against change to “progressives” who favored change, with a new political spectrum, ranging from modernists, who uncritically support the technocratic progress, to preservationists, who want to limit modernization.

Ideologically orthodox Communists

were extreme modernists who believed in a centrally planned, technological society. The American journalist Lincoln Steffens summed it up when he came back from revolutionary Russia in 1919 and said, "I have seen the future, and it works." The collapse of communism shows, first, that central planning did not work as Steffens and others expected; and second, that the ideal of a planned technological society, which seemed liberating eighty years ago, seems oppressive today.

Orthodox American liberals are moderate modernists. From Roosevelt's New Deal through Johnson's Great Society, liberals believed the federal government should stimulate economic growth in the private sector and should build more roads, power plants, mass housing projects, hospitals, schools, and day-care centers. Their ideal was top-down modernization carried out by both the corporate economy and the federal government.

Most American conservatives are in the middle of the modernist-preservationist spectrum—and they are trying to move in both directions. They want to stop progress when it comes to social issues, but are rabidly in favor of economic progress. They lament the decline of old-fashioned neighborhoods and families. But they support the shopping malls and superstore developments that destroy old neighborhoods. And they support the consumerist ideal—oversized suburban homes with two SUVs in every garage—that is so expensive that it forces even middle-class parents to put their children in day-care centers and work two full-time jobs.

Conventional political ideologies, from communist to conservative, range from the modernist extreme to the center of this new political spectrum. The preservationist end of the spectrum does not have any fully developed ideology yet, but it does have all the most interesting new political ideas of the past few decades. The environmental movement, the movement to preserve historic buildings and

neighborhoods, the movements against freeways, suburban sprawl, genetic engineering, globalization, economic growth—all these are attempts to limit modernization.

At the furthest extreme of the preservationist end of the spectrum is what used to be called the appropriate technology movement and now is sometimes called the neo-Luddite movement. Its ideal is to grow your own: to subsist on a homestead and to home-birth and home-school your own children—exactly the opposite of the old progressive ideal that the modern economy should provide jobs, health care, education, and child care. This movement is important because it shows that radical criticism is turning in a new direction that has nothing to do with old-line progressivism; but it is so extreme that it has not had any practical effect.

We need practical policies that move in this new direction but are moderate enough to be taken seriously. Most Americans obviously are not going to drop out of the modern economy and produce everything for themselves on homesteads, but most Americans would like to work shorter hours and have more time to do things for themselves and their families. Americans would be better off if we consumed less and had more time to raise our own children, rather than putting them full-time in day-care centers and after-school programs, and more time to maintain our health by exercising and cooking healthy foods, rather than waiting until we get sick and then relying on the health care system.

Liberals have not developed these new policies, because they are still focusing on the progressive agenda of the last century, demanding that the government spend more to provide education, health care, housing, child care, and jobs. To survive the next century, we need both individual and political changes. Individuals must change their attitudes toward consumption, and we also must change laws and policies that create "compulsory consumption" (such as health insurance that

emphasizes treatment rather than prevention and zoning codes that discourage walkable neighborhoods).

At the Preservation Institute, we support a series of reforms, from vouchers to support locally controlled schools, to health insurance reforms that reduce waste, to zoning laws that allow traditional neighborhood development, to fair child-care funding for people who stay home to care for their own children, to policies that encourage part-time work. They add up to a more reasonable standard of living that lets people spend less and work less in the formal economy, so they have more time to do for themselves.

We need to reject progressivism before we can shift to preservationism. ●

Left and Right: An Outworn Framework

by Joseph R. Stromberg

Joseph R. Stromberg has been writing for libertarian publications since 1973, including *The Libertarian Forum*, *The Individualist*, and *The Journal of Libertarian Studies*. He writes a weekly column, "The Old Cause," for *Antiwar.com*, and is an occasional contributor to *Lewrockwell.com*.

It has been a long time since the terms "left" and "right" were much help. Nowadays they are outright handicaps to an understanding of political reality. They have undergone constant redefinition almost from the day they were coined. Winnowing sheaves of relevant literature, one finds a few believable attempts at putting content back into these terms, at least for the twentieth century.

From James Burnham, Hans Rogger, and Eugen Weber, for example, we learn that "right" is whatever values the nation positively, rejects egalitarianism, and denies that progress is inevitable. The "left," by contrast, is internationalist, radically egalitarian, and militantly progressive. Further, the left has been the aggressor in the war of ideas, and it fell to the right (as defined by these writers) to undertake "holding actions" not always marked by their brilliance, honesty, or effectiveness (consider the GOP since, say, 1952). In "democrat-

ic” countries the right has bravely shouted “a little less, please” to voters more likely to be swayed by promises of more. Between world wars, the fascist movements muddied the definitional waters by combining themes of the right with much of the program of the left.

The model just outlined is perhaps better than nothing; but a construct that throws Albert Jay Nock, H.L. Mencken, Frank Chodorov, Charles DeGaulle, Francisco Franco, Benito Mussolini, and Adolf Hitler together as the “right” seems rather wrong-headed. Where, for example, does it leave those who believe in legal equality (period), admit the possibility of progress, and regard nations as important realities within which liberty can be realized? Apparently, it leaves them with the fascists, Nazis, and Iron Guardists—a result that tears classical liberalism from the picture and lumps it in with “conservatism,” which in turn is just a stepping-stone to fascism. This outcome slights fascism’s origins as a “heresy of the left” (to cite Hugh Thomas and A. James Gregor), libels conservatism, and proclaims that we can’t “go back” to *laissez-faire* liberalism. Why not?

There are, of course, even less satisfactory approaches. Academics and journalists use the terms in ways partisan, uninformed, and, often enough, consciously dishonest. The terms are hostage to an opinion-molding left, “left” being defined here (by me) as whatever worships state power, especially when embodied in supranational empires capable of realizing democratic/bureaucratic social democracy through unending social engineering. It is the Positivist-Deweyite-Menshevik nightmare in seven-league boots, with the body of Leviathan and the head of a social worker (to paraphrase Woody Allen). Much of the civilized Euro-American left had few problems with Soviet socialism as such. They just wanted the Commies to be more open—with wider recruitment of state-subsidized intellectuals and two or more parasitic political parties instead of only one. With the

Soviets gone, the world left pins its hopes on the American Empire to stir moral rhetoric and provide financial help and weapons of mass destruction to be used against the remaining “fascists,” nationalists, and particularists.

There may be remnants around of other “lefts” made up of people who don’t love the empire or its wars. Nonetheless, taking the “practice” of the increasingly empowered left “as premise” (as Ernst Nolte would say), I think the definition I offer here is operationally sound. Humanitarian bombing and boundless intervention overseas may seem novel, but have their precedent in Harry Hopkins’s assertion that World War II was fought for “the universal New Deal.” Good God.

“Right-wing” movements—using the term as deployed by Dan and Tom and Jim on the evening news—sometimes lust for power, too, but that is hardly our biggest problem right now. Most *American* rightists—populists, localists, “patriots,” libertarians, and the poor rank-and-file “conservatives” led and betrayed by the Stupid Party—wish *mostly to be left alone*, in possession of their private property and their religious, familial, and cultural traditions. This hardly amounts to fascism or even Francoism. In the *present* left’s now highly successful “antifascist” discourse, however, such modest claims are indeed Nazism revisited, for they stand athwart the necessary destruction of all existing social “practices” and their replacement by new ones which, by empowering the formerly oppressed, will be much nicer. You must take that on faith. Fulfilling this program will necessitate the air-conditioned, touchy-feely police state foreseen by Carl Oglesby around 1969, but doubtless anyone noting the connection is likely to be labeled a neo-Nazi.

The perspective on politics given here owes something to such critics as Lew Rockwell, Paul Gottfried, Samuel Francis, the late Murray Rothbard, and many others. If it is anywhere near the mark, it suggests that the next century’s battles will be between social-

imperialists and social-militarists in the state apparatuses of the American Empire, the European Union, and their lackeys and footmen, on the one hand, and those who genuinely believe in local self-government, decentralization, markets, and—above all—human freedom, on the other. The fight will be to convince the formless masses in the middle—the much derided lower middles and skilled workers—not to follow the “conservative” sell-outs for whom they have voted for three decades. A professor with whom I studied held that a movement of that wicked lot must end in “fascism.” But then he was a devotee of Marxism—and that dog won’t hunt. Never did.

A political spectrum that hinged on liberty-and-localism versus statism-and-empire would be a wonderful thing. It might even allow the libertarian localists to rally those dreaded petty bourgeois to the cause of freedom once more. Taking back our freedom would be glorious, of course, and proving the Marxists wrong (for the hundredth time) would be good clean fun. ●

“Socialism is Dead”...Really?

by Mark Dowie

Mark Dowie, an investigative historian living in northern California, is finishing a book for MIT Press chronicling the first century of American foundation philanthropy.

There is a serious misconception that’s been circling the globe since the end of the Cold War. It alleges that the 1981 breakup of the Soviet Union and the heralded “triumph of capitalism” signal the death knell of socialism, and a global loss of faith in communal ideals. This is utter nonsense.

What the collapse of Soviet totalitarian socialism (sometimes inaccurately described as “communism”) did signal was the end of totalitarian authority, and a welcome change in the definition and structure of socialism. In fact, it was totalitarianism itself, not capitalism, liberalism, or militarism, that defeated the Soviet model of

socialism. The victor was democracy, pure and simple, not Ronald Reagan, Mikhail Gorbachev, the pope, or free enterprise. Democracy trumped autocracy. It was a historical inevitability that has cleared the way for a much more “radical” revolution than anything the Bolsheviks had to offer.

Despite the incessant chest beating of Francis Fukuyama (*The End of History and the Last Man*, Avon Books, 1993) and global free-marketeers, there is still enormous faith in socialist ideas and systems throughout the world. They just aren’t recognized as such, because post-Cold War “neo-socialism” is so different from totalitarian socialism.

If socialism were really dead, the governments of western Europe would look very different from the way they do today, and declared socialists would not have been freely elected to the highest offices in Venezuela, Chile, and South Africa. Nor would the strongest opposition parties in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union be dominated by former Communists, men and women who continue to embrace the economic critique of Karl Marx but have seen the folly of trying to impose socialism on the proletariat and peasantry through dictatorship.

Almost every argument about politics or philosophy is eventually reduced to semantics. The semantic of “socialism” is no exception. What is socialism? And what is it not? Orthodox Marxists will surely regard twenty-first century models of democratic socialism as something else—neoliberal capitalism, social democratic reformism, or quasi-socialist fakery. If private individuals are allowed to own any means of production, it can’t be socialism, they will say. Those who call it such will be denounced as heretics.

Neo-leftists, many of whom will not allow themselves to be called “socialist,” nevertheless argue that private ownership of capital does not necessitate classical “capitalism.” Nor does it negate socialism. When people who own the means of production oversee only the productive capacity of their

own capital, and cease unduly influencing government, education, and other institutions of civil society to the extent they do today, then we will no longer have hegemonic capitalism as we’ve known it up until now. At that point, neo-leftists suggest, regulated free enterprise will provide an opportunity for socialism—not the socialism that confiscates capital from the private sector and donates it to the state, but a socialism that extends the ownership of productive capital as widely as possible, and limits the power of private capital to its own productive pursuit. The opportunity is thus to reform and to re-form socialism in a democratic context; and to push private enterprise forcefully toward ecologically responsible practices, without destroying its productive potential.

The most important lesson learned from the withered Soviet experiment with social and economic revolution is that no system can survive for more than a few decades without support of the people. Even in Mother Russia, with its awkward and profoundly corrupt post-USSR government, leaders have discovered that the best way to express the will of the people is through some sort of electoral process—a prelude, we must hope, to the first Russian democracy.

The challenge in Russia, of course, as in other emerging democracies (particularly those intent upon moving beyond left and right) is to purge corruption from the electoral process, and then to expand democracy beyond the legislative domain into the economic, religious, and philanthropic sectors. This can be done, but not without struggle, not without revolution—perpetual revolution.

Democracy, true and total democracy, is and always has been the most radical of all political notions, far more so than socialism or communism ever were. True democracy is dreaded by partisans of the old left and right alike. Traditional Communists still harbor a disdain for elections, a distrust of populism and a passion for central authority. It is the task of new socialists to

lead the old guard to democracy, despite the gigantic challenges facing both socialism and democracy from economic globalization and the profoundly anti-democratic influence of transnational corporatism.

If neo-socialists succeed, the left-right spectrum of the twenty-first century will dissolve into air, and the democratic revolution begun in 1776 (or was it earlier, with Cromwell?), which has remained mired and corrupted in electoral politics, will be pushed beyond its carefully protected boundaries into civil society and beyond.

A third-millennium socialism that evolves through democratic processes—electoral and economic—will thus look very different from totalitarian socialisms of yore, rife as they were with bureaucratic conceit, state-capitalist charades of socialism, and condescending concepts like “dictatorship of the proletariat.” In fact the next generation of socialisms (and there will be many) will feel so different, and evolve so slowly, that few will recognize them as socialism. Marxists and other orthodox socialists will certainly deride them as revisionist bourgeois incrementalism, simply because neo-socialists allow a certain amount of free enterprise to exist in society.

But as Cold War definitions melt into air, there’s an opportunity to stop defining socialism in terms formulated by dead philosophers—no matter how brilliant their critique of capitalism—or by living “PC” leftists—no matter how sincere their quest for justice or their compassion for the oppressed. Only when a socialist system is defined by broad democratic processes will people accept its premises long enough to make it work. And this will happen. The specter of socialism is still haunting Europe...the whole world, in fact. ●

How About That Green Option?

by Charlene Spretnak

Charlene Spretnak is author of two books on Green analysis and vision: *Green Politics* (1984; out of print) and *The Resurgence of the Real: Body, Nature, and Place in a Hypermodern World* (Perseus Press, 1997), which was named one of

the best books of the year by the *Los Angeles Times*. She is also author of *States of Grace: The Recovery of Meaning in the Postmodern Age* (HarperSanFrancisco, 1991). In 1984 she co-founded the Green Party movement in the US, which resulted eventually in several state-level Green Parties attaining ballot status.

Aaaargh. To ask a Green whether “the long-running practice of viewing the political/economic landscape in terms of left vs. right is still useful” is to elicit gnashing of teeth. For more than twenty years, the Green Parties around the world (now numbering over seventy) have used the slogan “Beyond Left and Right” to place an ecologically sane and community-based political economy off the narrow spectrum allowed by modern political and economic theory. The fact that a symposium in a savvy magazine like *Whole Earth* now ponders such a reframing as a new topic is, alas, more painful evidence that Green political analysis has not spread much beyond our own circles, especially in the United States.

In the nascent days of Green political/economic theory, the phrase “Beyond Left and Right” was coined to express a fundamental contrast between state socialism and corporate capitalism. Rather than an economy owned by either the state or huge corporations, the Green economic model favors spreading wealth and ownership as broadly as possible, in such ways as strengthen the fabric of communities. A second meaning of the Greens distancing ourselves from left and right is the rejection of industrialism, the modern belief that progress demands sacrificing everything to the demands of industrial (and now postindustrial) expansion. More fundamentally, the Greens reject the adherence of both left and right to economism, the modern sense that economic relations, and their various ramifications, are the primary factors in life.

In fact, the left and right share a great deal of common ground because they are both imbedded in the ideologies of modernity. They agree that humans are essentially *Homo economi-*

cus, that material expansion brings well-being and the evolution of society, and that Progress through technological invention delivers us to increasingly optimal states. They share a mechanistic view of the human body and the rest of nature. Most importantly, modern culture defines itself as a triumphant force progressing in opposition to nature. Consequently, moderns harbor contempt for non-modern cultures, which are seen to be “held back” by unproductive perceptions such as the “sacred whole” and by reciprocal duties to the rest of the Earth community. Finally, modern societies are sometimes called hyper-masculine because “masculine” traits such as a persona of rationalism, a preference for dominance-or-submission structures of relationships, and a need for competitiveness are valued more highly than “feminine” traits such as empathy and compassion. (For a fuller discussion of modernity, see my most recent book, *The Resurgence of the Real*.)

While the Green analysis has circulated almost solely in alternative publications (and has often been misrepresented, by the way, in left/progressive magazines), a thoroughly pernicious version of “Beyond Left and Right” has been touted on editorial pages of major newspapers, policy briefings, and presidential speeches. Tony Blair and Bill Clinton, as well as their counterparts in most countries, celebrate the new era of “liberalized” trade—that is, the New World Order according to multilateral trade agreements such as GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade), and their regulatory/administrative agency, the WTO (World Trade Organization)—as an advance into a “post-ideological” age, leaving behind all that head bashing over left and right. What they mean is that all areas of human life should now shut up and get out of the market’s way.

One could hardly imagine a more ideological option than “free trade” as currently defined by GATT and enforced by the WTO. Essentially, the new “free trade” means that transna-

tional corporations (TNCs) are free to do nearly anything they want. Democratically elected national governments now must change their own laws or else pay “damages” if a corporation wins a judgement from the WTO upholding the corporation’s complaint that, say, an environmental law is “prejudicial” to its product. Communities and entire countries are now vulnerable to the invasion—and abrupt departure—of TNCs. In short, the renegotiations of GATT did an end run around the United Nations and established a highly ideological global rule by the oligarchy of TNCs. For this reason, Ralph Nader’s presidential campaign this summer and fall on the Green Party ticket specifically challenges the oligarchy of ever-spreading and inherently undemocratic corporate influence here and abroad.

For those who like to think in terms of polarities, though, one way to do so today is to consider *the Localists* vs. *the Globalists*. The Localists/Regionalists insist, with justification, that GATT must be radically renegotiated—“Fair Trade, not ‘Free’ Trade”—so that communities, regions, and nations have some protection from the rapacious TNCs, who are under pressure to greatly increase profits every year. The Localists/Regionalists want to develop regional trade (such as South-South) and community-based economics (keeping money circulating largely within the local and regional area, along with some long-distance trade that is structured fairly). The Globalists view all that as anachronistic; they champion, instead, a global mass culture and globalized economy controlled by the big players.

Another oppositional pair is *Proponents of Ecological Sustainability* vs. *the Free-Marketeters*, the latter having managed to make environmental crises non-issues in most governments until various ecological disruptions claim attention...for a while.

Then there is the opposition of *the Slow-Growth Folks* vs. *the Pave It Over Now Group* in nearly every locale.

And let's not forget *All the People Who Are Concerned that Children Are Being Raised to Be Illiterate, Apathetic, Manipulated, Techie Consumers vs. the Forces of Expanding Commercialism*.

Or one might cite *People Dismayed That Spirituality Has Been Widely Reduced to Narcissism, Stripped of All Social, Ethical, Ecological, and Cosmological Dynamics vs....who?*

In every one of these pairs, the first group I have mentioned opposes vast centralization of wealth and ownership because it skews societal power relations in severely undemocratic ways—yet the vision of those first groups is different from that of the traditional left and most of its contemporary versions. There is and always has been much common ground (for example, anti-nuclearism and anti-militarism), but the gestalt is not the same. The eco-social analysis has a different grounding. The vision is Green. ●

Hay Foot, Straw Foot by Stephanie Mills

Stephanie Mills has written for *Whole Earth* since 1972, including stints as assistant editor and editor of *CoEvolution Quarterly*, and editor of the Communities domain of the *Millennium Whole Earth Catalog*. Her most recent book is *Turning Away from Technology* (Sierra Club Books, 1997), which she edited.

Ever since the emergence of the early state, various handfuls of people have been laying hold of inordinate amounts of wealth and power. The pretexts have been many: sometimes appeals to glory, sometimes appeals to rationality. The take-home message has been conveyed by big battalions. Not everyone has the appetite to be a monarch, but the system transmogrifies itself, and persists.

Also since the dawn of history, other, more numerous, handfuls of people have mounted risky—and only occasionally successful—attempts to wrest the power back from the few to the many. Revolutionaries, these. The perennial wish of the majority, I think, is to avoid contention and rule altogether. Thus to me it appears that the

primal socio-political polarity is between the rulers and those who are, but might rather not be, ruled. Variations on this are: Civilized vs. Tribal, Imperial vs. Hinterland, and, in our moment, Global Corporations vs. Local Community, and Technocracy vs. Ecology (of which more later).

The core ideology used to justify the rule of complex societies by their elites—"Father Knows Best"—has been expressed in a variety of mythopoetic and philosophic idioms, up to plastic phrases like "reinventing government" in our time. These supposedly self-evident truths and divine rights are as vulnerable to sudden irrelevance as the societies embracing them are to collapse. So in the long, long view, political discourse as arrayed from left to right begins to look like an epiphenomenon.

There is a persistent polarity of rulers and subjects, with the modern nation-state (and now supranational entities, like the Bretton Woods creations—GATT, World Bank, IMF) serving as the pseudo-democratic, juridical milieu to administer these fixed inequalities. Given this, it's hard to see where ideological contention serves any purpose—in these United States, anyway—except as the stuff that gets up the lather in the brainwashing.

At the same time, to believe that the disintegration of the USSR discredits socialism is akin to saying that the defeat of the Apaches demonstrates the error of animistic nomadic subsistence cultures; or that organized labor in the US was set back by the idea of unionism and not by the Pinkertons or the Taft-Hartley Act. Those failures were not so much attributable to the politics of the failees as to the force majeure of their opponents.

There is also the ambient role that technology plays in the maintenance of contemporary sociopolitical complexity. There have been empires and totalitarian states without the benefit of industrial and electronic-era means. But without these means, a *global* complex society could not exist.

Mass technology has become, in Langdon Winner's formulation, *autonomous*. It constitutes an implicit politics, but one so pervasive that we never think to debate it, any more than the fish debate water. Where was the mass movement demanding the blasphemous release of genetically modified organisms into the planetary ecosystem? When was the plebiscite that decided to shift the mode of discourse from the linguistic to the visual, at a dramatic cost in complexity of expression? Where are the mobs clamoring for the right to watch Star Television after a hard day in the sweatshop while their vernacular forms of subsistence are undermined and perish? My Luddite cohorts and I would argue that these radical changes of life and livelihood demonstrate the political bias of the technologies that induced them. Yet where does technology figure in politics as arrayed from left to right? Those ol' dexter-sinister categories are ever more unhelpful in working out the problems and necessities of place.

Bioregionalism offers a more useful and sensible axis for political engagement, with one's watershed being the epicenter and the ecosphere being the furthest extension of concern. In reframing the fundamental questions that politics is supposed to address, and keeping the focus on place and biogeographical reality, watershed governance and bioregional confederation could offer myriad possible (and less than ideal, natch) alternatives to One Big Collapse.

We are entering a time when we'll be learning what absolute power—as in Nature Bats Last—feels like. It will behoove us, in our bioregions, to get our backs into the work of what Freeman House calls "evolutionary diplomacy": negotiating with our watersheds the terms of our respective communities' futures. And any politics that disregards our species's history and the primacy of Nature will be mostly entertainment sheet music for the *Titanic's* doughty dance band. ●



ESCAPING THE MATRIX

What if consensus reality is a fabricated illusion? Are you ready for the red pill?

by Richard K. Moore

The defining dramatic moment in the film *The Matrix* [Warner Bros., 1999] occurs just after Morpheus invites Neo to choose between a red pill and a blue pill. The red pill promises “the truth, nothing more.” Neo takes the red pill and awakes to reality—something utterly different from anything Neo, or the audience, could have expected. What Neo had assumed to be reality turns out to be only a collective illusion, fabricated by the Matrix and fed to a population that is asleep, cocooned in grotesque embryonic pods. In Plato’s famous parable about the shadows on the walls of the cave, true reality is at least *reflected* in perceived reality. In the Matrix world, true reality and perceived reality exist on entirely different planes.

The story is intended as metaphor, and the parallels that drew my attention had to do with political reality. This article offers a particular perspective on what’s going on in the world—and how things got to be that way—in this era of globalization. From that *red-pill* perspective, everyday media-consensus reality—like the Matrix in the film—is seen to be a fabricated collective illusion. Like Neo, I

didn’t know what I was looking for when my investigation began, but I knew that what I was being told didn’t make sense. I read scores of histories and biographies, observing connections between them, and began to develop my own theories about roots of various historical events. I found myself largely in agreement with writers like Noam Chomsky and Michael Parenti, but I also perceived important patterns that others seemed to have missed.

When I started tracing historical forces, and began to interpret present-day events from a historical perspective, I could see the same old dynamics at

work and found a meaning in unfolding events far different from what official pronouncements proclaimed. Such pronouncements are, after all, public relations fare, given out by politicians who want to look good to the voters. Most of us expect rhetoric from politicians, and take what they say with a grain of salt. But as my own picture of present reality came into focus, “grain of salt” no longer worked as a metaphor. I began to see that consensus reality—as generated by official rhetoric and amplified by mass

I began to see that consensus reality—as generated by official rhetoric and amplified by mass media—bears very little relationship to actual reality. “The matrix” was a metaphor I was ready for.

Richard K. Moore is an expatriate software programmer from Silicon Valley who has lived for the past six years in rural Ireland. However, capitalizing on one of the better side effects of globalization, he and Canadian collaborator Jan Slakov have coordinated Internet discussions about new economic and political paradigms among hundreds of people worldwide, via e-mail lists and the Citizens for a Democratic Renaissance Web site. This article is a distillation of Moore’s book-in-progress, which can be found in fuller form at <http://cyberjournal.org>. Richard can be reached at richard@cyberjournal.org.

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media—bears very little relationship to actual reality. “The matrix” was a metaphor I was ready for.

In consensus reality (the blue-pill perspective) “left” and “right” are the two ends of the political spectrum. Politics is a tug-of-war between competing factions, carried out by political parties and elected representatives. Society gets pulled this way and that within the political spectrum, reflecting the interests of whichever party won the last election. The left and right are therefore political enemies. Each side is convinced that it knows how to make society better; each believes the other enjoys undue influence; and each blames the other for the political stalemate that apparently prevents society from dealing effectively with its problems.

This perspective on the political process, and on the roles of left and right, is very far from reality. It is a fabricated collective illusion. Morpheus tells Neo that the Matrix is “the world that was pulled over your eyes to hide you from the truth....As long as the Matrix exists, humanity cannot be free.” Consensus political reality is precisely such a matrix. Later we will take a fresh look at the role of left and right, and at national politics. But first we must develop our red-pill historical perspective. I’ve had to condense the arguments to bare essentials; please see the annotated sources at the end for more thorough treatments of particular topics.

IMPERIALISM AND THE MATRIX

From the time of Columbus to 1945, world affairs were largely dominated by competition among Western nations (primarily western Europe, later joined by the United States) seek-

ing to stake out spheres of influence, control sea lanes, and exploit colonial empires. Each Western power became the core of an imperialist economy whose periphery was managed for the benefit of the core nation. Military might determined the scope of an empire; wars were initiated when a core nation felt it had sufficient power to expand its periphery at the expense of a competitor. Economies and societies in the periphery were kept backward—to keep their populations under control, to provide cheap labor, and to guarantee markets for goods manufactured in the core. Imperialism robbed

(fleets, colonial administrations, etc.) were borne by Western taxpayers generally, the profits of imperialism were enjoyed primarily by private corporations and investors. Government and corporate elites were partners in the business of imperialism: Empires gave government leaders power and prestige, and gave corporate leaders power and wealth. Corporations ran the real business of empire while government leaders fabricated noble excuses for the wars that were required to keep that business going. Matrix reality was about patriotism, national honor, and heroic causes; true reality was on another plane altogether: that of economics.

Industrialization, beginning in the late 1700s, created a demand for new markets and increased raw materials. Both demands spurred accelerated expansion of empire. Wealthy investors amassed fortunes by setting up large-scale industrial and trading operations, leading to the emergence of an influential capitalist elite. Like any other

elite, capitalists used their wealth and influence to further their own interests however they could. And the interests of capitalism always come down to economic growth; investors must reap more than they sow or the whole system comes to a grinding halt.

Thus capitalism, industrialization, nationalism, warfare, imperialism—and the matrix—coevolved. Industrialized weapon production provided the muscle of modern warfare, and capitalism provided the appetite to use that muscle. Government leaders pursued the policies necessary to expand empire while creating a rhetorical matrix, around nationalism, to justify those policies. Capitalist growth depended on empire, which in turn depended on a strong and stable core nation to defend it. National interests and capitalist interests were inextricably linked—or so it seemed for more than two centuries.

Corporations ran the real business of empire while government leaders fabricated noble excuses for the wars that were required to keep that business going. Matrix reality was about patriotism, national honor, and heroic causes; true reality was on another plane altogether: that of economics

the periphery not only of wealth but also of its ability to develop its own societies, cultures, and economies in a natural way for local benefit.

The driving force behind Western imperialism has always been the pursuit of economic gain, ever since Isabella commissioned Columbus on his first entrepreneurial voyage. The rhetoric of empire concerning wars, however, has typically been about other things—the White Man’s Burden, bringing true religion to the heathens, Manifest Destiny, defeating the Yellow Peril or the Hun, seeking *lebensraum*, or making the world safe for democracy. Any fabricated motivation for war or empire would do, as long as it appealed to the collective consciousness of the population at the time. The propaganda lies of yesterday were recorded and became consensus history—the fabric of the matrix.

While the costs of territorial empire

WORLD WAR II AND THE PAX AMERICANA

1945 will be remembered as the year World War II ended and the bond of the atomic nucleus was broken. But 1945 also marked another momentous fission—breaking of the bond between national and capitalist interests. After every previous war, and in many cases after severe devastation, European nations had always picked themselves back up and resumed their competition over empire. But after World War II, a *Pax Americana* was established. The US began to manage all the Western peripheries on behalf of capitalism generally, while preventing the communist powers from interfering in the game. Capitalist powers no longer needed to fight over investment realms, and *competitive* imperialism was replaced by *collective* imperialism (see sidebar). Opportunities for capital growth were no longer linked to the military power of nations, apart from the power of America. In his *Killing Hope: U.S. Military and CIA Interventions Since World War II* (see access, page 55), William Blum chronicles hundreds of significant covert and overt interventions, showing exactly

ELITE PLANNING FOR POSTWAR NEO-IMPERIALISM...

Laurence Shoup and William Minter, in *Holly Sklar's Trilateralism* (see access, page 54), write about strategic recommendations developed during World War II by the Council on Foreign Relations:

Recommendation P-B23 (July, 1941) stated that worldwide financial institutions were necessary for the purpose of "stabilizing currencies and facilitating programs of capital investment for constructive undertakings in backward and underdeveloped regions." During the last half of 1941 and in the first months of 1942, the Council developed this idea for the integration of the world....Isaiah Bowman first suggested a way to solve the problem of maintaining effective control over weaker territories while avoiding overt imperial conquest. At a Council meeting in May, 1942 he stated that the United States had to exercise the strength needed to assure "security," and at the same time "avoid conventional forms of imperialism." The way to do this, he argued, was to make the exercise of that power international in character through a United Nations body.

how the US carried out its imperial management role.

In the postwar years, matrix reality diverged ever further from actual reality. In the postwar matrix world, imperialism had been abandoned and the world was being "democratized"; in the real world, imperialism had become better organized and more efficient. In the matrix world, the US "restored order," or "came to the assistance" of nations that were being "undermined by Soviet influence"; in the real world, the periphery was being systematically suppressed and exploited. In the matrix world, the benefit was going to the periphery in the form of countless aid programs; in the real world, immense wealth was being extracted *from* the periphery.

GLITCHES IN THE MATRIX, POPULAR REBELLION, AND NEOLIBERALISM

Growing glitches in the matrix weren't noticed by most people in the West, because the postwar years brought unprecedented levels of Western prosperity and social progress. The rhetoric claimed progress would come to all, and Westerners could see it being realized in their own towns and cities. The West became the collective core of a global empire, and exploitative development led to prosperity for Western populations, while generating immense riches for corporations, banks, and wealthy capital investors.

The parallel agenda of Third World exploitation and Western prosperity worked effectively for the first two postwar decades. But in the 1960s, large numbers of Westerners, particularly the young and well educated, began to notice glitches in the matrix. In Vietnam, imperialism was too naked to be successfully masked as something else. A major split in American public consciousness occurred as millions of

antiwar protestors and civil rights activists punctured the fabricated consensus of the 1950s and declared the reality of exploitation and suppression both at home and abroad. The environmental movement arose, challenging even the exploitation of the natural world. In Europe, 1968 joined 1848 as a landmark year of popular protest.

These developments disturbed elite planners. The postwar regime's stability was being challenged from within the core—and the formula of Western prosperity no longer guaranteed public passivity. A report published in 1975, the *Report of the Trilateral Task Force on Governability of Democracies*, provides a glimpse into the thinking of elite circles. Alan Wolfe discusses this report in *Holly Sklar's eye-opening Trilateralism*. Wolfe focuses especially on the analysis Harvard professor Samuel P. Huntington presented in a section of the report entitled "The Crisis of Democracy." Huntington is an articulate promoter of elite policy shifts, and contributes pivotal articles to publications such as the Council on Foreign Relations's *Foreign Affairs* (access, page 55).

Huntington tells us that democratic societies "cannot work" unless the citizenry is "passive." The "democratic surge of the 1960s" represented an "excess of democracy," which must be reduced if governments are to carry out their traditional domestic and foreign policies. Huntington's notion of "traditional policies" is expressed in a passage from the report:

To the extent that the United States was governed by anyone during the decades after World War II, it was governed by the President acting with the support and cooperation of key individuals and groups in the executive office, the federal bureaucracy, Congress, and the more important businesses, banks, law firms, foundations, and media, which constitute the private sector's "Establishment."

In these few words, Huntington spells out the reality that electoral democracy has little to do with how America is run, and summarizes the kind of people who are included within the elite planning community. Who needs conspiracy theories when elite machinations are clearly described in public documents like these?

Besides failing to deliver popular passivity, the policy of prosperity for Western populations had another downside, having to do with Japan's economic success. Under the *Pax Americana* umbrella, Japan had been able to industrialize and become an imperial player—the prohibition on Japanese rearmament had become irrelevant. With Japan's lower postwar living standards, Japanese producers could undercut

prevailing prices and steal market share from Western producers. Western capital needed to find a way to become more competitive on world markets, and Western prosperity was standing in the way. Elite strategists, as

in both reality and rhetoric.

If popular prosperity could be sacrificed, there were many obvious ways Western capital could be made more competitive. Production could be moved overseas to low-wage areas, allowing domestic unemployment to rise. Unions could be attacked and wages forced down, and people could be pushed into temporary and part-time jobs without benefits. Regulations governing corporate behavior could be removed, corporate and capital-gains taxes could be reduced, and the revenue losses could be taken out of public-service budgets. Public infrastructures could be privatized, the services reduced to cut costs, and then they could be milked for easy profits while they deteriorated from neglect.

"Democracy" and "reform" are frequently used together, always leaving the subtle impression that one has something to do with the other. The illusion is presented that all economic boats are rising, and if yours isn't, it must be your own fault: you aren't "competitive" enough.

Huntington showed, were fully capable of understanding these considerations, and the requirements of corporate growth created a strong motivation to make the needed adjustments—

RECOMMENDED READING

THE GLOBALIZATION OF POVERTY

Impacts of IMF and World Bank Reforms

Michel Chossudovsky, 1997; \$25. Zed Books.

This detailed study by an economics insider shows the consequences of "reforms" in various parts of the world, revealing a clear pattern of callous neocolonialism. Definitely red-pill material. For more by Chossudovsky, see www.ased.org/resources/global/articles/chossu.htm.

THE CASE AGAINST THE GLOBAL ECONOMY

And for a Turn Toward the Local

Jerry Mander and Edward Goldsmith, eds. 1997; 560 pp. \$25. Sierra Club Books.

This fine collection of forty-three chapters by knowledgeable contributors analyzes the broad structure of globalization, and

explores locally based and sustainable economic alternatives. An excellent introduction, textbook, and reference work.

GROWTH ILLUSION
How Economic Growth Has Enriched the Few, Impoverished the Many, and Endangered the Planet
Richard Douthwaite, 1999; 400 pp. \$20.95. New Society Publishers.

A fascinating and wide-ranging look at growth and capitalism, their historical roots, and their consequences. Offers a healthy dose of common sense, and a vision of stability and sustainability.

WORLD HUNGER
Twelve Myths
Frances Moore Lappé, Joseph Collins, and Peter Rosset. 1998 (2nd ed.); 224 pp. \$13. Grove Press.

Another red pill. Debunks Malthusian thinking, among

other things. Here's a sample: "During the past twenty-five years food production has outstripped population growth by 16 percent. India—which for many of us symbolizes over-population and poverty—is one of the top third-world food exporters. If a mere 5.6 percent of India's food production were re-allocated, hunger would be wiped out in India."

THE GLOBAL TRAP

Globalization and the Assault on Prosperity and Democracy

Hans-Peter Martin and Harald Schumann. (Translated by Patrick Camiller). 1997; 288 pp. \$19.95. Zed Books.

A best-selling European perspective on globalization. Recommended for American audiences wanting to understand more about the European context.

WHO WILL TELL THE PEOPLE?
The Betrayal of American Democracy
William Greider. 1993; 448 pp. \$14. Touchstone.

This best-seller shows in detail how the American democratic process is subverted at every stage by corporate interests. Greider was a highly respected journalist for many years at *The Washington Post*, and his high-level contacts permit him to present an insider's view of the influence-peddling system's operations. A chilling eye-opener.

ONE WORLD, READY OR NOT
The Manic Logic of Global Capitalism
William Greider. 1998; \$15. Touchstone Books.

A tour by a superb journalist, showing how the global economy operates in various parts of the world.

Not much emphasis on political issues or economic alternatives.

THIRD WORLD RESURGENCE
\$30/year (12 issues). *Third World Network, Southside, 228 Macalister Road, 10400 Penang, Malaysia.* www.twinside.org.sg/title/twr-cn.htm.

This magazine deserves widespread circulation. It covers a wide range of global issues, presents a strong and sensible Third World perspective, and is a very good source of real-world news. Martin Kohr is managing editor and a frequent contributor.

THE NEW INTERNATIONALIST
£24.85/year (11 issues). *New Internationalist Publications, Tower House, Lathkill Street, Market Harborough LE16 9EF, England.* In US,

These are the very policies and programs launched during the Reagan-Thatcher years in the US and Britain. They represent a systematic project of increasing corporate growth at the expense of popular prosperity and welfare. Such a real agenda would have been unpopular, and a corresponding matrix reality was fabricated for public consumption. The matrix reality used real terms like "deregulation," "reduced taxes," and "privatization," but around them was woven an economic mythology. The old, failed laissez-faire doctrine of the 1800s was reintroduced with the help of Milton Friedman's Chicago School of economics, and "less government" became the proud "modern" theme in America and Britain. Sensible regulations had restored financial stability after the Great Depression, and had broken up anti-competitive monopolies such as the Rockefeller trust and AT&T. But in the new matrix reality,

all regulations were considered bureaucratic interference. Reagan and Thatcher preached the virtues of individualism, and promised to "get government off people's backs." The implication was that everyday individuals were to get more money and freedom, but in reality the primary benefits would go to corporations and wealthy investors.

The academic term for laissez-faire economics is "economic liberalism," and hence the Reagan-Thatcher revolution has come to be known as the "neoliberal revolution." It brought a radical change in actual reality by returning to the economic philosophy that led to sweatshops, corruption, and robber-baron monopolies in the nineteenth century. It brought an equally radical change in matrix reality—a complete reversal in the attitude that was projected regarding government. Government *policies* had always been criticized in the media, but the

institution of government had always been respected—reflecting the traditional bond between capitalism and nationalism. With Reagan, we had a sitting president telling us that government itself was a bad thing. Many of us may have agreed with him, but such a sentiment had never before found official favor. Soon, British and American populations were beginning to applaud the destruction of the very democratic institutions that provided their only hope of participation in the political process.

GLOBALIZATION AND WORLD GOVERNMENT

The essential bond between capitalism and nationalism was broken in 1945, but it took some time for elite planners to recognize this new condition and to begin bringing the world

\$35.98/year. PO Box 1143, Lewiston, NY 14092. 905/946-0407, magazines@indas.on.ca, www.oneworld.org/ni/index4.html.

Another good source of real news and commentary, with a global perspective. The Web site features a searchable archive of articles from issues since 1990.

TRILATERALISM
The Trilateral Commission and Elite Planning for World Management
Holly Sklar, ed. 1980; 604 pp. \$22. South End Press.

This well-researched anthology explains the role in global planning played by such elite organizations as the Trilateral Commission, the Council on Foreign Relations, and the Bilderbergers. Examples from around the world show the considerations that go into the formation of on-the-ground policies.

THE SWORD AND THE DOLLAR
Imperialism, Revolution, and the Arms Race
Michael Parenti. 1988; 210 pp. \$16.95. St. Martin's Press.

One of many red-pill books by a prolific and well-informed author. Here he talks about the reality of imperialism and the matrix of Cold War rhetoric. For an insightful examination of how matrix reality is fabricated, see also his *Make-Believe Media* (1991) and *Inventing Reality* (1993), also from St. Martin's.

A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES 1492 to the Present
Howard Zinn. 1999 (20th anniversary ed.); 702 pp. \$30. HarperCollins.

A superlative and well-researched treatment of American history from 1492 to the present. The material

on grassroots social movements provides valuable lessons for present-day movement organizers.

KILLING HOPE
U.S. Military and CIA Interventions Since World War II
William Blum. 1995; 457 pp. \$19.95. Common Courage Press.

A comprehensive review of how the US government manages world affairs by force and intrigue when persuasion and economic pressure fail to do the job. A red-pill antidote for anyone who feels tempted to trust the "international community" to pursue "humanitarian interventionism."

COVERT ACTION
QUARTERLY
Karen Talbot, ed. \$22/year (4 issues). 1500 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Suite 732, Washington, DC 20005. 202/331-9763,

www.covertaction.org.

Keeps you up-to-date on covert activities, cover-ups, military affairs, and current trouble spots. Contributors include many ex-intelligence officers who saw the error of their ways.

THE CLASH OF CIVILIZATIONS AND THE REMAKING OF WORLD ORDER
Samuel P. Huntington. 1998; 368 pp. \$14. Touchstone.

Another classic by one of the foremost spinners of matrix illusion. In the guise of historical analysis, Huntington fabricates a worldview designed to justify Western domination under globalization. According to *The Economist*, Huntington's civilization-clash paradigm has already become the "sea" in which Washington policy makers swim. The book reveals the backbone structure of mod-

ern matrix reality, putting day-to-day official rhetoric into an understandable framework. It clearly reveals the real intentions of elite planners regarding the tactics of global management through selective interventionism

FOREIGN AFFAIRS
Nina Johns, ed. \$32/year (6 issues). *The Council on Foreign Relations*, Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142. 800/829-5539, 904/44-4662, www.foreignaffairs.org.

The best source I've found to track the latest shifts in the matrix and to glean an understanding of current elite thinking. Some reading between the lines is called for, as the journal frames its analysis in terms of US national interests, failing to make the obvious links between geopolitical and economic regimes.

—Richard K. Moore

system into alignment with it. The strong Western nation-state had been the bulwark of capitalism for centuries, and initial postwar policies were based on the assumption that this would continue indefinitely. The Bretton Woods financial system (the IMF, the World Bank, and a system of fixed exchange rates among major currencies) was set up to stabilize national economies, and popular prosperity was encouraged to provide political stability. Neoliberalism in the US and Britain represented the first serious break with this policy framework—and brought the first visible signs of the fission of the nation-capital bond.

The neoliberal project was economically profitable in the US and Britain, and the public accepted the matrix economic mythology. Meanwhile, the integrated global economy gave rise to a new generation of transnational corporations, and corporate leaders began to realize that

corporate growth was not dependent on strong core nation-states. Indeed, Western nations—with their environmental laws, consumer-protection measures, and other forms of regulatory “interference”—were a burden on corporate growth. Having been successfully field-tested in the two oldest “democracies,” the neoliberal project moved onto the global stage. The Bretton Woods system of fixed rates of currency exchange was weakened, and the international financial system became destabilizing, instead of stabilizing, for national economies. The radical free-trade project was launched, leading eventually to the World Trade Organization. The fission that had begun in 1945 was finally manifesting as an explosive change in the world system.

The objective of neoliberal free-trade treaties is to remove all political controls over domestic and international trade and commerce. Corporations have free rein to maxi-

mize profits, heedless of environmental consequences and safety risks. Instead of governments regulating corporations, the WTO now sets rules for governments, telling them what kind of beef they must import, whether or not they can ban asbestos, and what additives they must permit in petroleum products. So far, in every case where the WTO has been asked to review a health, safety, or environmental regulation, the regulation has been overturned.

Most of the world has been turned into a periphery; the imperial core has been boiled down to the capitalist elite themselves, represented by their

Divide and rule is one of the oldest means of mass control. . . . If each social group can be convinced that some other group is the source of its discontent, then the population's energy will be spent in inter-group struggles.

bureaucratic, unrepresentative, WTO world government. The burden of accelerated imperialism falls hardest outside the West, where loans are used as a lever by the IMF to compel debtor nations such as Rwanda and South Korea to accept suicidal “reform” packages. In the 1800s, genocide was employed to clear North America and Australia of their native populations, creating room for growth. Today, a similar program of genocide has apparently been unleashed against sub-Saharan Africa. The IMF destroys the economies, the CIA trains militias and stirs up tribal conflicts, and the West sells weapons to all sides. Famine and genocidal civil wars are the predictable and inevitable result. Meanwhile, AIDS runs rampant while the WTO and the US government use trade laws to prevent medicines from reaching the victims.

As in the past, Western military force will be required to control the non-Western periphery and make

adjustments to local political arrangements when considered necessary by elite planners. The Pentagon continues to provide the primary policing power, with NATO playing an ever-increasing role. Resentment against the West and against neoliberalism is growing in the Third World, and the frequency of military interventions is bound to increase. All of this needs to be made acceptable to Western minds, adding a new dimension to the matrix.

In the latest matrix reality, the West is called the “international community,” whose goal is to serve “humanitarian” causes. Bill Clinton made it explicit with his “Clinton Doctrine,”

in which (as quoted in the *Washington Post*) he solemnly promised, “If somebody comes after innocent civilians and tries to kill them en masse because of their race, their ethnic background or their religion and it is within our power stop it, we will stop it.” This matrix fabrication is very effective indeed; who

opposes prevention of genocide? Only outside the matrix does one see that genocide is caused by the West in the first place, that the worst cases of genocide are continuing, that “assistance” usually makes things worse (as in the Balkans), and that Clinton’s handy doctrine enables him to intervene when and where he chooses. Since dictators and the stirring of ethnic rivalries are standard tools used in managing the periphery, a US president can always find “innocent civilians” wherever elite plans call for an intervention.

In matrix reality, globalization is not a project but rather the inevitable result of beneficial market forces; genocide in Africa is no fault of the West’s, but is due to ancient tribal rivalries; every measure demanded by globalization is referred to as “reform” (the word is never used with irony). “Democracy” and “reform” are frequently used together, always leaving the subtle impression that one has

something to do with the other. The illusion is presented that all economic boats are rising, and if yours isn't, it must be your own fault: you aren't "competitive" enough. Economic failures are explained away as "temporary adjustments," or else the victim (as in South Korea or Russia) is blamed for not being sufficiently neoliberal. "Investor confidence" is referred to with the same awe and reverence that earlier societies might have expressed toward the "will of the gods."

Western quality of life continues to decline, while the WTO establishes legal precedents ensuring that its authority will not be challenged when its decisions become more draconian. Things will get much worse in the West; this was anticipated in elite circles when the neoliberal project was still on the drawing board, as is illustrated in Samuel Huntington's "The Crisis of Democracy" report discussed earlier.

THE MANAGEMENT OF DISCONTENTED SOCIETIES

The postwar years, especially in the United States, were characterized by consensus politics. Most people shared a common understanding of how society worked, and generally approved of how things were going. Prosperity was real and the matrix version of reality was reassuring. Most people believed in it. Those beliefs became a shared consensus, and the government could then carry out its plans as it intended, "responding" to the programmed public will.

The "excess democracy" of the 1960s and 1970s attacked this consensus from below, and neoliberal planners decided from above that ongoing consensus wasn't worth paying for. They accepted that segments of society would persist in disbelieving various parts of the matrix. Activism and protest were to be expected. New



means of social control would be needed to deal with activist movements and with growing discontent, as neoliberalism gradually tightened the economic screws. Such means of control were identified and have since been largely implemented, particularly in the United States. In many ways, America sets the pace of globalization; innovations can often be observed there before they occur elsewhere. This is particularly true in the case of social-control techniques.

The most obvious means of social control, in a discontented society, is a strong, semi-militarized police force. Most of the periphery has been managed by such means for centuries. This was obvious to elite planners in the West, was adopted as policy, and has now been largely implemented. Urban and suburban ghettos—where the adverse consequences of neoliberalism are currently most concentrated—have literally become occupied territories, where police beatings and unjustified shootings are commonplace.

So that the beefed-up police force could maintain control in conditions of mass unrest, elite planners also realized that much of the Bill of Rights would need to be neutralized. (This is not surprising, given that the Bill's authors had just lived through a revolution and were seeking to ensure that future generations would have the means to

organize and overthrow any oppressive future government.) The rights-neutralization project has been largely implemented, as exemplified by armed midnight raids, outrageous search-and-seizure practices, overly broad conspiracy laws, wholesale invasion of privacy, massive incarceration, and the rise of prison slave labor.¹ The Rubicon has been crossed—the techniques of oppression long common in the empire's periphery are being imported to the core.

In the matrix, the genre of the TV or movie police drama has served to create a reality in which "rights" are a joke, the accused are despicable sociopaths, and no criminal is ever brought to justice until some noble cop or prosecutor bends the rules a bit. Government officials bolster the construct by declaring "wars" on crime and drugs; the noble cops are fighting a war out there in the streets—and you can't win a war without using your enemy's dirty tricks. The CIA plays its role by managing the international drug trade and making sure that ghetto drug dealers are well supplied. In this way, the American public has been led to accept the means of its own suppression.

The mechanisms of the police state are in place. They will be used when necessary—as we see in ghettos and skyrocketing prison populations, as we

¹ See Tony Serra's "KGB-ing America," in *Whole Earth*, Winter 1998.

saw on the streets of Seattle and Washington, D.C. during recent demonstrations against the WTO, IMF, and World Bank, and as is suggested by executive orders that enable the president to suspend the Constitution and declare martial law whenever he deems it necessary. But raw force is only the last line of defense for the elite regime. Neoliberal planners introduced more subtle defenses into the matrix; looking at these will bring us back to our discussion of the left and right.

Divide and rule is one of the oldest means of mass control—standard practice since at least the Roman Empire. This is applied at the level of modern imperialism, where each small nation competes with others for capital investments. Within societies it works this way: If each social group can be convinced that some other group is the source of its discontent, then the population's energy will be spent in intergroup struggles. The regime can sit on the sidelines, intervening covertly to stir things up or to guide them in desired directions. In this way, most discontent can be neutralized, and force can be reserved for exceptional cases. In the prosperous postwar years, consensus politics served to manage the population. Under neoliberalism, programmed factionalism has become the front-line defense—the matrix version of divide and rule.

The covert guiding of various social movements has proven to be one of the most effective means of programming factions and stirring them against one another. Fundamentalist religious movements have been particularly useful. They have been used not only within the US, but also to maximize divisiveness in the Middle East and for other purposes throughout the empire. The collective energy and dedication of “true believers” makes them a potent political weapon that movement leaders can readily aim where

needed. In the US that weapon has been used to promote censorship on the Internet, to attack the women's movement, to support repressive legislation, and generally to bolster the

... there are infinite alternatives to capitalism, and different societies can choose different systems, once they are free to do so. As Morpheus put it: “Outside the Matrix everything is possible, and there are no limits.”

ranks of what is called in the matrix the “right wing.”

In the matrix, the various factions believe that their competition with each other is the process that determines society's political agenda. Politicians want votes, and hence the biggest and best-organized factions should have the most influence, and their agendas should get the most political attention. In reality there is only one significant political agenda these days: the maximization of capital growth through the dismantling of society, the continuing implementation of neoliberalism, and the management of empire. Clinton's liberal rhetoric and his playing around with health care and gay rights are not the result of liberal pressure. They are rather the means by which Clinton is sold to liberal voters, so that he can proceed with real business: getting NAFTA through Congress, promoting the WTO, giving away the public airwaves, justifying military interventions, and so forth. Issues of genuine importance are never raised in campaign politics—this is a major glitch in the matrix for those who have eyes to see it.

ESCAPING THE MATRIX

The matrix cannot fool all of the people all of the time. Under the onslaught of globalization, the glitches are becoming ever more difficult to conceal—as

earlier, with the Vietnam War. November's anti-establishment demonstrations in Seattle, the largest in decades, were aimed directly at globalization and the WTO. Even more important, Seattle saw the coming together of factions that the matrix had programmed to fight one another, such as left-leaning environmentalists and socially conservative union members.

Seattle represented the tip of an iceberg. A mass movement against globalization and elite rule is ready to ignite, like a brush fire on a dry, scorching day. The establishment has been expecting such a movement and has a variety of defenses at its command, including those used effectively against the movements of the 1960s and 1970s. In order to prevail against what seem like overwhelming odds, the movement must escape entirely from the matrix, and it must bring the rest of society with it. As long as the matrix exists, humanity cannot be free. The whole truth must be faced: Globalization is centralized tyranny; capitalism has outlasted its sell-by date; matrix “democracy” is elite rule; and “market forces” are imperialism. Left and right are enemies only in the matrix. In reality we are all in this together, and each of us has a contribution to make toward a better world.

Marx may have failed as a social visionary, but he had capitalism figured out. It is based not on productivity or social benefit, but on the pursuit of capital growth through exploiting everything in its path. The job of elite planners is to create new spaces for capital to grow in. Competitive imperialism provided growth for centuries; collective imperialism was invented when still more growth was needed; and then neoliberalism took over. Like a cancer, capitalism consumes its host and is never satisfied. The capital pool must always grow, more and more, forever—until the host dies or capitalism is replaced.


The matrix equates capitalism with free enterprise, and defines centralized-state-planning socialism as the only alternative to capitalism. In reality, capitalism didn't amount to much of a force until the Enlightenment and Industrial Revolution of the late 1700s—and we certainly cannot characterize all prior societies as socialist. Free enterprise, private property, commerce, banking, international trade, economic specialization—all of these had existed for millennia before capitalism. Capitalism claims credit for modern prosperity, but credit would be better given to developments in science and technology.

Before capitalism, Western nations were generally run by aristocratic classes. The aristocratic attitude toward wealth focused on management and maintenance. With capitalism, the focus is always on growth and development; whatever one has is but the prelude to building a still greater fortune. In fact, there are infinite alternatives to capitalism, and different societies can choose different systems, once they are free to do so. As Morpheus put it: "Outside the Matrix everything is possible, and there are no limits."

The matrix defines "democracy" as competitive party politics, because that is a game wealthy elites have long since learned to corrupt and manipulate. Even in the days of the Roman Republic, the techniques were well understood. Real-world democracy is possible only if the people themselves participate in setting society's direction. An elected official can truly represent a constituency only *after* that constituency has worked out its positions—from the local to the global—on the issues of the day. For that to happen, the interests of different societal factions must be harmonized through interaction and discussion. Collaboration, not competition, is what leads to effective harmonization.

The movement to end elite rule and establish livable societies, if it is to succeed, will need to evolve a democratic process, and to use that process to develop a program of consensus reform that harmonizes the interests of its constituencies. In order to be politically victorious, it will need to reach out to all segments of society and become a majority movement. By such means, the democratic process of the movement can become the democratic process of a newly empowered civil society. There is no adequate theory of democracy at present, although there

is much to be learned from history and from theory. The movement will need to develop a democratic process as it goes along, and that objective must be pursued as diligently as victory itself. Otherwise, some new tyranny will eventually replace the old.

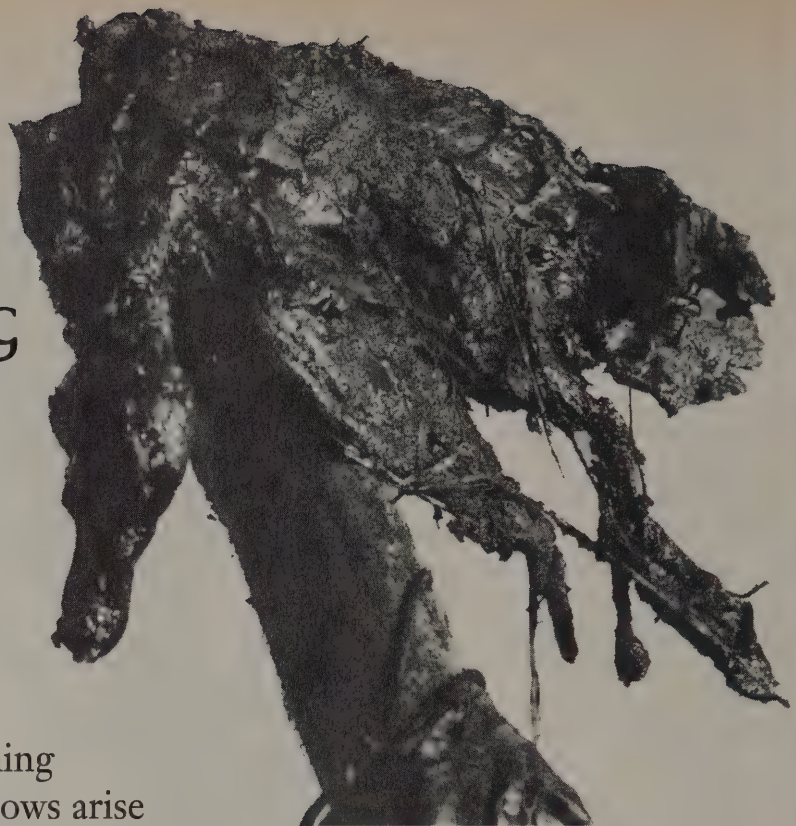
It ain't left or right. It's up and down. Here we all are down here struggling while the Corporate Elite are all up there having a nice day! —Carolyn Chute, anti-corporate activist and author of *The Beans of Egypt Maine*. 



CHARLES DANA GIBSON

to save the WHOOPING CRANE, you need two WINGS

Down in the trenches
of local politics,
labels lose their meaning
and odd bedfellows arise



by Peter Warshall

I entered political office in a town of 3,500, soon after the 1971 oil spill that devastated beaches and wildlife north of San Francisco Bay. Serendipitously, it was a time when the town had been discovered by a younger, more adventurous constituency that, for better and worse, was politically naïve, and unsophisticated on many subjects—such as how to bridge the gap with many old-time residents.

The town couldn't help but notice that it was releasing raw sewage into Bolinas Lagoon and Bay, and that polluted waters were not just the fault of a tipsy oil-tanker captain steering in the fog. Many of the old-timers had spent years trying to resolve the sewage problem, and had, as was customary at the time, given the responsibility over to a large engineering consultant firm more interested in its own profits than in appropriate solutions. President Nixon had just signed the National Environmental Policy Act, which required a document called an "Environmental Impact Statement" that no one had previously heard of or written. Local, state, regional, and national policies were in flux, allowing for experimentation and surprises that caught the engineering firms and entrenched bureaucracy off-guard.

The point is that "left" and "right" had little meaning to this local politics. There were, as usual, those who wanted to connect everything they liked to everything else they liked, so that a sewage controversy became somehow associated with the Symbionese Liberation Army. But as an

elected official, you learn to avoid clustering too many projects under one set of ideals or ideology. My cauldron for melding constituencies was "environmental health" (although the phrase did not exist at the time); and voters trusted that my love of water and non-human phenomena (birds and the ocean) would dictate my decisions. Oddly, this freed me from too tight an association with any one lobbying group. Water and watersheds, as taught by Lao Tse and John Wesley Powell, became my framework. Viewing the human dilemma "sideways," through water-flows, still seems to generate a more transcendent and inclusive politics.

Voters who watched the 1971 oil spill—surfers and fisherfolk, middle-class professionals who walked the beach, artists, poets, local biologists and naturalists, "self-sufficiency" advocates, concerned moms, and old-timers who were more at ease with change—grew into a tight voting block. But equally important was the initiation of a "shadow government," a citizen future-studies group who acted as the leadership (though still out of power), and kept the votership informed about problems and alternatives. It was this volunteer group that eventually took over the town administration and persuaded the town to vote for bonds to build a total-recycling (zero-discharge) sewage system. It became the centerpiece of a greenbelt and bird sanctuary that (with a host of other activities) would frame many town land-use decisions for a quarter century. I was part of this group.

Top: Duck covered in Bunker C crude oil during the 1971 San Francisco oil spill.

Opposite: Peter Warshall in 1972 election style.

BOTH PHOTOS © ILKA HARTMAN 2000.

“Shadow governments,” a kind of limbo between virtual politics and realpolitik, are important first steps, for the everyday citizen, into the mire of constituency politics. They remain (under many names) more important than contacting media or policy wonking. As part of the shadow government, I started talking to skeptical surfers (about 5 percent of the voting block) who quickly taught me to drop what I’d recently been rewarded for in the Ivy League: big and fancy words. Phrasing, simple statements, humor, and a charismatic heart—the essential theater connecting populist politics to power—can only be learned by being tried.

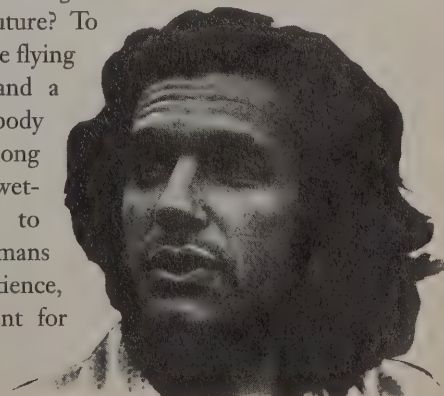
The irrelevance of left or right, conservative or progressive, became even more apparent when the town divided over moving the schoolhouse. Were you “leftist” if you wanted to preserve the historic site and its buildings? Were you “rightist” if you felt that new buildings in a new location were part and parcel of raising educational skills? Ultimately, I decided to vote to keep the school in place because of personal feelings—about traffic on the winding road to the proposed new school location, and my naturalist bent that liked the old school near the town’s only perennial stream. Perhaps I intuited that the move was a first step toward gentrification and the exclusion of the less wealthy. I conservatively favored small tax burdens, and the school move required a questionable bond issue. The skills required of an elected official sometimes include the ability NOT to state your thoughts or reasons. Citizen emotions are too deep and their rationales unclear. Keep quiet, vote, and breathe a sigh of relief.

Navigational skills can lead to rueful ironies. During my sojourn, Gov. Ronald Reagan vetoed plans to construct a dam on the Eel River. He said it was an unfair expropriation of private (ranchers’) property. He “saved” the Eel even after the legislature had voted for funding. Later, Gov. Jerry Brown lost his fight to stop the New Melones Dam on the Stanislaus River, in part because he focused the controversy on environmental damages and frightened the California ag-biz forces, who turned the dam into a symbolic win-or-lose proposition. One river saved by a property-rights advocate; another lost by an environmental sympathizer. The overriding force: navigational skills among constituencies. There are longer-term ironies: FDR’s “leftist” public funding of dams on the Columbia River (“your power will bring our darkness to dawn”), for instance, had devastating impacts on fishermen and salmon a half century later. How “progressive” was his advocacy? During my tenure in elected politics, Richard Nixon signed more pro-environmental laws than any Democrat who followed him. There is really no interesting writing on how political ironies can be anticipated, or what is the most effective strategic voting in a democracy. None of my friends would ever have voted for Ronald Reagan in order to save the Eel River!

Political irony does not mean all politically engaged citizens are Don Quixotes jousting with windmills. Recently, American pragmatism has blossomed into nightmare coalitions. For instance, white, upper-middle-class, pro-choice Washington lawyers work with poor, black Mississippi “cancer alley” citizens who are religious and very anti-abortion. They come together on issues of environmental health and toxins (water again). They agree never to discuss their abortion views—which allows the temporary alliance. They will fight each other passionately on abortion legislation at a later date. Nightmare coalitions render ethereal any media or academic pigeonholing of community social activism. Left and right are many times simply the “sports form” of journalism. The soundbite needs two sides at the 50-yard line. Anything else is considered too complex (mostly for the TV commentator).

For those readers who prefer the poker-faced strategic to the anecdotal, here’s my two cents’ worth. Take any position and ask: *What do we want and love?* Dream the dream of the perfect (not practical) results so you can see the vision clearly and with full passion. This is harder than it sounds, and most citizens’ desires are filtered through “what is reasonably possible.” Asking deeply what you really want may even lead to a change in direction. Then ask, *What do we know?* Put together the knowledge about the situation and what facts may be missing both about the actual topic and the players and power relationships involved. Finally, *What will we accept?* You don’t have to go public with your acceptance strategy, but it should be thought through; then, during negotiations, you can peel off cards, as from a stacked deck, without feeling defeat.

Final words. A bit preachy, but entering public life, after all, erupts from love and from an anxiety that something is definitely not right. Biodiversity is my “litmus test” of Big Heart politics and a fine way to judge a politician. When moved by trees, fish, or an orchid in a marsh, an individual’s self-image extends into the world at large. Christian conservers of the creation, environmental activists, academic taxonomists, capitalist herbalists, die-hard deer hunters, elite bankers, indigenous defenders of cultivars, high-school teachers, Hollywood storytellers—can this nightmare coalition become the “radical conservatives,” stewarding something of the planet’s past into its future? To keep the whooping crane flying requires a left wing and a right wing as well as a body politic between. For long life, the crane needs wetlands from Canada to Texas, and caring humans with deep desires, patience, persistence, and a talent for poker playing. ♣



LIFE AND LIBERTARIANS:

BEYOND LEFT AND RIGHT

What transpires when the author accepts an invitation to speak at an antiwar conference hosted by...(gulp)... libertarians in suits

by Alexander Cockburn

Alexander Cockburn is one of the most independent voices on the left today. His column, "Beat the Devil," appears regularly in *The Nation*, and for the past six years he has coedited the biweekly muckraking newsletter, *CounterPunch*. His books include *Corruptions of Empire: Life Studies and the Reagan Era*; *The Golden Age Is In Us: Journeys & Encounters 1987-1994*; and, with Jeffrey St. Clair, *Whiteout: The CIA, Drugs and the Press* (all published by Verso).

I got an invitation to speak, a couple of months ago, from an outfit called Antiwar.com, which is run by a young fellow called Justin Raimondo [see page 67]: "Antiwar.com is having its second annual national conference, and we'd like you to be the luncheon speaker," Raimondo wrote. "The conference will be held at the Villa Hotel, in San Mateo (near the airport). The theme of the conference is 'Beyond Left & Right: The New Face of the Antiwar Movement.' We have invited a number of speakers spanning the political spectrum. Confirmed so far:

Patrick J. Buchanan, Tom Fleming (of *Chronicles* magazine), Justin Raimondo (Antiwar.com), Kathy Kelly (Iraq Aid), Alan Bock (*Orange County Register*), Rep. Ron Paul (R-Texas), representatives of the Serbian Unity Congress, and a host of others."

Raimondo seasoned his invite with a burnt offering, in the form of flattery, always pleasing to the nostrils:

THIS ARTICLE APPEARED IN SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORM IN THE APRIL 14, 2000 EDITION OF COUNTERPUNCH; ALEXANDER COCKBURN AND JEFFREY ST. CLAIR, EDs. 3220 N STREET, NW, SUITE 346, WASHINGTON, DC 20007. 800/840-3683, WWW.COUNTERPUNCH.ORG.



HOERNER, US OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION, 1940S.

"All of us here at Antiwar.com are big fans of your writing: we met, once, at a meeting during the Kosovo war where you bravely took up the fight for the united front left-right alliance against imperialist war. We can promise you a small honorarium, a lunch, free admission to all conference events—and a good time."

As a seasoned analyst of such communications, my eye of course fell sadly upon the words "small honorarium"—a phrase that in my case usually means somewhere between \$150 and \$350. I'd already noted that even though our task was to transcend the tired categories of left and right, I was the only leftist mentioned, with the possible exception of Kathy Kelly, from that splendid organization, Voices in the Wilderness, which campaigns to lift the UN sanctions on Iraq.

Being a libertarian, Justin had boldly added the prospect of a "good time." Leftist invitations rarely admit this possibility in formal political communications, even in the distant days when the left supposedly had a lock on drugs and sex.

I said I'd be happy to join in such an enterprise, and in due course got some angry e-mails from lefties who seem to feel that any contiguity with Buchanan is a crime, even if the subject was gardening and Dutch tulipomania in the seventeenth century.

"Dear Alexander Cockburn:

I read with horror that you are speaking at an event (the Anti-War.com conference) where Pat Buchanan is the keynote speaker. How could you, knowing that PB's policies are what could only be called fascist? I generally agree with your opinion on imperialism, and supported your view of Seattle. However, speaking at an event which will amongst other things help to give Mr. Buchanan respectability, is unconscionable. I hope you will reconsider. If not, we will probably be able to greet each other when you cross our picket line.

Dean Tuckerman

P.S. I am a member of Anti-Racist Action Bay Area."

"Dear Dean, thanks for yr note. So far as Buchanan is concerned, I assume he was invited because he opposed the war in Kosovo, and calls for the lifting of sanctions against Iraq. There is a lot that's funky about American isolationism, but frankly, I don't mind sharing a conference schedule with someone who opposes war on Serbs and on Iraqi kids. Nor do I think B is any more of a fascist—in practical terms—than Albright and Clinton and Gore and Bradley, with the first three literally with the blood of millions on their hands. Go find Mailer's interview with Buchanan in *Esquire* a few years ago. See you on the picket lines.

Best, Alex Cockburn"

I pondered what to wear, deciding finally on a T-shirt advertising the Fully Informed Jury Association, a group upholding the powers of the jury to set aside the law and rule as the jurors' understanding of the case and their consciences dictate. FIJA is also anathema to lefties, who equate juries with redneck juries in the South in the early 1960s. It's useless to point out to them that north-eastern juries were overturning laws and setting fugitive slaves free long before the Civil War, or that an all-male jury supported Susan B. Anthony's right to vote, only to be overruled by the judge. If a judge screws up, lefties don't call for the abolition of judges. But let one jury come in with an unwelcome verdict, as with Amadou Diallo, and you'll hear mumbles that the jury is—as Michael Lind so memorably put it after the OJ decision—"a barbaric Viking relic."

At the last minute Barbara said the Villa Hotel is relatively swanky and a T-shirt might not cut it. I grudgingly switched to white shirt, chose the '67 convertible as properly defiant of the auto-safety lobby, and headed south from Berkeley. Barbara was right. This was most emphatically a shirt-and-tie, skirt-and-nice-shoes affair. Justin Raimondo was draped in the sort of gray pinstripe favored by London gents when they want a holiday from blue. But all the same, the folks were unmistakably libertarians, not Democrats or Republicans. Democrats would have been more casual, Republicans far more assertive. From the podium I gazed out at white faces, seeing only two black countenances, one of them unmistakably that of yet another liberal bête-to-hate, Lenora Fulani.

An excellent crowd! Their amiable hilarity at my sallies reminded me of the lines in Oliver Goldsmith's poem, *The Deserted Village*, about the pupils of the country schoolmaster: "Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee/At all his jokes, for many a joke had he." (How many people have read the whole of that wonderful poem, one of the most savage denunciations of free trade ever written?)

And here now, cleaned up a bit, is what I said.

“Hello to you all.

W.H. Auden, poet, wrote a verse once about a rather mysterious character called Gerald Hamilton, who was actually the inspiration for—if any of you have read Christopher Isherwood's novels—*Mr. Norris Changes Trains*. And he wrote a little poem which said: "So it's you that I now raise my glass to, /although I haven't the slightest idea/what in God's name you're up to, /or why in God's name you are here."

And I feel a little bit like that, looking out on your pleasant faces. I've been on the left, you know, and I can usually come to an audience and pretty much characterize it. I could save the FBI a tremendous amount of money. They go to extraordinary expense bugging people, going out in the hotel parking lot, and writing down all the license tags. Usually I could say the three old ladies on my left there,

they're all Commies, they've been Commies for sixty years. The people over there carrying a copy of *The Militant*, they're Trotskyists. But when the Feds come up after this one, I don't know what I'm going to say. I'm going to throw in the towel.

People talk a lot about the need for new thinking, and the need for new ideas. But mostly on the left, if you actually raise a new idea, it's a bit like arriving at a town in the year 1348 with spots on your face saying, "Let me in." I remember some years ago I was in Detroit, a town I like a lot, and an anarchist friend of mine said there's a terrible event on the weekend called "Gunstock," and I said, "Oh, that sounds interesting, what's that?" He said, oh, it's people against the UN, and people who are in favor of guns. I said, "Let's go and look, let's go and talk to them, and see what's going on." And he said, absolutely not. I said, "I thought you were an anarchist." So I went to "Gunstock," and of course it was filled with amiable characters. There was a definite sympathy for guns, but not oppressively so. So I wrote a column in *The Nation* saying I had a new idea: that *Nation* readers should go to gun shows, carrying copies of *The Nation*, and converse with people. There was an absolute

People talk a lot about the need for new thinking, and the need for new ideas. But mostly on the left, if you actually raise a new idea, it's a bit like arriving at a town in the year 1348 with spots on your face saying, "Let me in."

torrent of outrage. People didn't think that was a good idea at all.

Before this event I got called by a reporter from the *Examiner*, and he asked what I thought about Buchanan, and he said Buchanan had written the speech for Nixon about going into Cambodia in 1970. Where were you,

he asked. And I said, oh, I was outside the American embassy in London—probably standing next to Bill Clinton, who may or may not have been reporting to the FBI. He probably was. Or the CIA.

And the *Examiner* reporter said, "How would you describe yourself?" And I said "Well, how about radical?" He wasn't totally happy with radical, and I said all right, "left," but then the word "left" can mean anything. There was probably a left to the Nazi Party in 1935, wanting to wipe out only half the Jews. The word "left" does not mean much unless it is cashed in real currency, real positions, like being against war on Serbia, for example. And if you're opposed to that, you really do start looking around for allies; and I have noticed you find them increasingly in people like yourselves. People who would conventionally be regarded on the libertarian right, or people like Buchanan.

In any intervention there's a moment when the intervening power is trying to achieve critical mass in its propaganda. The American people, generally, say at first, "Huh, intervention, no, it doesn't sound like a very good idea." And then the usual arsenal of propaganda goes into motion. In Iraq, for example, there was the incubator story. Human rights, of course, was really brought into currency in the era of Jimmy Carter. The idea of the moral mission. Of course its historical antecedents are much, much older, but it's my belief that when

the liberals began to try to regain the moral confidence they'd lost in the wake of Vietnam, it took them from 1975 to the Carter era—in other words, no time at all—to reestablish or to begin the work of reestablishing their moral credentials. We had the rhetoric of human rights. Jimmy

Carter pronounced the rhetoric of human rights just as he was mandating the first Argentinean torturers into the creation of the *contras*. The rhetoric and the reality. And since that time, we've seen the gradual accretion of confidence in intervention in the cause of human rights, plus a fairly impressive armory of techniques and accomplices.

Can we unite on the antiwar platform? We have already, in the case of Kosovo for example. But where would you, as libertarians, want to get off the leftist bus? A leftist says "Capitalism leads to war. Capitalism needs war." But you libertarians are pro-capitalism, so you presumably have a view of capitalism as a system not inevitably producing or needing war. Lefties have always said capitalism has to maximize its profits, and the only way you can maximize profits in the end is by imperial war, which was the old Lenin thesis.

Leftists say that corporations must plunder the Earth. Corporations will brook no resistance. Corporations don't care for interference with their ways, whether it's by the Zapatistas or by insurgent groups around the world. The minute you have an insurgent group, then the capitalists, the corporations say, "Enough," and whistle up the state to do their bidding. In the early days of the newsletter I coedit, *CounterPunch*, we ran across a Chase Manhattan bank memo that had the line, "the Zapatistas must be eliminated," simple as that. Must be eliminated. (Sometimes people say so exactly what you want them to say, you're worried that other people will think that you made it up.) It turned out to have been written, that memo, by a professor, a liberal professor, as I recall, from Johns Hopkins.

So, my libertarian friends, at what point do you get off the train? You say, "We like corporations, the right of people to associate and form a corporation and issue publicly held stock and maximize profits. This is part and parcel of the economic package we favor." Then you have to do battle with

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leftists, those who say corporate greed will lead to war and waste.

Take Pentagon spending. The economy is basically underpinned by Pentagon spending—defense spending—and has been ever since 1938, roughly when the New Deal failed—which it did, effectively. Then they had to turn to war spending to bail the whole system out, and ever since then we've had Pentagon spending underwriting everything. Keynesianism. Military Keynesianism, at that. Now that's another bit of left analysis; I wouldn't go on to tedious length with the various weapons of argument in our arsenal. I'm saying that one could have and should have important debates about why we think wars start.

A while back I did an interview (actually for a terrific book which I happen to have written myself, called *The Golden Age Is In Us*) and I was interviewing Noam Chomsky. It was for a magazine called *Grand Street*, and the theme we were meant to talk about was models. And so Chomsky and I were very pleased; we thought we were going to talk about models, you know, in the normally *Vogue* magazine sense of the word. But they said, no, they wanted us to talk about intellectual constructs. Boring. But some of what Chomsky says is interesting. Bear with me, I'll just read a couple of things he said.

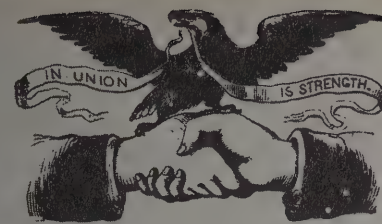
The same is true of intellectual development and the same is true of moral life. You're constantly making choices and decisions and judgements. Sometimes you don't know quite what to do, but over a wide range you know what's right. And even when you disagree with people, you find shared moral ground on which you can work things out. That's true on every issue. Take a look at the debate over slavery. It was largely on shared moral ground, and some of the arguments were not so silly. You could understand the slave owner's arguments. The slave owner says, If you own property,

you treat it better than if you rent property, so I'm more humane than you are. We can understand that argument. You have to figure out what's wrong with it, but there is shared moral ground over a range that goes far beyond any experience. And this can only mean, again short of angels, that it's growing out of our nature. It means that there must be principles that are embedded in our nature or at the core of our understanding of what a decent human life is, what a proper form of society is, and so on.

Now, he goes on,

The idea that human beings are malleable and that people don't have an instinctive nature is a very attractive one to people who want to rule, and to control. If you look at the modern intelligentsia over the past century or so, they're pretty much a managerial class, a secular priesthood. They've basically gone in two directions; one is essentially Leninist. Leninism is the ideology of a radical intelligentsia that says we have the right to rule. Alternatively, they have joined the decision-making sector of state capitalist society as managers in the political economic and ideological institutions. The ideologies are very similar...I've sometimes compared Robert McNamara to Lenin, and you have only to change a few words for them to say virtually the same thing. That's why people can jump so quickly from being loyal communists to celebrating America, to take *Partisan Review's* famous phrase back in the early Cold War.

"All of this," Chomsky concludes, "was predicted by the anarchist, Bakunin; probably the only prediction in the social sciences that's ever come true."



What I'm sure is attractive about the idea of the left-right opposition to war is the idea of a shared moral outlook, which of course then has to confront, or perhaps temporarily gloss over, economic and political differences. And I think the shared moral outlook should extend beyond war into other, very important areas.

Now that is a very provocative and stimulating set of propositions. This idea of the managerial impulse, the technocratic impulse. What I'm sure is attractive about the idea of the left-right opposition to war is the idea of a shared moral outlook, which of course then has to confront, or perhaps temporarily gloss over, economic and political differences. And I think the shared moral outlook should extend beyond war into other, very important areas. I might just suggest a few. To me they are enormously important.

If you're paralleling your opposition to intervention, to the liberal humanitarian interventionist spirit at home, what are you really talking about? You're talking about defense of liberty. What we are seeing at the moment is the rise of the prosecutorial state, a ferocious onslaught on substantive liberty, almost everywhere you look. It's reached epidemic proportions.

You can look across the country at one example after another of the cops, of the prosecutorial system, being out of control. Lying by cops in court is endemic. Lying and snitching, that's

the underpinnings of law enforcement. And it is reaching, I think, a major crisis. And in this crisis constitutional protections are going by the board. The Fourth Amendment is gone. Absolutely gone. In a car you have no rights whatsoever. They can do anything they want. The Sixth Amendment is gone.

Your kids are driving down the road to San Francisco. No rights in a car, right away. A cop sees them—they're driving a VW with a hip-hop beret on or something like that, or a tail pipe is out—and they'll stop them. It's a pretext stop. They've got no protections. And then you've got, of course, all this driving-while-black stuff, crowding in on top of that. Now, you get into court, you're confronted with cops perjuring themselves and jailhouse snitches saying you confessed all to them in your cell. You've got people

Now take the environment. What we've seen over the last twenty years since that great Green president Richard Nixon brought in EPA is a steady conversion of the militant organizing defense of nature, defense of open space, defense of things we all like, into a collusive operation between extremely rich NGOs and the government. Look at the big environmental organizations. Totally undemocratic, socked in with major foundations like the Pew Foundation, like Rockefeller, like Ford, like the MacArthur Foundation, whose processes are secretive. Look at the politics of manipulation, and ultimately coercive regulation, which causes huge offense to people who should be the allies of the Greens. I'm talking about small ranches, I'm talking about small farmers who see themselves being destroyed by big government.

do? He's trying to export the nuclear waste of the northeastern states to a poor Spanish community in Texas. And that effort was stopped by George W.; figure that one out. (Of course George W. had a Democratic opponent in Texas who was making a stink about it, so he wanted to outflank him; that's why he did it.)

We live in exciting times. There's no question about it. It's been a long process. I think I met my first libertarians back in the early '70s. I've seen the old categories go by the board over this period. I don't know how much will happen this year. These are periods of action, periods of creative effort. We've got two things to do: One is to cement our basic capacities for alert resistance at the next specter of war, have our troops ready, our messages ready, have our propaganda ready, have our alliances and our coalitions prepared. And beyond that, we have to reforge our ideas and hopes, based on those simple ideas of Chomsky or the French Enlightenment, and move forward from there. Thank you. ”

I think the old categories are gone. I see no virtue to them. I see Bernie Sanders listed as an Independent Socialist in the US Congress. I see what Bernie Sanders has supported, starting with the war in Kosovo. And then I see Ron Paul, on the other hand, writing stuff against war that could have been written by Tom Hayden in 1967. I say, what is the point of fooling around with the old categories?

told to snitch or they'll face twenty years, you've got the mandatory sentences, you've got the "crack disproportion," a 100-times disproportion in sentencing on powder cocaine and crack cocaine. Take every instrumentality and abuse of the drug war, and there's something on which everybody in this room could unite.

How many times have we heard a real debate thus far this year on basic issues of liberty and freedom? Not one bleat—except, I hope, from Mr. Buchanan when he gets going. And Ralph Nader, hopefully, when he gets going.

So, in area after area, these things have to be argued through in an amiable and pleasant and energetic way.

I think the old categories are gone. I see no virtue to them. I see Bernie Sanders listed as an Independent Socialist in the US Congress. I see what Bernie Sanders has supported, starting with the war in Kosovo. And then I see Ron Paul, on the other hand, writing stuff against war that could have been written by Tom Hayden in 1967. I say, what is the point of fooling around with the old categories? Bernie Sanders says he's an economic populist. What's he trying to

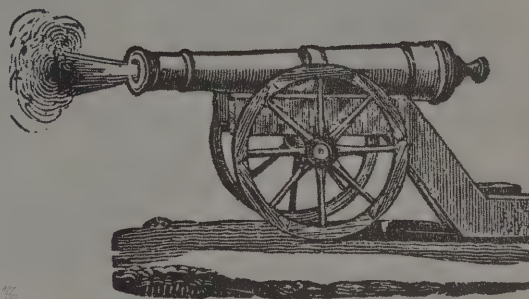
Hardly had I stopped before a Serb came up and said angrily that I'd wrecked everything I'd said with my kindly allusion to the French Enlightenment. He spat out the word Rousseau with the sort of indignation I imagine he attaches to the name of Wesley Clark. I was trying to defend myself but then was sidetracked by the effort of exchanging comradely greetings not only with Lenora Fulani but with Ron Paul. Raimondo lived up to his promise. It was fun. And it was fun later that afternoon to listen to Fulani give an interesting address on the decline of the antiwar left and to Raimondo talk about the 1930s isolationists. Alas, the Libertarians' presidential candidate, Harry Browne, was repetitive and a bit of a bore.

Driving back to Berkeley with \$300 in cash in my pocket, I mentally toasted Antiwar.com. Alas, not many leftists will ever want to have much to do with them. ☺

THE WAR PARTY vs. THE PEACE PARTY



**A jolly rant against
interventionism,
dreams of Empire,
and their exponents**



by Justin Raimondo

“Beyond Left and Right: The New Face of the Antiwar Movement” is the theme of this conference. It’s a catchy phrase—but what does it mean?

November 9, 1989 marked the end of the old politics and the old alignments. On that day, as the Berlin Wall fell, so too did the political categories and alliances of half a century. The end of the Cold War meant a lot more than the end of communism as a viable ideology, more than the implosion of the Soviet Empire and the breakup of the old USSR. Here in the United States, it meant the end of anticommunism as a viable ideology, and the implosion of the old conservative coalition that governed America in the eighties. It meant the breakup of the right as well as the left—since both had largely defined themselves in relation to something that no longer existed.

Of course, this process did not happen immediately; it took a while, and is still working itself out. But the great realignment has progressed far enough that we can begin to see the shape, or at least the broad outlines, of the new political landscape. I often refer to what I call the “War Party,” shorthand for that complex of social, political, and economic forces that constitutes a permanent and powerful lobby on behalf of imperialism and militarism. In my

very first column for Antiwar.com, I described the War Party as “the war propaganda apparatus maintained by the interventionist lobby. Well-funded and well-connected, the War Party is such a varied and complex phenomenon that a detailed description of its activities, and its vast system of interlocking directorates and special interests, both foreign and domestic, would fill the pages of a good-sized book.” I solved the problem of presenting this material in the form of a daily column by focusing on specific individuals, the biggest and most vocal supporters of the Kosovo war, from Madeleine Albright to Vanessa Redgrave and all

This is our second piece this issue by a participant in the “Beyond Left and Right” conference sponsored by Antiwar.com (March 24–26, 2000 in San Mateo, California). Justin Raimondo is editorial director of Antiwar.com, for which he writes an online column three times a week. His books include *Reclaiming the American Right: The Lost Legacy of the Conservative Movement* (Center for Libertarian Studies, 1993) and the forthcoming *An Enemy of the State: The Life of Murray N. Rothbard* (Prometheus, 2000). This transcription of Justin’s speech, “The Globalist Design,” first appeared in slightly different form at www.Antiwar.com. Used with permission.

the way round to Jeanne Kirkpatrick. These three Harpies of the Apocalypse pretty much represented the ideological contours of the War Party during the Kosovo conflict: Clintonian Democrats, hard leftists, and neoconservatives.

Many hard leftists naturally rallied round the flag when Clinton declared that this was a war against “racism” and for “diversity.” The Clintonians, for their part, were glad enough to divert attention away from the fact that their leader had turned the White House into the heterosexual equivalent of a gay bathhouse. But the neoconservatives—that merry little band of ex-lefties who left the Democratic Party in the 1970s and ’80s over its lack of enthusiasm for the Cold War—were the most bloodthirsty of the whole sorry lot. Bill Kristol, the editor of *The Weekly Standard*, openly called for “crushing Serb skulls” in a famous editorial a full year before the bombs began to fall on Belgrade. Opportunists like John McCain sought to climb on the “kill the Serbs” bandwagon out of their instinct for the main chance, but the real hardcore ideologues of the War Party were the neocons. While the Clintonians served up some rhetorical hash consisting of bromides about “humanitarianism” and “diversity” to justify the war, this was at most a half-hearted effort: After all, if you’re bombing television stations and raining death

The end of the Cold War meant the breakup of the right, as well as the left—since both had largely defined themselves in relation to something that no longer existed.

on a civilian population, it becomes increasingly hard to pass yourself off as Mother Teresa.

Only the neocons had a clear ideological agenda, and Kristol’s remark about “crushing Serb skulls” pretty much expresses what it means in



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

practice. In theory, however, it is much more high-sounding, and I must admire Kristol and his coauthor Robert Kagan for their effort to dress up what is basically the most barbaric doctrine ever enunciated in language that sounds almost like it might have been written by a civilized human being. In their article for the Summer, 1996 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Kristol and Kagan enunciate the outlines of what they call a “neo-Reaganite” foreign policy. Conservatives, it seems,

had been “adrift” in the realm of foreign policy since the end of the Cold War. Until November 9, 1989 the role of the US in world affairs was defined by the alleged threat posed by the Soviet

Union. Now that the Soviets were gone, the question arose: “What should that role be?” Kristol and Kagan had an answer, and I quote:

Benevolent global hegemony. Having defeated the “evil empire,” the United

States enjoys strategic and ideological predominance. The first objective of US foreign policy should be to preserve and enhance that predominance by strengthening America’s security, supporting its friends, advancing its interests, and standing up for its principles around the world. The aspiration to benevolent hegemony might strike some as either hubristic or morally suspect. But a hegemon is nothing more or less than a leader with preponderant influence and authority over all others in its domain. That is America’s position in the world today. The leaders of Russia and China understand this. At their April summit meeting, Boris Yeltsin and Jiang Zemin joined in denouncing “hegemonism” in the post-Cold War world. They meant this as a complaint about the United States. It should be taken as a compliment and a guide to action.

BEYOND HUBRIS

This vision of world domination goes way, way beyond hubris, and crosses the border into outright megalomania. It reminds me of all those terrible science-fiction movies, where the goal of the mad scientist or the evil space-beings is always to conquer the world. For the authors of this manifesto of empire, however, what most normal people would consider villainous is, instead, virtuous. As the great architects of “national greatness conservatism,” Kristol and his cabal naturally want to export that “greatness” to the rest of the world. It is the old Marxism turned inside out, in which the “democratic revolution” must be exported to the far corners of the globe.

While the neocon theoretician Francis Fukuyama deploys Hegelian dialectic to show that history has ended in the birth of what he calls the “universal homogeneous state,” *The Weekly Standard* and the cadre of neocon columnists and editorial writers beat the war drums continuously and

ever more loudly: They want an all-out war against Serbia, Iraq, Russia, China, North Korea, and who knows how many other so-called “rogue states.” I think Austria may very well be next. Of course, by the neocon def-

By the neocon definition, any state that does not recognize American supremacy, that doesn't kowtow and surrender its sovereignty to the West, is a “rogue state.” Neoconservatism is an ideology that has to mean perpetual war.

inition, any state that does not recognize American supremacy, that doesn't kowtow and surrender its sovereignty to the West, is a “rogue state.” Neoconservatism is an ideology that has to mean perpetual war.

The War Party is not a unitary party; it is riven into various factions, with ostensibly “left” and “right” wings. Some members, like Kristol and Kagan, want the US to assume a frankly imperial stance, and to act unilaterally to achieve global dominance. Others, the “left”-imperialists, see the US acting through the United Nations or some other multilateral institution. Both see the emergence of a global state, centered in the West, as inevitable and desirable. Their only argument is the means to bring this about, and their differences are almost purely stylistic. (There are other differences, such as the regional preferences each wing has for the enemies it chooses, with the “left” wing of the War Party concentrating on Europe while the “right” wing has always been focused on the Asian theater of operations. But that is a whole other subject, which we don't have sufficient space to explore here.) Suffice it to say that we are talking about two versions of essentially the same poison. The dwarfish Bill Kristol likes to affect a macho stance, and is enraptured by his vision of “crushing Serb skulls,” while

Clinton and his enablers pose as great “humanitarians”—even as they bomb one of the oldest cities in Europe from the cowardly height of 15,000 feet.

And so we have a War Party that spans the very narrow spectrum of the politically permissible, from the neoliberal “left” to the neoconservative “right”—with anything and everything that falls outside of these parameters exiled to the so-called “fringe.” Of course, when the mainstream is defined so narrowly, we get to the point where millions of Americans are considered to be “fringe elements.” This is the great dream of the neocons: to lop off the fringes and institute the rule of the Eternal Center, where dissent is nonexistent, especially in the realm of foreign policy.

MOBILIZING FOR PEACE

It's very clever how they've gone about it, in a deliberate campaign to marginalize any opposition to the globalist idea. But any attempt to suppress opposition is bound, instead, to stimulate it. That is the reason for this conference, and all the conferences to come: to mobilize the party of peace. The first step of that mobilization is to recognize who we are, and where we're coming from. The “Peace Party,” though less organized—and far less generously funded—than the War Party, represents a far greater number of Americans, most of whom are instinctual isolationists. The American people have had to be dragged, kicking and screaming, into virtually every war in their history, and the post-Cold War trend has been to encourage this natural isolationism.

But this opposition to foreign adventurism is normally activated only

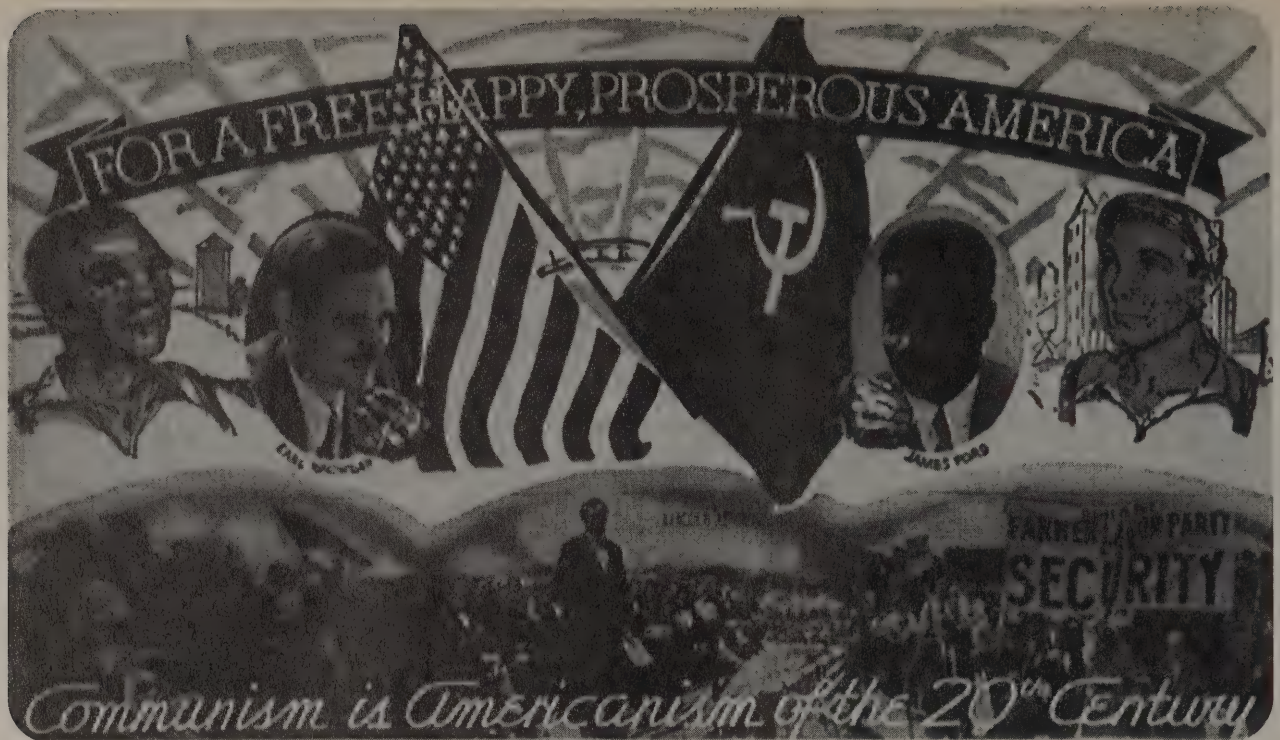
after we actually go to war. Active opposition to interventionism in between wars is therefore limited to the “far” left and the “far” right. We have the remnants of the Old Left, whose best elements are represented by a man like Alexander Cockburn—and whose worst aspects are exemplified by the neo-Stalinist robots of the Workers World Party, whose “International Action Center” has



Logo of the America First Committee, 1940.

marginalized the opposition to the Kosovo war as a wacko sideshow far better than the War Party ever could.

It is on the right, however, that the most interesting developments have taken place, for until the end of the Cold War there were very few antiwar rightists. Up until recently, the long tradition of anti-imperialism on the right was completely forgotten, especially by conservatives. Yet it was the old America First Committee, founded by rock-ribbed conservatives and opponents of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1940, that was the biggest and best-organized antiwar movement in American history. The fight to keep us out of the European war was led by such Roosevelt-haters as John T. Flynn, and such editorial bastions of Midwestern middle Americanism as the *Chicago Tribune* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Their analysis that we would win the war against National Socialism in the trenches, but lose the battle for liberty on the home front, was largely borne out by events. Garet Garrett, chief editorial writer for *The Saturday Evening Post*, warned in 1950 that “we have crossed the boundary that lies between Republic and Empire”—but



"Communism is Americanism..."—a trade card for the 1936 presidential campaign.

by then not many were listening. Only a few, notably Murray N. Rothbard, the libertarian economist and theoretician, carried on the Old Right tradition. By the mid-sixties the so-called "New Right" of William F. Buckley, Jr. and the *National Review* had taken over the conservative movement almost completely—along with a crew of ex-leftists such as James Burnham (a former leader of the Fourth International) and a whole coven of ex-Commies of one sort or another, who were hell-bent on destroying their ex-comrades in the Kremlin.

PARALLEL HISTORY

If we look at the parallel histories of the War Party and the party of peace, we can see a whole series of such realignments, starting with the First World War and its aftermath. The crusading spirit of the War Party of 1917 was animated by Wilsonian liberalism, a militant internationalism of the left. These same liberals, however, were cruelly disillusioned by the vengeance of Versailles and the subsequent redivision of Europe by the

Great Powers. This great betrayal gave rise to a new, noninterventionist liberalism, which found political expression in the Midwestern populists of both parties (but primarily the Republicans). Exemplified by Senator

empires in which the republican US had no interest and no stake. US intervention in the war, they saw, was a scheme by the president to increase his power, and to plant his foot firmly on the neck of the nation.

We have a War Party that spans the very narrow spectrum of the politically permissible, from the neoliberal "left" to the neoconservative "right"—with anything and everything that falls outside of these parameters exiled to the so-called "fringe."

William C. Borah, the great orator known as the "Lion of Idaho," this group constituted the Midwestern leadership of the antiwar movement of the 1930s. These progressive Republicans were initially friendly to Franklin Roosevelt, but were alienated by the Mussolini-esque National Recovery Act, horrified by the court-packing scheme, and bitterly opposed to getting into the European war, which they saw as a war between

In this suspicion they had plenty of company in conservative businessmen such as Colonel Robert E. Wood, the head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., and a group of Yale undergraduates led by R. Douglas Stuart, the son of the first vice president of the Quaker Oats Company. This working alliance, based on opposition to a common enemy, soon evolved a common analysis of America in the 1930s: that Roosevelt was a warmongering

would-be dictator who was taking the country down the path to perdition. While opposition to the president's domestic policies formed some basis for the alliance, the real catalyst of the 1930s realignment was the war question—as it has been throughout American history.

Over on the left, another sort of realignment was taking place, with the formerly antiwar Communist Party

If you live long enough, you can start out your life as a liberal and wind up a right-wing reactionary without undergoing any fundamental change of views.

turning on a dime. The signing of the Hitler-Stalin Pact had motivated their opposition to intervention, but when Hitler turned on his twin brother in the Kremlin, Stalin's American agents changed their line in mid-sentence—without missing a beat. Suddenly, the Commies were the biggest warmongers on the block, stridently demanding that the US open up a “second front” and save the Soviet Union, and demanding that all opponents of the war be jailed as “traitors”—this from a party funded and directly controlled by a foreign power, a party that now billed communism as being the living incarnation of “twentieth century Americanism”!

The Communists had been on the outs with their liberal friends and potential fellow travelers on the war question, but just as soon as the Commies were pro-war they were let into the government and the seats of power without question. The Communists hailed the passage of the Smith Act, which criminalized opposition to the war, and cheered when Roosevelt jailed some thirty members of the Socialist Workers Party, which opposed the war. A few years later, the same law was used to jail leaders of the Communist Party—demonstrating how karma operates in history.

The War Party, as we have seen, has worn many guises throughout American history. Sometimes it is left-wing, at other times it is a creature of the right. The party of peace is likewise prone to switch polarities. If you live long enough, you can start out your life as a liberal and wind up a right-wing reactionary without undergoing any fundamental change of views. That is what happened to H.L.

Mencken, who was considered the guru of the freethinking “flaming youth” of the 1920s and early '30s—and later consigned to the fever swamps of “right-wing extremism” for his opposition to

the war and his visceral hatred of Roosevelt. The same was true of Albert Jay Nock, and John T. Flynn: their views did not change so much as others' perception of them did. Opposition to war, imperialism, and the centralized state was “left” at the turn of the century and “right” by the 1930s. In the 1960s it was considered “radical”—that is, radical left—to oppose our policy of global intervention, whereas the noninterventionist of today is far more likely to be a conservative Republican or a member of the Reform Party than a liberal Democrat.

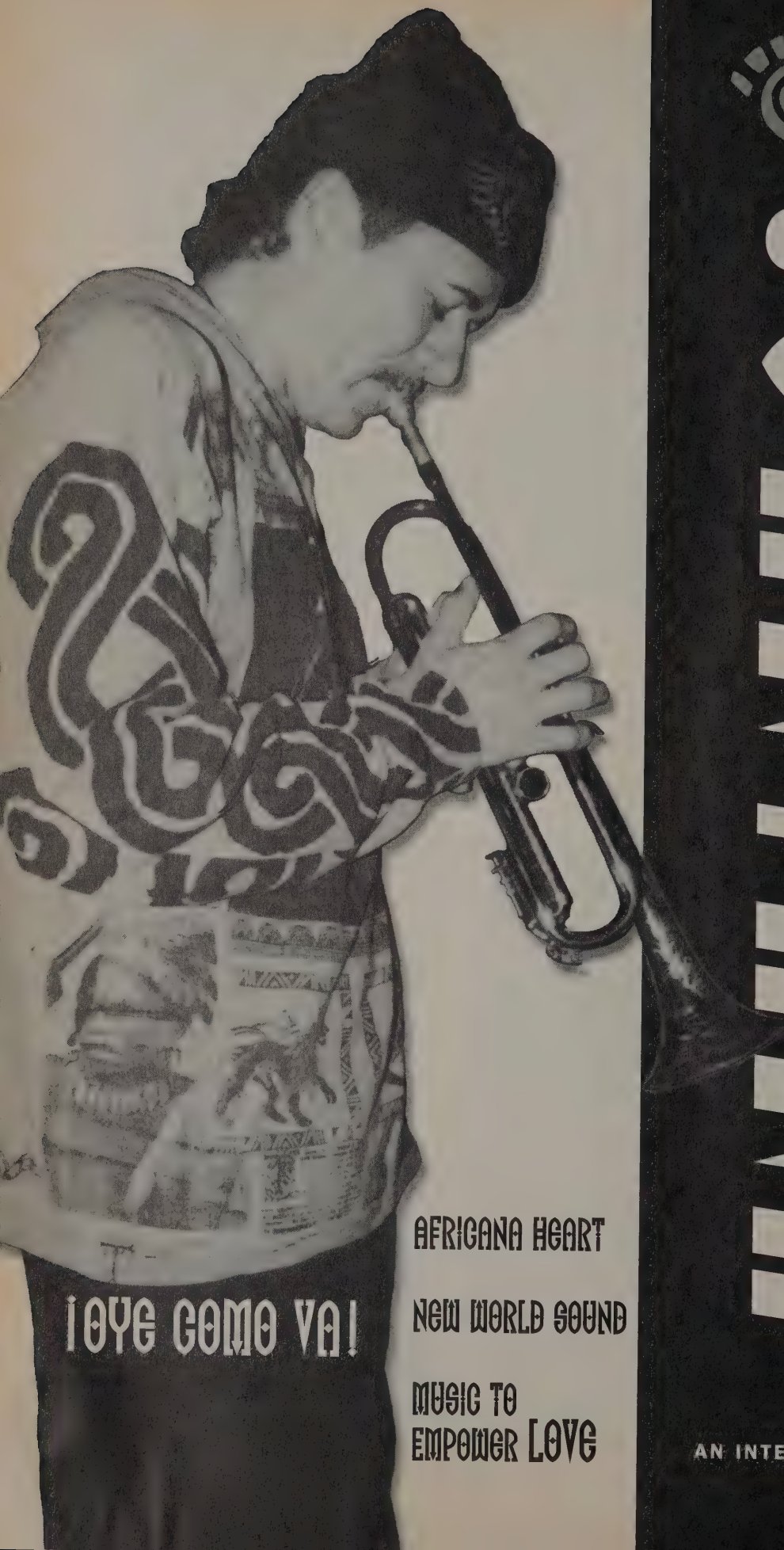
The idea of an alliance between the antiwar left and the anti-imperialist right is a concept rooted in more than just the opposition to war. Out of the struggle against the empire will arise a whole new way of looking at the world, a common analysis of how the few use the state to rule the many. Naturally, there will be disagreements, and competing analyses, and a lot of initial confusion. But over the long haul, the two sides in the battle for hearts and minds in the post-millennial world will sort themselves out. A movement in opposition to imperialism must, in this day and age, necessarily become a struggle against globalism, against the idea of a world state.

In the era of enforced globalization, the Peace Party is the greatest defender of national sovereignty as a bulwark of resistance to the emerging transnational tyranny, while the War Party is the great champion of a world without borders (or, indeed, any place to evade the long arm of the Global Hegemon). Now that the epic battle between communism and capitalism has been decisively decided in favor of the latter, a new struggle of “isms” is breaking out, this time between globalism and nationalism. Kosovo was just the beginning.

Postscript:

This year's conference was an attempt to bridge the gap between left and right, to bring the first fight against war and globalism to a higher level—and to begin to organize the first real opposition to the War Party since the 1960s. There were many voices of protest at this year's gathering, from Tom Fleming and Srdja Trikovic, editors of the paleoconservative magazine *Chronicles*, to old-fashioned Marxists like Alexander Cockburn...and virtually everything in between. As the rule of the acronyms (WTO, NATO, EU, UN) replaces the self-rule of sovereign nations, a broad opposition is sure to arise. Who can say whether it is “right” or “left”—and in the end, what does it matter? Such labels no longer describe anything meaningful—and that, really, is the whole point. **WG**





¡OYE COMO VA!

AFRICANA HEART

NEW WORLD SOUND

**MUSIC TO
EMPOWER LOVE**



carlos

SANTANA

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEVE HEILIG

STEVE HEILIG: What's your earliest musical memory?

CARLOS SANTANA: Oh, I think it was like when, you know, Cupid throws an arrow and hits you. First, there was this Mexican band, dressed up with bows and arrows. They were playing some funky weird music—I didn't know it yet, but it was like Lee Perry, George Clinton, and Sun Ra mixed up; Mexican funky. The second [experience] was Los Indios Tabajara, playing more traditional folk music—songs like "Maria Elena." I remember it piercing me because my father was always on the road, sometimes for a year, playing music, sometimes up here in California while we were still living in Autlan, Jalisco, a little town down between Guadalajara and Puerto Vallarta. If you go there and blink you will miss it.

SH: So you were living in Jalisco with your family....

CS: With my parents, until my dad left for Tijuana. He was sending money, but we hadn't seen him for a while. My mom put us all in the car and drove us to Tijuana. This was '55, so I was, like, seven years old. He was living with this other woman, but my mom didn't know that, and only had this one address. She went and knocked on the door, and this lady came out screaming. My mom broke down; what were we gonna do? we don't have any money to go back. There was this guy on the corner, this wino, who said "What are you looking for?" She said she was looking for her husband, and showed him a picture, and he said "Oh yeah, he's in there." This is how God works, you know, through this wino, who told her to go back there. She knocked again, and this lady comes out screaming again, but this time woke my dad up from his *siesta*. He stuck his head out, saw me, my six brothers and sisters, crammed in the station wagon, and his face turned like the NBC peacock, all the colors, anger and joy and fear and

Why Carlos Santana? Well, he's a homeboy, a neighbor, from San Rafael. And when I'm in Tucson, his music brings out the best of that otherwise alienated urban desert. No other performer attracts bikers, former hippies, middle-class Hispanics, Chicanos, *vatos*, lovers of Latin jazz, blacks, curious white college students, whole families from babies to grandmothers. This is the Big Heart of Santana, sometimes glowing as the literal heart on a stage mural of the Virgin of Guadalupe surrounded by Mayan glyphs, while lightning flashes—as if to welcome him—all over the Sonoran desert sky. He carries the spirit of Bob Marley and sings the still under-appreciated lineage of African-American musical influence on American joys. —PW

doubt. It was the typical Mexican story, the typical African thing....

He put us in the Colonial Hotel, a really funky place. They were still putting the roof on. We were there for months. My mom and dad weren't really speaking, but he would bring a bag of groceries and stuff. My dad's a beautiful man, but like a lot of Mexican men, or men in general, a lot of men have a problem with the balance of masculinity and femininity—intuition and compassion and tenderness—and get overboard with the macho thing. It took him a while to become more, I would say, conscious, evolved.

Anyway, once we got to TJ, he bought a bunch of Chiclets gum, broke it in half, and gave one half to me and one to my older brother, saying, "Don't come back until you've sold them all." I thought, oh, so that's my reality now....

But he was also teaching me music; even in Autlan he taught me how to read when I was very young. He taught me the violin in Tijuana. He would drill me on it, on all sorts of European music. After a while I started going out on the street with two other guys with guitars—it was like "Song, mister? Fifty cents!" We played all the stereotypical Mexican songs. I said to myself, "I hate this stuff." I had started listening to Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker....

SH: Where were you hearing them, on the radio from San Diego?

CS: Yeah, American radio. Blues was my first love. It was the first thing where I said "Oh man, this is the stuff." It just sounded so raw and honest, gut-bucket honest. From then I started rebelling. I found myself in the shantytown, where it smells like piss and puke, you know, every town has one. I was there playing with my dad, and the tables were black from cigarette butts, for there was no ashtray; and no floor, just dirt. And there's a cop, with his hand all over the prostitute, doing his thing because if she doesn't let him, he'll bust her. I'm watching all this as a kid, thinking, "Damn, this planet is funky." My father looks at me and says "What's the matter with you?" because I didn't look like I was having fun. I said "Man, I don't wanna be here, I don't want to live in this kind of scene." And he said "What do you want to play then, that Pachuco shit?" (Pachuco is this music of Tijuana that is integrated with doowop, blues.) I said, "Look at where we are, just smell it; do you think this scene is better than that?" That was the first time I ever spoke back to my dad. I thought he was gonna slap me, but he didn't, it was like I opened his eyes.

Opposite:
Carlos
Santana playing an exact duplicate of Miles Davis's trumpet (custom-made for Carlos by the builder of the original) at his home in San Rafael. Photo by Roger Steffens.

Blues was my first love. It was the first thing where I said “Oh man, this is the stuff.” It just sounded so raw and honest, gutbucket honest.

He let me go. I started getting more involved with other bands, playing other kinds of music. But by the time my dad moved to San Francisco, I hadn't been doing too much musically. There's a guy [in Tijuana] who's still around named Xavier Batiz, who dressed like Little Richard, played like B.B. King, with a little Ray Charles in there. He had a beautiful tone on guitar. My mom took me to the park to hear Batiz's band, the TJs, and the sound of the electric guitars, amps and everything...for me it was like watching a flying saucer for the first time. I started following him like a guided missile. I'd come home all excited, and my mom wrote to my dad saying “Carlos's got the music bug again!” My dad sent me a beat-up old electric guitar. Once I got that electric sound, there was no turning back. I knew I wasn't going to be an accountant or English teacher. Even before I came to San Francisco there was nothing that could deter me from this path of music.

SH: How old were you when you came to San Francisco?

CS: It was '62, so I was 14 or 15. First I came with my mom, but I didn't like it that first time. When I worked in Tijuana, I was making like nine dollars a week, playing guitar in a club band. We'd start at four in the afternoon, play for an hour, and then the strippers and prostitutes would come out. That was seven days a week. We'd play until midnight on weekdays. On weekends we wouldn't get out of there until six in the morning. I was getting my thing together, playing so much. When I came to San Francisco I had to go back to junior high school, because I didn't know how to speak English. And I didn't want to hang around with these...kids, you know what I'm saying?

I'd saved enough money to help us emigrate, get some dental stuff for my sisters, and still buy a Stratocaster! But my mom spent it on food and rent, because she had to. I got so angry at her I wouldn't speak to her or eat for a week. She got disgusted with me and gave me \$20 and sent me back to Tijuana by myself. When I got there it was Halloween. There were all these devils and skeletons around, and it scared the crap out of me because I didn't know anybody now. I went to the church, to the Virgin of Guadalupe, and said “Look, I was here a year ago with my brother. We walked on

our knees from the front door all the way to your altar. I didn't ask for a favor, so I figure you owe me one. So I ask that you give me my job back while I'm here, and take care of my family.” Then I went back to the club. The guy said I wasn't supposed to be there. They knew my mom had emigrated, and I was underage and didn't have her permission. But I had a letter from her, so then they said it was cool. I stayed there for almost another year, really learning again. By the time I did come back to San Francisco in '63, right before they killed JFK, I was really confident about what I knew about music. I had picked up all this repertoire. And there was this consciousness explosion in San Francisco with the hippies and the Black Panthers and the whole thing, so I really landed in the right place at the right time.

SH: Who were the first musicians you hooked up with?

CS: I went to the Fillmore West on a matinee gig. Bill Graham was there, and Paul Butterfield. I know he was on acid because he was watching the wall like it was a TV, and there was nothing there. I said to myself, Oh, this guy's not playing today, he's barefooted, looks like he's been up all night. Sure enough, there was a jam, with people from the Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Airplane. Michael Bloomfield was playing keyboards—his guitar was just standing there. A friend of mine went to Bill Graham and slipped him a note saying “This skinny Mexican friend of mine plays the blues—will you let him play?” Graham says “I'm not in charge, Bloomfield is. Go ask him!” My friend, Stan Marvin (he became our first manager), asked Bloomfield, and he said “Sure, man, go ahead.” A very gracious guy. So I got the guitar, and stood there, waiting and waiting...until they said, “Oh yeah, you're still here, go ahead and take a solo.” I jumped on it and Graham said, “You got a band?” And I said “Yeah,” which was sorta true in a way. He took my phone number, and we hooked up. I was still working at the Tic Tock diner washing dishes over on Third Street. This guy named Tom Frazer came and found me there, took me to Palo Alto, where he had musicians ready, including Gregg Rolie on keyboards; he and I just fit like Wes Montgomery and Jimmy Smith or something.

We started mixing up jazz and blues, and some African flavor. We had something different than what was being played in San Francisco. John Mayall, Eric Clapton, all those guys, were all playing blues—just louder. We mixed it up with the African, the Cuban, with Mongo Santamaria. We started noticing that the hippies were dancing differently. It wasn't like catching butterflies, it was like, girls' nipples getting hard, and we said, "Oooh, this works." There was no turning back. We'd open for Paul Butterfield, for Chicago or Johnny Winter or Steppenwolf, and we'd take their crowd. That gave us a lot of confidence that what we had was, I wouldn't call it world music, but we took it back to Africa in a way.

SH: So how did you get your first recording contract?

CS: We had an audition. Bill Graham called us: Hey, the head of Atlantic music was in town looking to hear us. I said "I don't want to be on Atlantic." Bill said, "Just go, and don't screw it up!" So I went, but I played terribly, just awful. I knew that Aretha was with Atlantic, and Cream. I'd already heard that a lot of musicians were not satisfied with things like air-play and distribution. CBS was next. They came to hear us in Santa Barbara when we opened for the Grateful Dead. By the time we got signed, Bill Graham took us aside, and said, "You know, if you're gonna make a record, you guys don't really have any songs, just jams, like seventeen-minute things." "Isn't that cool," we said. "No it's not," he said. "You have to have some songs." He brought us to his office and hooked us up with songs like Willie Bobo's "Evil Ways." Then I started hearing songs like "Oye Como Va," "Black Magic Woman"....

SH: So you hadn't been listening to people like Tito Puente and all that before?

CS: No, no, not really. Maybe a little Mongo Santamaria, and Ray Barretto because of "The Watusi," a big hit. We liked African music from Olatunji's side. We didn't know the New York Afro-Cuban-Puerto Rican thing until we went there.

SH: So it was Bill, who was from back East and really into salsa, who turned you on to the Latin side of things?

CS: We started doing those songs, and people would sing along. It was an instant connection with the audience, who didn't know us. It was incredible to start opening up at big festivals, with all these huge stars. By the time we got to Woodstock, we were set.

SH: Did you get any negative backlash from Latin music purists?

CS: There were New Yorkers who just couldn't stand us, "Who are these Mexicans from the West Coast, who can't even play *clave*, how dare they...." They didn't get what we were doing. We weren't another salsa band, so "forget them." And eventually some did come around; anyway, the big guys like Ray Barretto and Tito Puente were very encouraging.

SH: It couldn't have hurt when you got some known players like Orestes Vilato, the Escovedos, Armando Peraza, joining your band....

CS: Well, for us it was a natural evolution. I'm not the kind of guy to have a group stay together forever, like the Rolling Stones, Grateful Dead. People would say, "Are you sure you want to play with so and so? That could be career suicide. You'll lose your audience." Well, then I should lose them, because I need to grow, to play with Wayne Shorter, with John Lee Hooker. My goal would be to do another album with Alice Coltrane, with Pharaoh Sanders, Ali Akbar Khan, Bill Laswell...and with a whole bunch of African musicians like Idrissa Diop, Ismael Lo, Toure Kunda, Salif Keita, Mory Kante...just mix it up, bring some Miles and Coltrane songs....

SH: Do you play much in Mexico, your old home country?

CS: I'd still like to go back there more but I don't get along with the government. I kinda feel like Hugh Masekela—he couldn't go to South Africa. If I go to Mexico, it's a real hassle. I can't seem to just be quiet there. I feel that people need to change things, so that genocide of the Chiapas Indians would stop, for example. I'm not just a show business guy, so when I get in front of a microphone, I don't like accusing or judging, yet I do want the government to know that we know that they are the cause of genocide. It's important for governments from Mexico all the way to Brazil to understand that people know they are corrupt. Every president that leaves [these countries] takes millions of dollars. I would like to see that money come back and feed the Indians and things like that. Mexico is like three layers—the Indians, the mixed races, and the whites—and they only get together for the *Virgen de Guadalupe* each December. I said, why not do this every day, and put aside the differences? So, anyway, when I speak like this, they make it real hard for me when I go there.

I'd love to go to Africa and play for free, for benefits. Unfortunately it costs a lot of money for planes and food and all that. Even if the musicians play for

free you still have a crew to pay. If the governments would pay just for those things, I'd go. If big airlines would kick in tickets as a goodwill thing, I'd be there. But instead the governments charge so much tax, you end up paying to play. Plus, if I say we're gonna make it so anybody can come, charge like three dollars—instead of like \$50 that some bands from Europe charge, so that only the rich can see you—even if I put that in the contract, they change it. And if you complain, they throw you out, keep the equipment, keep your passport. I went through that too many times, whether in South America or Africa. It's a corrupt thing. Bob Marley was able to do some of these things because he had some kind of arrangement with the United Nations where nobody could mess with him. If we had that, we could get together four or five of the best bands from America and Mexico, say, and tour South America or even Africa as a benefit thing. You know, people say "music should be for free." Ok, I'm with that. I play my best concerts when I play for free. But, I'm a practical guy—I believe in spirituality but I also believe in practicality.

When I go to Africa, I am not just some musical tourist—I am part of the family. My values are consistent with the American Indians, aborigines, and African people. I don't know how they look at other people like Paul Simon, David Byrne, or Peter Gabriel, but I know how they look at me. If I go to Kingston, Jamaica, I know how they see me and treat me. That's important to me. I try to honor their music, take certain elements, give it back in a new way, and credit them immediately—financially, emotionally, spiritually—give it right back. There's a way to make it a win-win situation—that's the way of the future.

It's important that people know that music itself is like a rainbow—we need to honor African music, pre-Columbian and aboriginal musics, our first foundations. I love to turn people on to that, however I can—especially other musicians. When you do that, you can sleep really good at night.

The roots of all our music come from Africa. When I played Salif Keita for Miles Davis, I said "Miles, can I play you somethin'?" And he said [*imitating Davis's famous scary whisper*] "Sure, put it on."



MILES DAVIS, *SKETCHES OF SPAIN*.



JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET, *BALLADS*.



BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS, *EXODUS*.



SANTANA'S FAVORITE SANTANA, *ABRAXIS*.

SANTANA'S TOP TEN ALBUMS

On this page are Santana's top three. On the facing page, his rotating top seven. Charlie Byrd's *Byrd in Paradise* is missing because we couldn't find an album cover. They are all on CD except for Eddie Palmieri (the brilliant New York-Puerto Rican piano player who can be found on many Alegre All Star albums) and Charlie Byrd (the fine jazz guitarist who brought Brazilian guitar to a huge listenership). Get this music back on the shelves!

What a wonderful list. How could he choose? For those unfamiliar with African music, Salif Keita is the greatest Malian musician, grand master of the Sahelian sound. If you don't know the other African musicians, time to check into them. They have (with the addition of the Brit Beatles and Jamaican Bob Marley) helped orchestrate our most beautiful sounds and soul. If you've never heard Santana, start with his latest: *Supernatural*. —PW

It's important that people know that music itself is like a rainbow—we need to honor African music, pre-Columbian and aboriginal musics, our first foundations. I love to turn people on to that, however I can—especially other musicians. When you do that, you can sleep really good at night.

When he heard those trumpets playing, he nodded and just whispered, “Spanish.” And I said, forgetting that you just don’t contradict Miles, “No, actually it’s Moorish, because they conquered Spain, you know.” He just looked at me with that look, repeated, “Spanish.” And I said, “Yeah, it sounds Spanish, but it’s really from Islam....” And he just stared at me, and said “Spanish!” OK, Miles, whatever you say! But even *Sketches of Spain* sounds like that because of the Moors. Otherwise they’d be playing polkas and waltzes like everybody else in Europe. So that’s African roots.

When I go to a place like Rio, when I go from the airport to town, you always have to pass the shantytowns, miles and miles of cardboard houses. I also know that there’s no death, that we’re just visiting here, and that each person has volunteered to come to this planet to raise consciousness in some way. So, I’m learning not to judge, criticize, or defend—I’m learning just to observe. It might be a

Zen or Buddhist thing, I don’t know, but when you really observe, you can get some clarity. Some people think I’m full of mumbo jumbo; “Give me the meat and potatoes, Carlos, I need to pay the rent.” OK, you may spend most of your energy getting the rent money. I spend mine trying to use the same notes and alchemy that Marley and Coltrane used to create a new kind of bread that people also gotta have.

Everybody’s born with the same potential to be rich, or spiritual, or miserable. If I trip and fall, I hit the ground like anyone else. If you get huffy and puffy and say “Well, Santana don’t know what it’s like to live in the heart of the Kingston ghetto or the *favela*?” Well, I smelled it, man, that’s where I grew up. And it all smells the same, from Tijuana to Timbuktu. What I want to do with music is pinch people, to see that we all have a passport to some kind of success with our grace and energy. I see a lot of people who come to the USA and don’t really



MARIN GAYE, *WHAT'S GOING ON*.



JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE, *AXIS: BOLD AS LOVE*.



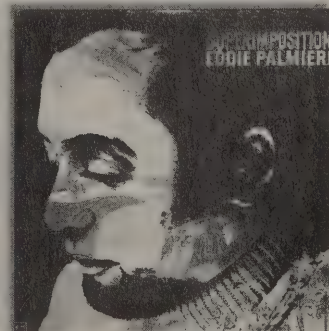
SALIF KEITA, *SORO*.



ARETHA FRANKLIN, *LADY SOUL*.



THE BEATLES, *SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND*.



EDDIE PALMIERI, *SUPERIMPOSITION*.

want to work; they just stand around. I came here and my mom said, "OK, you're gonna wash dishes, and get a job, you're gonna help with the rent." I learned about responsibility, about two things many people lack—focus and determination. I was in high school when a guy said, "Tomorrow's the last day of school. What are you gonna do when you graduate?" I said, "I'm gonna play with B.B. King, with Michael Bloomfield," and he started laughing. He said that was really funny. But I meant it.

It's like music itself. When you, as a musician, feel something really strong—this is the first rule of music—the listener's gonna feel it. If I don't feel it, why the hell should you? You have to be feeling something before you hit that string. Actually it's five things—soul, heart, mind, body, *cojones*—all in one note. That will give you the chills. The songs sometimes are incidental. It's that note, that passage, it can make you start crying.

SH: It's been quite a year....

CS: Right now, I feel very grateful to God, today, for I feel very stimulated, very charged, and that everything I have been learning is finally coming to fruition. These new collaborations feel so natural. It sounds like one breath, it doesn't sound forced. In fact, at first we were going to call the [most recent] album *Mumbo Jumbo* but it just had to be changed to *Supernatural* because that's how it's felt.

I don't think Latin music's going to go out this time, like the flavor of the month, as they say. There's more Spanish-speaking people in this country than ever, and they gravitate more towards African music, even if they want to claim it is Latino or salsa or whatever. But it's still African music. It's gonna stay, because more people are becoming aware that anything with rhythm comes from Africa—unless you're talking about some aboriginal or American Indian music. It's African—get over it, accept it, embrace it, and honor it!

It's true that in the past, the music industry would usually try to find a white guy to get whatever form of nonwhite music onto the air, and that doesn't seem to be a problem now....

A lot of forces back in the 1950s didn't want to let the African influences come forward in American music—even though that's what American music is. It's all African, other than pre-Columbian or polkas or waltzes from the German or French. So, white musicians used to try to use African music as a kind of backdrop for their ego, to come out like another white Tarzan. Not anymore. Now people honor the music. From my heart, I can say that my association with Baaba Maal, Salif Keita, Toure Kunda, all of those musicians, they don't see

me as an intruder, a tourist, but as a fellow brother musician who honors and articulates the music—and, as we already said, pays the royalties! I want it to be known that Santana believes that quality and quantity can go together!

SH: I'm wondering if you have a "label" for your faith, your spirituality, like Christian, Buddhist, etc....

CS: It's like water; water is very powerful, but very humble. I've read things where a writer said his only religion was to die without shame. Another said that it was just to be kind to everyone. To spread the message of kindness towards everybody. The opposite of that is judging and condemning. Any religion that judges and condemns is a spiritually retarded religion. The basic core may be good, but back at headquarters, they're always trying for superiority. One that brings kindness and redemption—a win-win situation for people and the planet—that's my religion. I shy away from that word because religion to me is right next to politics, which is right next to corruption. My metaphor is the desert—in the desert you need water, not wine or beer, because with those you're gonna die. Religion and politics is like Coca-Cola or something, when what you need is water. There's a big difference between the love for power and the power of love. **we**

THIS ARTICLE FIRST APPEARED IN SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT FORM IN *THE BEAT* (VOLUME 19 #1, 2000) (SEE ACCESS). REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.



THE BEAT

CC Smith, ed.
\$20/year (six issues). Bongo Productions, PO Box 65856, Los Angeles, CA 90065. GETTHEBEAT@aol.com.

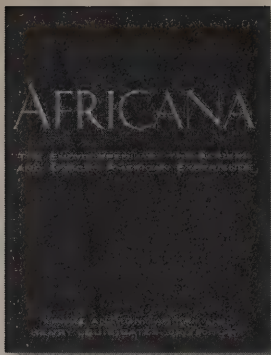
The "reason I love this magazine so much—we are conscious of accentuating all the colors—it's not about black or white or grey, it's about a rainbow. The music of

this magazine is the music of the future—the world music."

—Carlos Santana

Its major focus is reggae, but it's also the only grand assemblage of everything derived and innovated from polyrhythmic beat (salsa, African, Arabian, Brazilian, gospel, Caribbean). —PW

Steve Heilig is a contributor to *The Beat*, where this interview first appeared. Steve is also a local, now living in the town where I was an elected official (see page 60). He's a freelance musical psychoanalyst, director of Public Health and Education of the San Francisco Medical Society and director of the Bay Area Network of Ethics Committees. He is also the coeditor of the *Cambridge Quarterly of Healthcare Ethics*. —PW



AFRICANA

The Encyclopedia of the African and African American Experience
 Kwame Anthony Appiah and Henry Louis Gates, Jr., eds. 1999; 2,095 pp. \$100.
 Basic Books.

Africana is the first encyclopedia to encompass the story of all African peoples. W.E.B. DuBois, African-American intellectual and writer, was the first to envision such an "Encyclopedia Africana," and struggled unsuccessfully from 1909 until his death in 1963 to get support. The editors of *Africana*, both Harvard University professors, have succeeded in carrying out the challenge—a single work that presents the enormity and wonderful diversity of the pan-African experience.

In addition to expected encyclopedia fare—country profiles, histories, and biographies—the encyclopedia includes entries for dozens of African ethnic groups; brief features on African fauna, flora, and geographical features; and articles on popular culture



and ideological movements. *Africana* includes twelve opinionated in-depth essays, plus special "interpretation" articles. All of this makes it a great book.

Africana does have weak spots. John Thornton (*New York Times*, January 16, 2000) cited errors in both African history and contemporary sports. Lack of thorough cross-

referencing further impedes ease of use. Fortunately, a sixteen-page list of articles facilitates location and makes for enjoyable browsing. —Valerie Harris

A must for all libraries and most homes. Herein, healing begins and historical balance triumphs. —PW

“Agriculture, African, in the Americas: An Interpretation

Lost Crops of Africa, a 1996 book by the National Research Council, draws attention to the potential of the continent's little-known indigenous crops for improving regional and global food supplies. Featured prominently among the 2000 native grains, roots, and fruits utilized as food staples is African rice (*Oryza glaberrima*), "the great red rice of the hook of the Niger."

...Peter Wood's pathbreaking research...[hints] that rice cultivation in the United States might owe its genesis to African slaves.

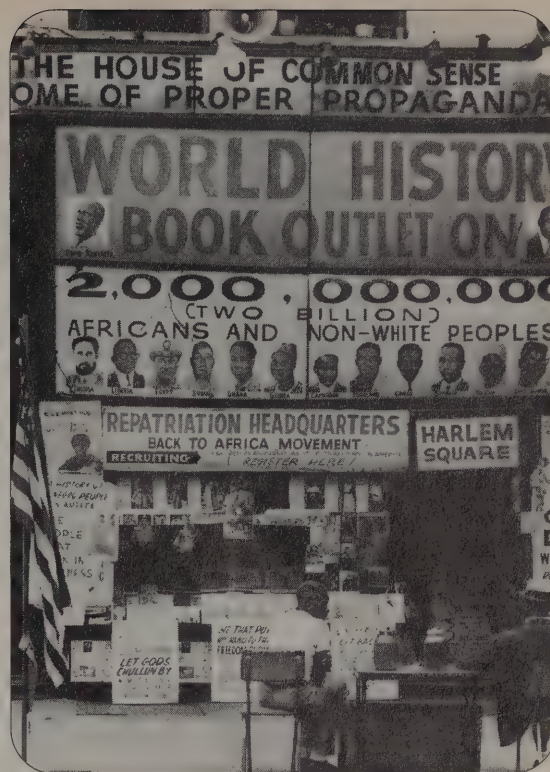
“Filhos de Gandhi...

Filhos de Gandhi (Sons of Gandhi) is part of a long tradition of black socioreligious organizations called *afoxés* that began in the late nineteenth century. Pândegos da África (Revelers of Africa) was one of the first *afoxés* to parade in Salvador's Carnival, bringing the ceremonial songs and dances of the Candomblés to the street celebration. With the advent of the Getúlio Vargas dictatorship in 1930, the Brazilian government repressed *afoxés*....By the beginning of the 1970s the only remaining *afoxé* was Filhos de Gandhi, and it was almost defunct. The growth of black pride during that decade, however, breathed new life into Filhos de Gandhi and, following their example, several more *afoxés* began to appear at Salvador's Carnival.

“Ibibio, ethnic group of NIGERIA

The Ibibio primarily live in the Cross River State of southeastern Nigeria. They speak a Niger-Congo language and number approximately 2 million.

Left: A bicycle wheel adorns a reveler at the coronation of Central African Republic emperor Bokassa I, in 1977. Right: A scene from *Cleopatra Jones*, one of the "blaxploitation"-era films, often angry and streetwise, of the '60s and '70s.

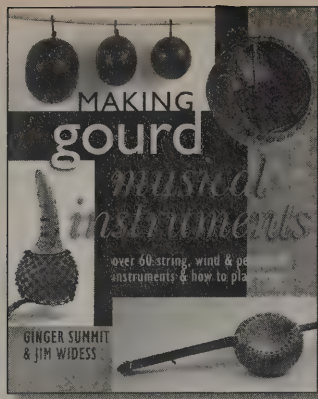


Harlem's National Memorial Bookstore in 1964; one of the neighborhood's many strong and positive contributions to African-American identity.

“Transculturation, Mestizaje, and the Cosmic Race: An Interpretation

In 1940 Cuban scholar FERNANDO ORTIZ (1881–1969) coined the term *transculturation* (*transculturación*) to replace the concept of "acculturation"....It became clearer to him that the process by which Hispanics and Africans were first uprooted from their soil and later orphaned in the Americas was so complex that it could not have melded in the harmony evident in such friendly words as "syncretism," "hybridism," or even "*mestizaje*"....These existing words described the results but ignored the 500-year-long tortuous process.





MAKING GOURD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Upper right: A gloriously opportunistic *guiro*, or rasp, by Opie and Linda O'Brien. Note notchwork along the top of gourd. Music is born when the notches are stroked with a stick.

Ginger Summit and Jim Widess. 1999; 144 pp. \$27.95. Sterling Publishing. Companion CD, *Gourd Musical Instruments*, \$12.95 from the Caning Shop, 926 Gilman Street, Berkeley, CA 94710. 800/544-3373, 510/527-5010, www.caning.com.

Our local farmers' market regularly has a binful of gourds for sale, and you can often see finger-sized and larger holes in the gourds. Over 95 percent of the featured examples in *Making Gourd Musical Instruments* have deliberately taken advantage of the acoustic properties of a "hole in a hard-shelled container." Banjo, rattle, gong, xylophone and balafon, drum, flute, and over fifty-five others are described technically, musically, physically, culturally, and often historically. I've made rattles, whistles, an *ipu heke* (a Hawaiian stamping drum), and two-skin and one-skin drums—and now I'm considering a mandolin. It's hard to choose; sometimes you have to shuffle through the bin and let the gourd shape tell you what you could make next.

While you are cleaning, shaping, and decorating your instrument, you are waiting to hear its voice. When I first held and tentatively stroked the skin on my brand-new *kayum* (a Mayan-style gourd drum), the sound went directly into my belly. Something gave me the impression that the instrument was waking up—that the creation I was just completing had a distinct voice and personality of its own.

Get this book! Get the CD and listen to more than thirty glorious gourd-based instruments being played by master musicians. If you have access to a local teacher who can get you started in making and tuning some of the more sophisticated instruments, all the better. If not, the book's resource section lists the addresses of suppliers and farms to get you going on your own. You may be carried deeper into the world of making music and instruments than you ever imagined.

—Lynda Winslow

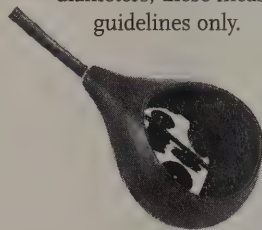
Bottom: The *mbira* (thumb piano) was introduced into the Western Hemisphere by slaves. Especially popular in the Caribbean and southeastern US, it has been used all over the world. All *mbira*-like instruments combine a keyboard of tines, a resonator, and a soundboard.



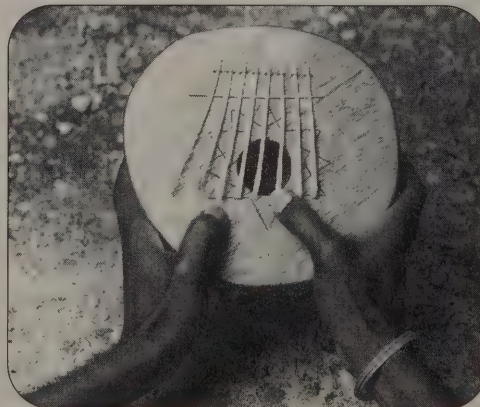
“ In many African tribes women are discouraged or forbidden from playing musical instruments, especially the sacred drums. So they have devised instruments using utensils from their own households. Two large washtubs or large gourds are placed next to each other and partially filled with water. Smaller gourd bowls are then floated upside down on the water surface and hit with mallets, usually a gourd ladle or spoon....At the end of the festivities, the instruments are returned to their more mundane daily functions.

“ Fingerholes....

- Before making any fingerholes...finish [the flute] to a point that the mouth-piece makes a consistent tone. This will be the lowest pitch that is possible....
- One way to determine hole placement is simply to hold the flute comfortably and mark...where your fingers are....
- For a more accurate placement of holes, you can use the following measurement as a guideline [drawing included]. They were originally intended...for holes in tubes that are regular and consistent, such as metal and plastic. Because gourds usually have inconsistent interior surfaces and diameters, these measurements should be considered as guidelines only.



Left: A *sistrum* is an idiophone that uses objects clapping together to make noise. Most styles of *sistrum* played today are made of wood and metal, but in sub-Saharan Africa gourds are used for all or part of the instrument.



Above: The Nigerian *dimdekim*, or gourd drum, is built of two large gourds fastened together with rope and dung, and topped with a hollow cylinder.

SUBMARINE SONG AND THE

NAVAL BOOM BOX



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Children on the coast of High Rock, in East Grand Bahama, explore one of eight whales that beached and died on March 15, 2000...the same day the US Navy began anti-submarine acoustical exercises. The Navy denies a connection.

The ocean is not a visual place. Under the best of circumstances, underwater visibility is 100 feet; sunlight does not penetrate below a few hundred feet—and much less when the water is teeming with plankton, algae, and sediment. The perceptual vocabulary is auditory, chemical, and electrical. Human senses are, to a large extent, “blind” and “deaf” in the oceans. We are not likely to sniff underwater odors; trying to speak underwater is almost as futile; and our ears don’t translate underwater sounds clearly. Many of the sounds we do “hear” underwater, such as those generated by whales and dolphins, we hear through our bodies—and then only those sounds within our auditory range of 20Hz to 20kHz. But dolphins sing in pitches well above 120kHz, and whales sound in deep tones as low as a few cycles/second. Acoustical energy generated by the bodies of whales or large schools of fish can be lower still.

Over the past few decades we have developed an understanding of higher-frequency (shorter-wave-

length) vocalizations such as those used by dolphins. Humans use these high frequencies in ultrasonic imaging because soft tissue does not resonate and interfere with short wavelengths; such high-frequency sound “sees” through skin, muscle, and fat. Dolphins probably use the same ultrasonic imaging, both to distinguish soft tissue from bone in their prey (enabling them to feed effectively), and to communicate.

Lower-frequency sound production is more of a mystery. Low-frequency sound (with its longer wavelengths) tends to adhere to the curvature of the globe. It is less subject to diffusion, or absorption by obstacles in the water. These large sound wave fronts are too large to “see” anything but the largest geographical features: sea mounts, islands, and continents are distinguishable; boats and kelp beds are not. In short, low frequency is ideal for submarine navigation and long-distance communication; and that’s how whales most likely employ it.

Less complex organisms—schooling fish, sea turtles, pelagic crabs, jellyfish, shrimp, and a panoply of other ocean denizens—migrate seasonally around the seas. Temperature, salinity, and the magnetic flux of the earth help them migrate. It is reasonable to assume that

underwater acoustics—low-frequency sounds of waves undulating and hitting the shores, submarine



Left: High-frequency echolocation by a dolphin. These ultrasonic waves also penetrate flesh, revealing the fish’s bone structure.

tectonic and volcanic activity, and acoustical ambience—add to these creatures' mental maps. Among tuna and other schooling fish, for instance, the acoustical energy generated by their bodies helps individual fish synchronize with the low-frequency swimming oscillations of the entire school. Their lateral line and swim bladder are part of an evolutionary sensory adaptation like our own ears—sensors of vibration and organs of balance and motion. These organs allow a fish to sense, or “hear,” motion by way of pressure gradients in their surroundings. When individuals at the perimeter of the school respond to exterior movement such as that generated by a predator, their evasive action transmits the pressure gradient of the predator's motion into the body of the school, informing the school of the appropriate evasive action—without needing to communicate the specifics of the threat. Using this mechanism, a school of fish—as a body—can respond to motion in less than 1/50th of a second.

SO WHAT IS THE NAVY REALLY UP TO?

The United States plans a global military acoustical program, rolling ahead with a dearth of public information or understanding. The Navy wants to generate a thrum of noise in all oceans where it has interest in hostile submarine activity. It proposes a network of very high-powered sound generators placed in various places around the oceans—some stationary, others towed behind ships. These sound

generators can blast 250 decibels, noise that is 100,000 to one million times louder than the loudest whale and perhaps a billion times louder than the subtle acoustical signals of other sea creatures.

It is hard to imagine the damage that extreme acoustical energy can cause. The noises generated by SURTASS LFAS (Surveillance Towed Array Sonar System utilizing Low Frequency Active Sonar) are the loudest sounds ever generated by humans, with the possible exception of the noise at nuclear “Ground Zero.” After almost

every known Navy test, whales and dolphins show up on beaches for “mysterious reasons,” some with bleeding eyes, damaged and infected cochlea, and other unusual tissue damage. We know nothing about any sea life that might have sunk to the ocean floor. The Navy maintains that the strandings are only “anecdotal,” unconnected to its testing...and refuses to study the matter further.

Here are some “anecdotes”:

The Canary Islands - 1985, 1988, and 1989. A total of twenty-one whale strandings linked to visible US Navy maneuvers. These were the only times whales have been reported to strand in the Canary Islands. (*Nature*, 1991.)

The Atlantic Coast - 1987. Dolphins exposed to 235 decibels of sonar stranded and were found to suffer from tissue and lung explosion. Since this revelation, there has been a great deal of resistance by the Navy to obtaining autopsies of post-sonar stranded cetaceans.

Northern California - 1995. The first public test of ATOC (Acoustic Thermography of Ocean Climate) was followed by the beaching of three humpback whales—all inadvertently buried by local officials before autopsies could be performed.

The Haro Strait, San Juan Islands, British Columbia - 1996. The release of 195 decibels into this key waterway used by orcas, porpoises, seals, and other marine mammals was followed by an increase in strandings. *ABC News* reported that the previously thriving orca population was now in enough trouble to be considered eligible for the Endangered Species list.

The Mediterranean Sea near Greece - 1996. Twelve Cuvier's beaked whales and 200 dolphins, exposed to NATO sonar, stranded. They were suspected of suffering from tissue explosion. (*Nature*, 1996.)

California - 1997. When testing began, sonar-exposed whales immediately began to strand in increased numbers. In addition, there was a report of uncharacteristically aggressive behavior. More recently, *The Malibu Times* reported (January, 1999) that more than 150 gray whales were found dead due to starvation along their migratory route, where acoustical testing took place in 1998.

The Hawaiian Islands - 1998. Three whale calves and one dolphin calf were found dead or abandoned during and immediately following sonar testing, even though in fifteen years of research this phenomenon had never been observed. One whale calf breached 230 times and pectoral slapped 658 times in front of Dr. Marsha Green's research team in a four-hour period before the sun set on his distress. In addition, a pod of dolphins, observed by naturalists familiar with normal dolphin behavior, huddled unusually close to the shore near the surface and vocalized excessively while the sonar boomed.

US Virgin Islands - 1999. Three pilot whales beached on St. Croix, St. John, and St. Thomas, coincident with Navy maneuvers.

Bahamas - March 2000. About a dozen beaked whales stranded on various beaches—a rare occurrence, as they are not typically schooling animals. (A 1998 report in *Nature* found that only four beaked whale strandings had been recorded in the world since 1963.) A National Marine Fisheries spokesperson reported that two of these whales had eyes that were bleeding, “suggesting acute shock trauma.” (*San Francisco Chronicle*, March 22, 2000.)

AIR VERSUS WATER

The properties of water and air differ significantly. Air is compressible, water is not; sound travels five times faster in water than in air, and thus the wavelengths are five times longer; the ocean has a distinct sound-reflective boundary at the surface that channels longer wavelength sound. The deep ocean has a thermocline akin to the stratosphere, which also “channels” acoustical energy.

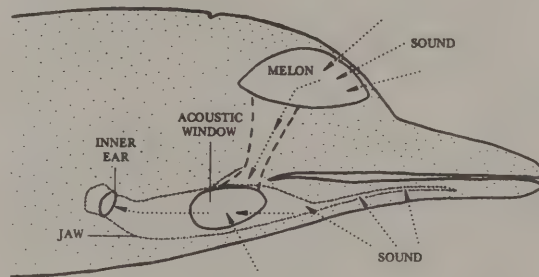
The sounds that SURTASS LFAS generates include pulsed and swept tones between 100Hz and 10kHz. The underwater wavelengths of these fundamental tones are between fifty feet (for 100Hz) and six inches (for 10kHz). These wavelengths, even at high volume, would only be suitable for sonar within a few miles of the sound generator, due to diffusion and the curvature of the earth. But combining and sweeping these tones would create tones with wavelengths hundreds to thousands of feet long. (A little like Frequency-Modulated [FM] radio waves creating lower-frequency artifacts that can be translated into audio-band information.) These longer wavelengths would adhere to the curvature of the earth, "seeing" over the underwater horizon, enabling the system to broadcast through and compromise thousands of cubic miles of ocean...but they would be too long to define small objects. Detecting a 200-foot-long submarine across thousands of cubic miles of ocean with a 500-foot-long wave front is like searching for amoebas in a swimming pool with a telescope.

So while the Navy is portraying SURTASS as a surveillance tool, it is more likely trying to set up a global submarine communication system that will enable it to keep in constant contact with the entire nuclear fleet—in a crude approximation of how a school of fish keeps in contact. Until recently, submarines relied on long/low-frequency radio waves for communication. But radio waves don't pass through the ocean surface. In order to receive these long waves, the submarines need to tow long anten-

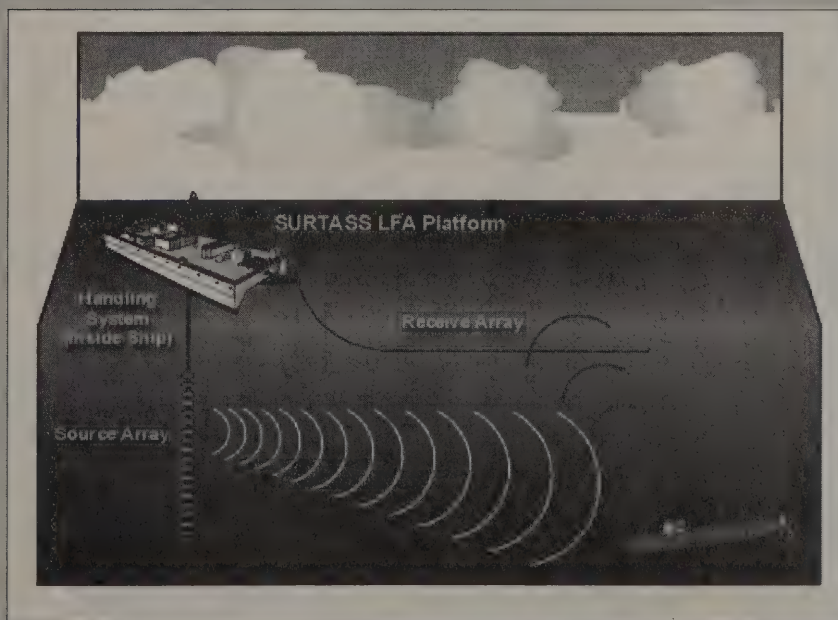
nae—a mile or more in length—on the ocean surface. With recent advances in satellite surveillance, these antennae are fairly easy to spot—making the system unworkable for clandestine deployment of our nuclear arsenal. Using sound communication "within the silent sea" is irresistible to the Navy.

From my perspective, any reason is the wrong one for violating the sanctity of the sea, but what irks me most is that while the Navy is portraying its system as a defensive one, it is in fact an offensive tool; they are torquing up fear with the rationalization that danger is everywhere. Is this a justification for environmental disruption at this scale? As the project develops, it will surely compromise the health of our co-species around the globe—and, coincidentally, the availability of our own food supply. **WE**

Michael Stocker is an acoustician and technologist. He is currently writing *Hear Where We Are: Reawakening the Sensuality of Sound Perception*, a book exploring how sound affects our sense of placement and how humans and other animals use sound to connect with our surroundings.



Sound receivers in the jaw and forehead of the porpoise. Sound does not enter through "ears."



SURTASS LFA

www.trwius.com/pmw182/programs/index.htm

Join the Navy; read its take on acoustical testing. See www.surtass-lfa-eis.com for its glowing Environmental Impact Statement, full of hard scientific phrases such as "conservative assumptions," "risk continuum," and "...it has been postulated." The EIS evaluation of aquatic animals' evasive response is based on assumed equivalence to human terrestrial behaviors. —Michael Stocker

Left: The source-and-receive array on this US Navy SURTASS platform would also be part of the submarine's communications arsenal (though not shown here). The sub, incidentally, would only come this close to such a platform during battle.

LISTEN TO LFAS

VIEWPOINTS

www.angelfire.com/ca/fishattorney/lfaslinks.html

A Web site devoted to opposing LFAS testing. —Laura Perkins

THE OCEAN MAMMAL INSTITUTE

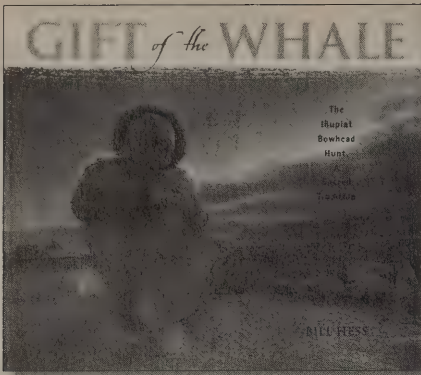
www.oceanmammalinst.com

OMI is devoted to using scientific research to protect whales and dolphins. —LS

ACOUSTIC THERMOGRAPHY OF OCEANIC CLIMATES (ATOC)

<http://atoc.ucsd.edu>

ATOC's Marine Mammal Research Program (MMRP) studies the hearing capacity of marine mammals and the impact of human-made sounds. —LS



GIFT OF THE WHALE

The Iñupiat Bowhead Hunt, A Sacred Tradition
Bill Hess. 1999; 224 pp. \$40. Sasquatch Books.

Can one both love the whale and kill it? Can one respect the whale and hunt it? The Iñupiat Eskimos of Alaska's Arctic region have, for 5,000 years.

In much of the world, whales have become not just symbols, but mascots of an environmental movement and an ethic bonded with spiritualism, romance, and transcendentalism. For many of us, there is the aura around them of angels wrapped in blubber. Whaling by Native Alaskan hunters, distant, unknown, or obscure, became a firestorm in the 1970s, when a preliminary, tenuous—and, in retrospect, terribly wrong—estimate of the whale population convinced the International Whaling Commission that the bowhead whale was on the brink of extinction.

Many of the arguments raised then against hunting by Native Alaskans are the same as they are today: that the Iñupiat are no longer primitive; that they eat and can buy the same foods as other North Americans; that they are modern-day people with modern technology and communications who hunt whales while on vacation from good, cash-paying jobs. In fact, all of these statements are true...and beside the point. As Hess's photographs and stories suggest, these Native peoples are still, thousands of years into their heritage, a people of the whale.

In a whale's capture there is blood and gore, there are the throes of death that are a natural, inevitable part of the hunt; and Hess does not shy away. But after a whale's death, there is also the celebration and remarkable communion-like sharing



of its meat and *muktuk*, in traditional rituals that affirm the central values of Iñupiat culture. In Hess's pictures, I experienced again the awe and respect those moments commanded when I took part in the hunt, the capture of bowheads, and the rites of thanksgiving and butchering some twenty years ago.

Gift of the Whale makes clear that to the Eskimo whalers of Alaska, the whales are sacred—and, moreover, fundamental to their existence. Hess's stark black-and-white photographs show the prayers of thanks from a successful whaling crew before villagers haul the giant bowhead onto spring ice for butchering. They show the drama of the hunt, which until surprisingly recent times was a struggle of life and death not just for the whale but for the hunters and villages whose survival over the course of some two thousand years depended upon the capture of bowheads.

Hess mentions only in passing the social upheaval manifested in alcoholism, drug dependency, and suicide that have accompanied assimilation, change to a modern economy, and the sudden appearance of wealth from Prudhoe Bay oil and corporate and government investments. Against this, as his beautiful photographs and stories make clear, it is the whale, the gift of the whale, that even today gives identity and sustenance to the people of northern Alaska. —David Boeri



Too irresistible to stand on etiquette: a small boy at play on belugas.

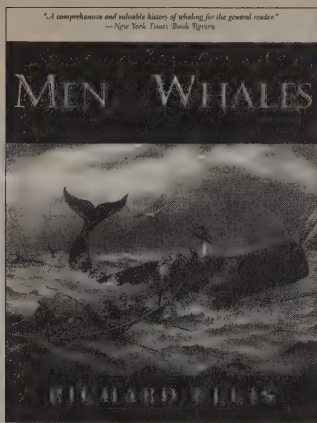
“In front of me, slowly taking hazy shape like something from science fiction, the great white globe of the Distant Early Warning [DEW] Line station appeared as a giant golf ball. The station, built to detect incoming Soviet, then Russian, missiles and aircraft, had brought great change to the people of Kali, or in Iñupiaq, the Kalimiut...”

Following construction and manning of the DEW Line in the mid-1950s, life at Kali slipped into decline. “It was the alcohol,” village Mayor Amos Agnassaga told me. “The DEW Line brought alcohol into the village. It really hurt the people.” The military bar was open to a community that had never before had a convenient source of liquor. DEW Line personnel used drink as barter in the village.

“Let's get the wounded,” Charlie commanded. As did the hunters in the other boats, we tracked down belugas that were still moving, however weakly, and ended their suffering. Robert spotted a slightly wounded beluga. It swam quietly, keeping its profile low, past two freshly killed whales. Charlie guided the boat. Bob fired. Simultaneously, the beluga lifted both head and flukes out of the water, arching its body in a graceful curve. It looked straight at us, then died. I was not unmoved by the death of this beluga, or of the others. My heart felt each bullet; I felt the life as it left these beautiful, graceful creatures, and it was a humbling thing to feel.

The hunters felt it as well. All action in the boat stopped. All voices fell silent.

Left: Part of a multinational effort to save ice-trapped whales in the fall of 1988, this man-made hole kept “Crossbeak,” the gray whale, breathing until Soviet icebreakers arrived.



MEN & WHALES

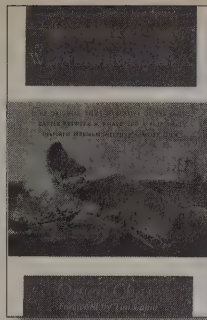
Richard Ellis. 1999 (reprint ed.); 542 pp. \$30.
The Lyons Press.

Men & Whales is, in fact, an encyclopedia of whale hunting, compiled by a man whose professional reputation is founded upon respectful, even heroic paintings of marine mammals in their underwater habitat—the very creatures that are speared, harpooned, and shot from beginning to end in his book.

What author Ellis calls “the intertwined destinies of whales and men” seems a subject that cannot be pared down, even at 500 pages. But this is a confident attempt at such impossibility. What the author really chronicles is the human effort to compel, control, and profit from the world’s largest and perhaps most intelligent marine organisms. His book serves as an introduction to our convoluted love-greed relationship with cetaceans and their kin. —Robert Lloyd Webb

“When the supply of rorquals on their side of the ocean seemed to be running low, the Norwegians crossed the ocean to Newfoundland...

Greed knows no international boundaries, and when it appeared that the Norwegians were getting rich killing Newfoundland’s whales, the Newfoundlanders decided that they too wanted to participate. A whaling fever raged through Newfoundland, and in 1903 and 1904, no fewer than twenty-five applications for licenses were filed. Stations popped up like dandelions all around Newfoundland and Labrador. By 1905 the inevitable had happened, and what had begun as a wild speculation in the lives of whales ended up in a crash that ruined whalers and investors alike.



SHIPWRECK OF THE WHALESHIP *ESSEX*

Owen Chase. 1999 (reissue ed.); 141 pp. \$12.95.
The Lyons Press.

In 1821 Owen Chase published this straightforward narrative of an extraordinary deep-sea catastrophe. A sperm whale repeatedly rammed the *Essex* and sank her; only twenty men escaped, and of them, just eight, including Chase, survived (after spending three months at sea in open, twenty-foot whale-boats). When the survivors decided to sail a long route toward Chile rather than risk landing on a Tahitian island supposedly populated by cannibals, one of the three boats was lost. The men in the other

two were forced into the very circumstances they had feared most: cannibalism.

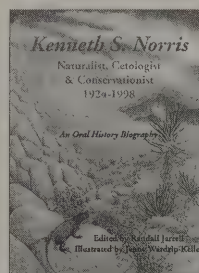
Herman Melville owed a debt to Owen Chase. He used Chase’s narrative in drafting his seemingly malignant protagonist, *Moby-Dick*. Chase also fostered the stereotype of shipwrecked sailors who draw straws to decide who will be sacrificed so that the others may live.

Editor Tim Cahill’s new edition includes a careful resetting of the original pages, together with his own cogent analysis: Why did none of the several African-American whalers survive? Cahill concludes that more than a short straw may have determined who would live and who would die. —RLW

“On the fourteenth, the whole stock of provisions belonging to the second mate’s boat was entirely exhausted, and on the twenty-fifth, the black man, Lawson Thomas, died, and was eaten by his surviving companions. On the twenty-first, the captain and his crew were in the like dreadful situation with respect to their provisions; and on the twenty-third, another colored man, Charles Shorter, died out of the same boat, and his body was shared for food between the crews of both boats. On the twenty-seventh, another, Isaac Shepherd, a black man, died in the third boat; and on the twenty-eighth, another black, named Samuel Reed, died out of the captain’s boat....On the 1st of February, having consumed the last morsel, the captain and the three other men that remained with him were reduced to the necessity of casting lots.



Whalebone corsets: High Fashion in 1882.



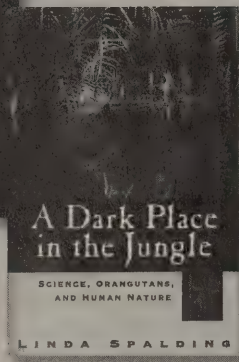
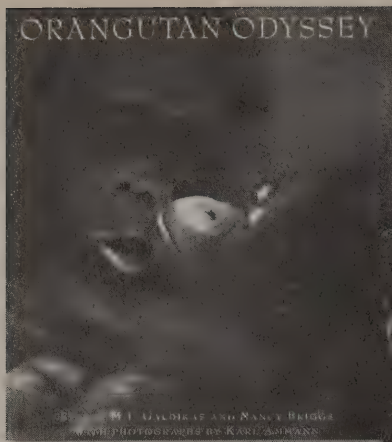
KENNETH S. NORRIS Naturalist, Cetologist & Conservationist 1924-1998

Randall Jarrell, ed.
1999; 361 pp. \$24
postpaid. Regional
History Project,
McHenry Library,
University of
California, Santa

Cruz, Santa Cruz, CA 95064. 831/459-2847,
ihreti@cats.ucsc.edu. (Suggested by Gary
Nabhan.)

Norris is the father of marine mammalogy; pioneer of respect for and study of dolphins; friend of all maniacal naturalists, desert rats, lizards, bats, and conservationists. This unique, printed-on-request book recounts his life, with testimonials from friends. —PW

Left: The *Ostend Whale Visited by the Elephant and the Giraffe*. This French lithograph (1828) depicts one of many carcasses put on display at the turn of the last century. From *Men & Whales*.



ORANGUTAN ODYSSEY

Biruté M.F. Galdikas and Nancy Briggs; photographs by Karl Ammann. 1999; 144 pp. \$39.95. Henry N. Abrams.

A DARK PLACE IN THE JUNGLE Science, Orangutans, and Human Nature

Linda Spalding. 1999; 269 pp. \$22.95. Algonquin Books. (Suggested by Michael Ondaatje.)

Not all news can be hopeful, and the orangutan holocaust cries out in despair. In all probability, within ten years there will be no viable wild populations of orangutans. Thousands are dying from a humanoid tsunami: fires set to clear forest for oil plantations; logging; homesteaders; and extreme drought from global climate change.

Orangutan Odyssey has photos so “human” in feel and heart that anyone objecting to my use of “holocaust” will be persuaded otherwise. It is coauthored by Biruté Galdikas, one of Louis B. Leakey’s three “angels” (Jane Goodall with chimps; Diane Fossey with gorillas; and Galdikas with orangs). Galdikas’s path has sacrificed “science” in order to rehabilitate poached, confiscated, and refugee orangs from destroyed forests. She has created a small population, neither “wild” nor “tame,” but varying depending on their inclinations and the state of food in the forest. She really has little idea how successful this strategy is, but its intent is clear: she believes we must establish a permanent bi-species society to save as many holocaust victims as possible. The writing is ho-hum. Pages have confused ordering. But this is a visual feast.

In *A Dark Place in the Jungle*, Linda Spalding goes on a quest to find Biruté Galdikas and discuss her life and decisions. This is a brilliant travel journal, and surely the most vivid depiction of contemporary Borneo—from Japanese businessmen with hookers taking private boats to see the orangs, to Linda’s sweet friendship with her Dayak guide. It’s richly, richly honest. Linda, Biruté, and the Dayak guide, for instance, have all been single moms—and, of course, orangs are *the* most single-mom primates. Linda gives each her due. (Orang mothers raise their young alone for eight years, without adult males and, many times, without any other juveniles.)

Linda ceaselessly confronts troubling and beautiful daily events and characters, prying out their soul-sense of how to live with the endless destruction and corruption of life. You

get angry and frustrated, you laugh, you’re awed. You want to wish the world different, and end up with prayer as the only or best beginning. —PW

“The survival rate in our program has been encouraging....An exact figure is difficult to calculate because, like wild orangutans, the ex-captives come and go and, even when nearby, often elude identification by human observers. A good example is Bagong, who arrived at Camp Leakey as a grown male who had been held in a zoo in Java. He had a very distinctive face. On release, he immediately disappeared into the forest, then suddenly reappeared at Camp Leakey one and a half years later and visited (very infrequently) thereafter. Almost twenty years later he still occasionally appears at Camp Leakey, clearly older and battered but still alive.
—ORANGUTAN ODYSSEY

“I said I had heard that there are still two hundred orangutans in Taiwan and Mr. Ralph snorted. “Seven hundred, more like it!”

“What’s to become of them?”

“They’ll have to stay there. They’ll grow old and eventually die. Taiwan has stopped the illegal pet trade, but there are plenty of orangutans registered there. And there are plenty more in other places. You can legally keep one as a pet in the United States!”

—A DARK PLACE IN THE JUNGLE

“The sky was silvery and the river was heavy and silken. Away in the distance I heard a great call, like the sound of a whale. Riska said it was Kosasih chasing Bagong out of the trees. Two males in contest. Whatever the inspiration, it was the first orangutan “long call” of my life, the call that Biruté had compared, in her Long Beach lecture, to the sound of a drunken elephant. Great Kosasih, adopted child of Pak Akhyar, was calling.

—A DARK PLACE IN THE JUNGLE

“Clipped to the notebook was my ballpoint pen, which [the orangutan] uncapped. Next she opened the notebook and turned back a page. I had horrible visions of her dropping my sentences to the bystanders who were already gathering, a cluster of three or four people from another boat, who were now standing beside me, looking up and laughing. I shouted at Riska to run and get candy (“Anything! Anything!”) from the rangers’ cabin. Never mind the rules. “Just get her down!” In fact, I was jumping around at the foot of Siswi’s tree, while overhead she made a few tentative marks in the notebook, looked down, and grinned. *Homo sapiens raises arms helplessly....*

It would be possible to write the story of the Camp Leakey orangutans as a multigenerational saga. One would have to start with the assumption that the characters were all disturbed, that their behavior would never correspond to the behavior of orangutans raised in the wild. One would admit that the individuals are as biased, cunning, and self-reliant as the usual set of characters in a multigenerational saga. Some are motivated and some are not. Some are complainers and some are not. If Dr. Muin’s and Pak Herry’s reports are right, there are

sixty-one orangutan ex-captives in the national park. Perhaps thirty or so have gone back to the forest, more or less. But forty or so are *adi di sekita pos*, “hanging around,” and that morning Siswi was the star of their show with a brand-new notebook, although she finally came close enough that I could grab it and pull, losing the cover and gaining a piece of orangutan art.
—A DARK PLACE IN THE JUNGLE

ALL PHOTOS FROM *ORANGUTAN ODYSSEY*.



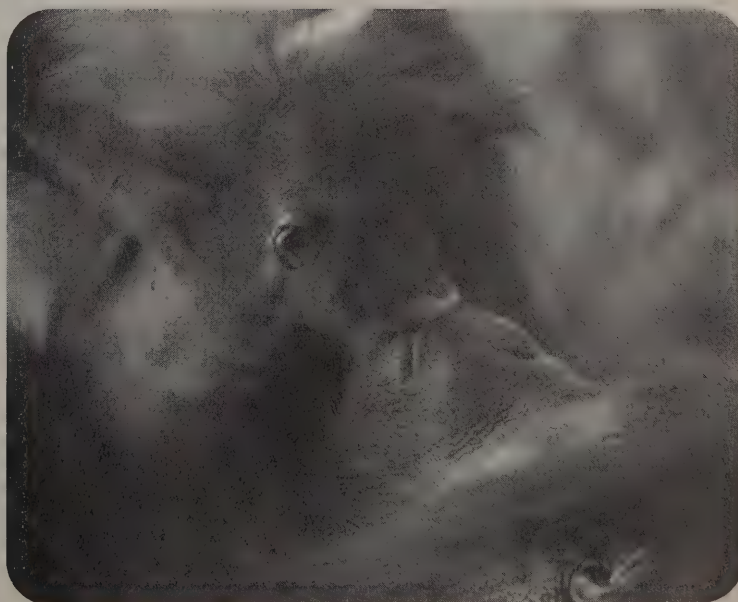
Until the age of five, young orangutans cling to their mothers as the adults move from tree to tree.



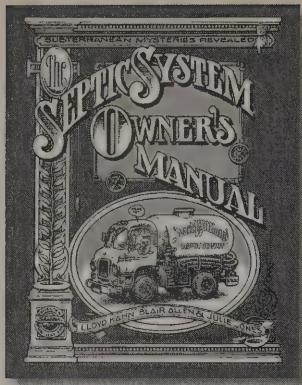
Kusasi's head-scratching gestures, smile, and direct gaze echo body language in humans.



From 1978 to 1980, Gary Shapiro, then a University of Oklahoma grad student, taught American Sign Language to wild-born, ex-captive Rinnie. Here Biruté Galdikas (with help) records the process.



A one-year-old infant puts his mouth to his mother's lips as if to beg for food and in playful affection.



THE SEPTIC SYSTEM OWNER'S MANUAL

Lloyd Kahn, Blair Allen, and Julie Jones; illustrated by Peter Aschwanden. 2000; 163 pp. \$ 14.95. Shelter Publications.

America has needed an introductory book on "homesite" (septic tank) systems for over twenty years. This is it, with spectacular drawings by Peter Aschwanden (who illus-



trated *How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive*; John Muir Publications, 1999). It's a broad-brush, easy, and personal invitation to homesite sewage practices.

As someone who's worked with homesite systems for thirty years, I feel pressured to reveal limits. This is not a how-to book. You cannot use it to design or to install your system. All types of homesite systems are presented, but there is not enough info to help you choose which is best for you. We learn that soil tests (and the infamous percolation test) are the heart of homesite system design, but we do not learn enough to flush out county agents and engineer/contractors, or to detect if we are getting good advice or ripped off. —PW

“Unfortunately, regulatory agencies have tended to require higher-tech, more expensive systems in recent years. In some cases, this approach is necessary, but many times it's overkill. Granted that there will be situations where soil and/or climate require other options, yet the gravity-fed system remains the simplest

and most ecological design; it is the “stick shift” of septic systems, and therefore, the heart of this book.

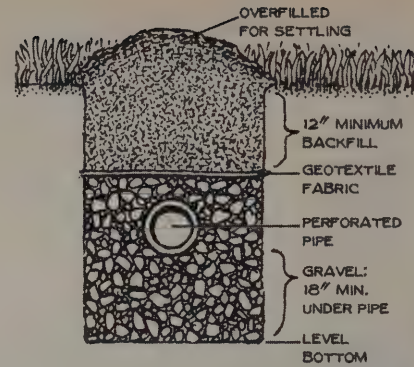
“What a Revoltin' Development!

Be aware of an important disadvantage of all systems relying on pumps: When the electricity goes off, the effluent cannot be pumped out of the tank. Raw sewage can back up into the house if normal flushing and drainage are continued and the power is out long enough.

“A sand filter is a gravel-filled hole in the ground, lined with a water-tight membrane, which purifies the septic tank effluent before it goes to the drainfield.

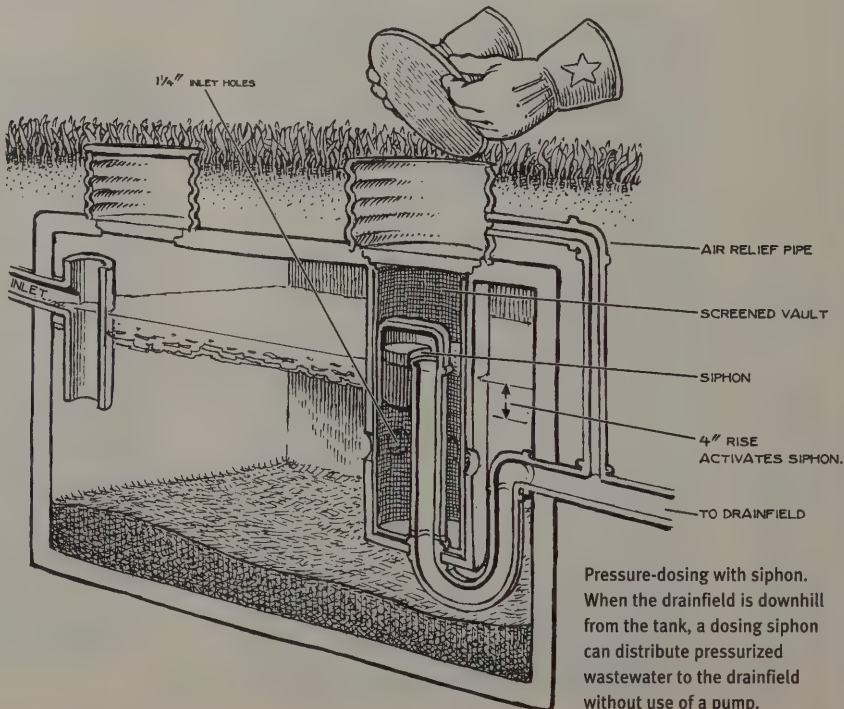
“Large sand filters were used extensively in community wastewater systems in the United States from the late 1800s (as early as 1868) until the 1930s. Some of these systems were quite large, with sand filters covering more than forty acres and serving communities of up to 190,000 people. Eventually, with increasing population and land values, sand filters were replaced by smaller and more mechanically complex treatment systems. Nevertheless, these community sand filters worked quite well and many produced effluent comparable to today's municipal sewage plants.

Over the past twenty years or so, increasing attention has been given to the use of sand filters for wastewater treat-

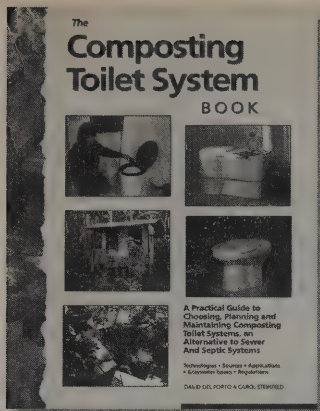


Cross section: typical drainfield.

ment—not only for small communities but also for on-site wastewater systems serving individual homes. It is estimated that there are now some 500,000 sand filters in operation in the U.S.



Pressure-dosing with siphon. When the drainfield is downhill from the tank, a dosing siphon can distribute pressurized wastewater to the drainfield without use of a pump.

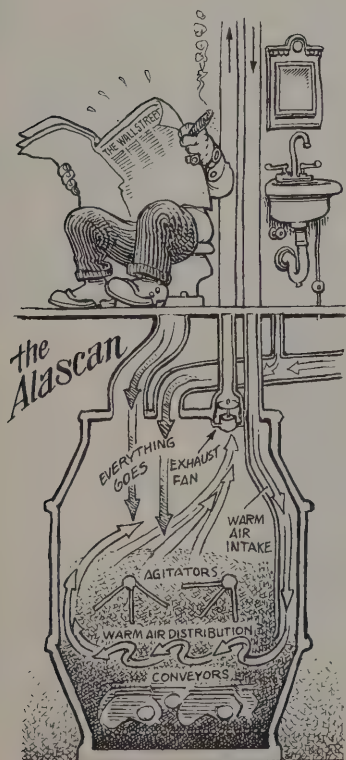


THE COMPOSTING TOILET SYSTEM BOOK

A Practical Guide to Choosing, Planning and Maintaining Composting Systems, a Water-Saving, Pollution-Preventing Alternative

David Del Porto and Carol Steinfeld. 1999; 234 pp. \$29.95 (\$33.15 postpaid) from the Center for Ecological Pollution Prevention (CEPP), PO Box 1330, Concord, MA 01742. 978/369-9440, EcoP2@hotmail.com. Also available through Chelsea Green, Real Goods, and Jade Mountain.

The best inventory of and introduction to compost privy alternatives. Its review of commercial units is nonjudgmental, so you do not clearly know, as you might in a consumer report, which is the best for you and what testing has shown. —PW



FROM THE SEPTIC SYSTEM OWNER'S MANUAL.

Below: Toto's "too much" toilet seat, with built-in bidet, warmer, and deodorizer. But their less pretentious toilets are great!



TOTO LOW-FLUSH TOILET

\$170-\$1,600 from plumbing and hardware retailers in your area. Toto USA. 800/350-8686 or www.totousa.com for dealers and online resources.

As poop palaver runs, many people confess to double-flushing to scour away those skid marks, and become short-tempered when their kids fall into toilets trying to push the button on top of the tank. For my money, this is the best of the low-flush toilets. Trust me, you don't want technical details. —PW



DRAINFIELD PROTECTOR

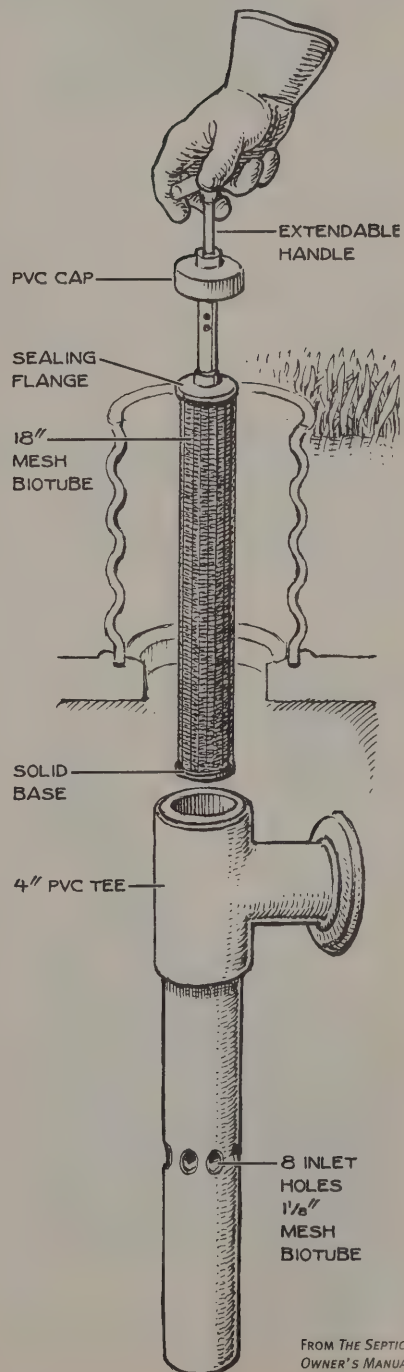
\$149.95 (\$159.90 postpaid) with 160-micron filter. Septic Protector, 14622-268th Avenue, Zimmerman, MN 55398. 888/873-6504, www.septicprotector.com.

Certain lints of the modern world just refuse to biodegrade—lint, for instance, from petroleum fibers like nylon. They can do big damage to soils as they clog the pore spaces and resist microbial consumption. An easy way to protect your soils is this filter unit, which easily attaches to the washing machine. It's good for both septic-tank and graywater systems. I like it best for simple washing-machine-only graywater systems, as it eliminates the need for in-tank filters. Cartridge filters (about \$13) need replacing in one to three years. —PW

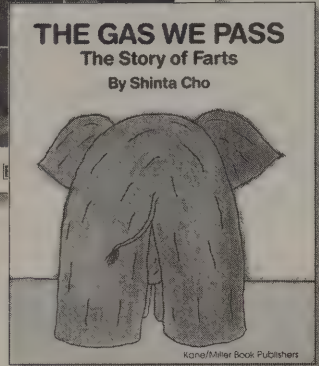
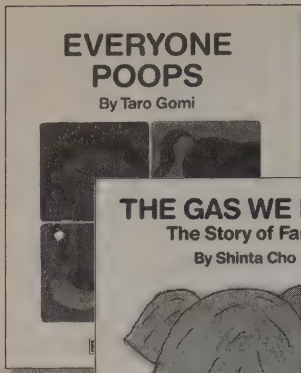
OUTLET TEE FILTERS

\$55. Available through Orenco Systems, Inc., Sutherlin, OR. 800/221-5742, www.orenco.com; and through Zabel Environmental Products, Louisville, KY. 800/221-5742, www.zabel.com.

My favorite new gadget for every homesite system. A must for new and repaired septic tanks. Outlet tee filters are relatively cheap, greatly discourage clogging from soils, and extend drainfield (system) life. They route larger particles back to the septic tank for further bacterial munching or for settling out of the flow stream. —PW



FROM THE SEPTIC SYSTEM OWNER'S MANUAL.



FROM EVERYONE POOPS.

EVERYONE POOPS

Taro Gomi (translated by Amanda Mayer Stinchecum). 1993; 27 pp. \$11.95. Kane Miller.

THE GAS WE PASS
The Story of Farts

Sinta Sho (translated by Amanda Mayer Stinchecum). 1994; 28 pp. \$11.95. Kane Miller.

These books, originally published in Japan, are dreams come true for poop- and fart-absorbed children. Gomi's book has colorful, artistic pictures showing the shapes and sizes of different animals' poops, where

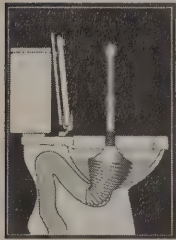
they leave them, and whether/how they clean up. The grand finale shows, first, a row of animals gorging on appropriate food ("All living things eat, so..."), and then the same animals from behind ("...everyone poops.").

The Gas We Pass is more technical (for a five-year-old). In addition to a father and son farting bubbles in the bathtub, we see our digestive system with a piece of food being set upon by bacteria, "which is why some farts smell bad." Some farts smell really bad (meat), but herbivores give off nice-smelling

farts in more generous volumes. The illustrations are crude, awkward, and cartoony, but in the end they are quite satisfying.

The only quibble: *Everyone Poops* showed a whale but not its poop. My now-curious daughter and I had to go to the Mystic Aquarium to watch its beluga whale. On cue the whale squirted out the most beautiful green stream, which formed a great cloud and diffused throughout the water.

— Molly Bang



The Master Plunger 1600.

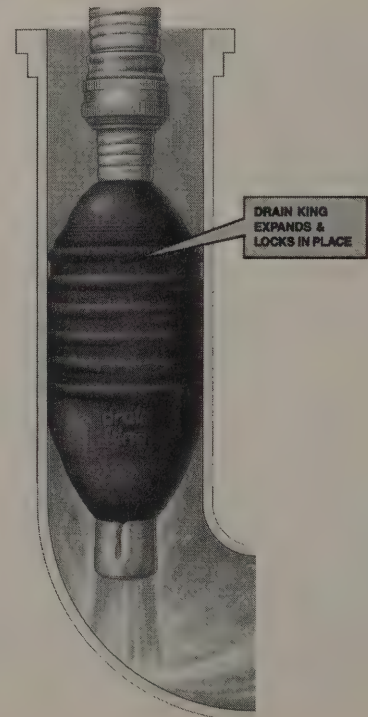
DRAIN KING

From about \$11 (1"-2") to \$27 (3"-6") from plumbing and hardware retailers in your area. Master Plungers around \$7. G.T. Water Products, Moorpark, CA. 800/862-5647 or www.gtwaterproducts.com for dealers and online resources.

I reviewed G.T.'s Drain King a quarter century ago in *CoEvolution Quarterly*. It's still around, a testament to its ability to clear pipes without chemicals. (Requires a garden hose to prime the cleansing water stream.)

Need to unclog a 1.6-gallon toilet? G.T. has designed the nouveau Master Plunger 1600, with special nose and bellows. Or, go deluxe with their all-purpose 100-series plunger with air valves, multiple-fit nozzles, and extra air-push capacity.

—PW



Drain King expands in the pipe, then blasts it with a pressurized water stream.



CHASING RICKSHAWS

Tony Wheeler; photographs by Richard l'Anson. 1998; 190 pp. \$34.95. Lonely Planet Publications.

Chasing rickshaws? Um-hm, to take their pictures before they're all gone? Many cities have banned these colorful, low-emission vehicles, claiming that their hapless human engines (about 1/8th horsepower) are brutalized by their task. Though this is true in some cities—pulling rickshaws is grunt work at its gruntest—a more likely reason for eliminating them is that the congestion they cause appears to obstruct automobiles' right to congest. They also have a very unmodern whiff of poverty and human exploitation, an image many countries wish to change.



The old Agra, India rickshaw, carrying freight. From *Chasing Rickshaws*.

On the other hand, a high-tech rickshaw might be just what crowded, noisy, dirty-air cities need. That controversy is not squarely addressed in this elegant celebration of the breeds, but the aesthetics, technology, and people involved are, in many fine photographs from a dozen Asian cities. —J. Baldwin

“ Hand-pulled rickshaws still exist as tourist curiosities or historical oddities in very small numbers in several cities around the world. The historic city of Kurashiki in Japan has a few ready to be posed for photographs beside the city's picturesque canals....Hong Kong's final survivors, now hang around by the Star Ferry wharf on Hong Kong Island. Only in Calcutta in India are hand-pulled rickshaws still in everyday use as real transport.

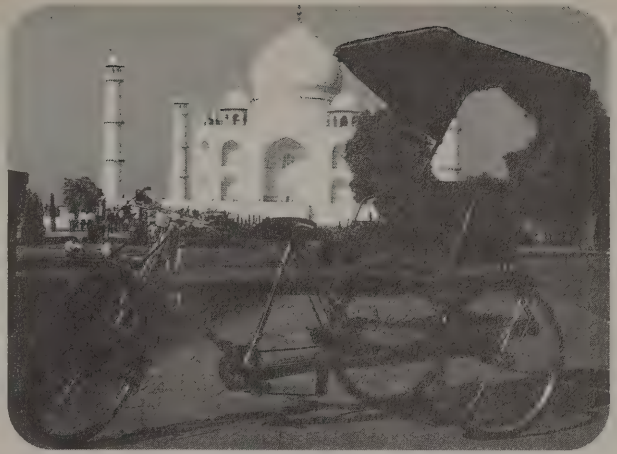
“ The people of Beijing have a reputation for being dour and unsmiling but the city's riders [rickshaw operators] are a surprisingly positive group: there was general agreement that riding a rickshaw gave them considerable freedom, the pay wasn't bad and all in all it was deemed preferable to working in a factory. Rickshaw riding even seems to satisfy the Chinese preoccupation with health—many riders commented that it was good exercise and a very healthy occupation.

NEW CYCLE RICKSHAW

Institute for Transportation & Development Policy, 115 West 30th Street, Suite 1205, New York, NY 10001. 212/629-8001, mobility@igc.org, www.ITDP.org.

In late 1999, one possible next-generation rickshaw was introduced in India by two non-profits: the New York-based Institute for Transportation & Development Policy, and the Delhi-based Asian Institute for Transport Development. They hope to have 500 on the streets of Agra and 200 in Delhi by fall, 2000.

The new cycle rickshaws, made from lighter materials, weigh nearly 40 percent less than the traditional models. They utilize a new gearing system and rear differential axle (substantially reducing pedaling effort);



This new Agra, India rickshaw—lighter, more ergonomic, safer, and more comfortable—could improve the lives of “pullers,” as well as reduce air pollution. From ITDP.

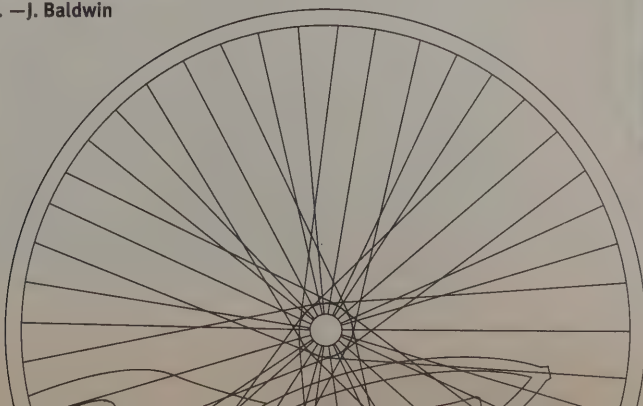
ergonomically improved saddles and handle-bars; and more comfortable passenger seats. They are designed to cost about the same as the old models (US\$100–\$125), but to last up to five times longer. Because the new rickshaws are so much easier to operate, the developers believe that pullers may be able to work more hours with the same effort, increasing their incomes by up to 60 percent.

The new rickshaws will be manufactured in India using local raw materials. The designers also hope that these ultra-modern vehicles will be more appealing to civic officials, who fear that traditional rickshaws present an image of India as backward, and to tourists who perceive rickshaw pulling as demeaning work.

The project introduced the rickshaw in Agra, at the Taj Mahal, in part because of the area's acute need for alternative transportation. The Taj has suffered serious damage from air pollution caused by automobiles, buses, trucks, two-cycle-engine scooters, and mini-taxis. In 1994, the Indian Supreme Court ordered a ban on taxis and buses within a four-km radius. —MKS



Beijing rickshaw in typical winter attire...“as if the tricycle has just been ridden through a bedroom.” Most rickshaws in this city are privately owned. From *Chasing Rickshaws*.



ECO-ART



Hydroglyphs by Lynne Hull. These rock carvings increase the availability of water to desert wildlife.

LYNNE HULL

Three women “eco-artists” are altering what used to be called the “visual arts.” We discovered Kathryn Miller and Lynne Hull at a jam-packed, loudly applauded symposium at the 1999 Bioneers Conference (www.bioneers.org), and Natalie Jeremijenko from friends at MIT’s *Technology Review*. Kathryn laid out the trajectory: “While ‘environmental art’ strives to put a beautiful object in the landscape, ‘eco-art’ goes beyond that and works with ecological systems. This is a whole new frontier, but I’m happy that it is growing steadily.”

Our first pleasure was at how they framed their work in biological time, and never veered from the centrality of ecosystem—including urban ecosystem—forces. Time frames for biorestitution; for tree growth; for solar and gravitational energies to sculpt a tree. Acting as Brat Editor, I asked about beauty in their work (in 200 words or less). The second pleasure was at their sharp responses to my smart-ass question. All poked fun at Art as a Permanent Fixture, as an Immortal Beauty Quest. They pointed toward a more muscular celebration of growth and decay, and a more mindful contemporary critique of what’s happening to the nature/culture dialectic. They mix data into Dada, and revel in multispecies shoptalk and in conjuring delightful revelations and projects. As old Alexander Pope put it: “A feast of reason and the flow of soul.” —PW

Right:
*Teaching a
Kestrel Boy
to Fly*, Lynne
Hull (1994).
Raptor-roost
sculptures
provide
perching and
nesting sites
for falcons,
hawks, and
eagles that
have been
deprived of
old trees or
forced off
their riparian
habitats, or
run the risk of
electrocution
should they
nest near live
wires on utili-
ty poles. The
roosts fill the
gap between
tree removal
and the time
it takes
young trees
to mature
into roosting
trees; a gap
prevalent
throughout
the West.

Below:
*Reservoir
Tree*, Lynne
Hull (1994).

LYNNE HULL

Since I began my art life as a potter, I was accustomed to designing within the perimeters of a function. Now I collaborate with wildlife professionals (or do my own research) to identify a species's needs, and I design around fulfilling those needs. Since I primarily use natural materials, the work is generally compatible with natural settings.

I don't try to imitate or replicate nature—most human efforts to do that look and feel artificial. I try to fill the gap between the time restoration begins after habitat damage and the time nature recovers enough to provide components temporarily missing in the habitat. My sculpture and installations provide shelter, food, water, or space for wildlife; an eco-atonement for human encroachment.

Lynne Hull was riveting at the Bioneers symposium. She wants to restructure the stories people tell about their place in nature. Her artwork nurtures a multispecies dialog. Some examples: an aerial bridge—allowing spider monkeys to move from treetop to treetop without descending into traffic—over a new road in Quintana Roo, a traditional Mayan community; floating islands for safe nesting and sunning for waterbirds, frogs, and turtles in Denver, Illinois, and New York; a ladder in Kenya to give kids a giraffe's eye view of the forest; and, prodigiously, more and more. With amazing energy, Lynne is now working to enshrine and give value to local communities along flyways; communities globally connected by avian migrants. —PW



PHOTOS COURTESY LYNNE HULL.

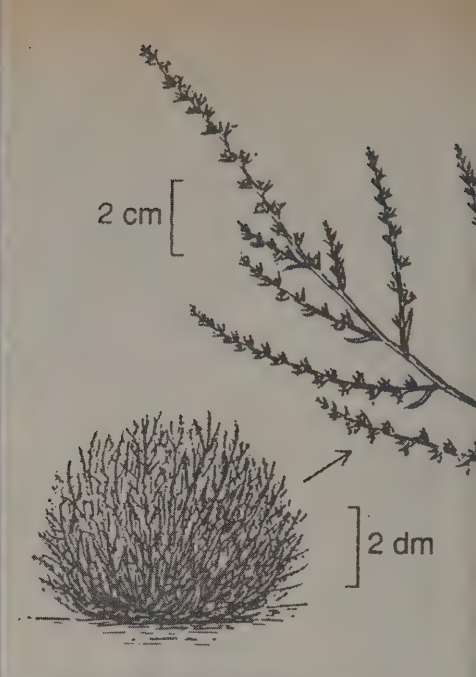


ACCESS

WOMEN ENVIRONMENTAL ARTISTS DIRECTORY (W.E.A.D.)

*Jo Hanson and Susan Leibovitz
Steinman. 1999 (fifteenth ed.); 71 pp.
\$7 (\$8.70 postpaid). "Jo Hanson for
WEAD," 201 Buchanan Street, San
Francisco, CA 94102. 415/864-7139,
<http://wead.dreamfish-creative.com>.
(Suggested by Marion Weber)*

From paintings to rain-forest preservation to sculpture of recycled stuff to dancing in landfills. The most complete directory available. —PW



“WHEN we plow up more LAND than can be farmed, GRADE AND DISRUPT natural LANDSCAPES, we provide fertile ground for NON-NATIVE tumbleweeds and exotic invasive plants. THEN comes ALL the ‘ROUNDUP.’”

KATHRYN MILLER

Photos this page: Scenes from *The Russian Thistle Crisis*, a 1997 installation by artists Kathryn Miller and Michael Honer. Illustration top right: *S. tragus* L., Russian thistle/tumbleweed. From the artists' booklet, "The Russian Thistle Crisis."

My work is not about beauty but about challenging the “notion” of beauty that prevails as a general aesthetic in our culture. I work in southern California, where there are plenty of these notions to challenge.

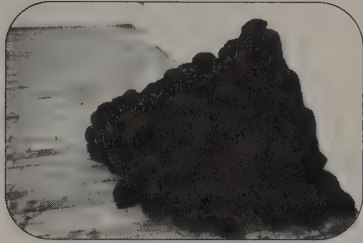
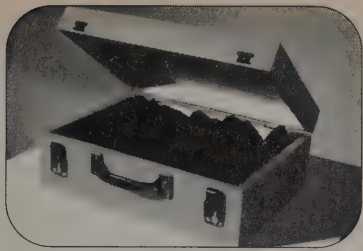
I think that we all want to be connected to beauty in some way or other, and I look for ways of doing that in many different places. The natural environment seems to be a very democratic place to begin, since it benefits a wide range of users, from people to wildlife on down to the microbial level.

One of my projects questions the idea of building subdivisions that erase the original landscape, only to replace the area with buildings, concrete, asphalt, and fast-growing non-native plants.

A second project questions why we suck water from “less valued” landscapes, in order to create perfect green lawns.

My projects range from small, unsanctioned guerilla acts to funded projects and personal investigations. As an artist/biologist I am intensely interested in finding alternatives to subdivisions, exotic-plant invasions, runoff pollution, loss of wildlife habitat, and water transfers. It's pretty basic. Whatever we do to our water, soil, oceans, animals, and plants, we also do to ourselves. There is really no separation. We are connected and interdependent—and *that's* something for each of us to think about.

Kathryn's voice at the Bioneer's symposium was clear, fun, and giving of energy. She's an associate professor of art at Pitzer College in Claremont, California, with deep ties to environmental studies. Born and raised on the coast of Brazil, she's a loving product of its music, language, art, culture...and plant life. She has schooling and experience in sculpture, photography, biology (a B.S. from George Washington University), and ecology. She collaborates a lot. We could list only a few of her projects. —PW



Top and below: *Portable Seed Bombs*, Kathryn Miller (1995). Above: *Les Environs*, Kathryn Miller (1993). Right: *Seed Bombing the Landscape*, Kathryn Miller (1992).



PHOTOS COURTESY KATHRYN MILLER.

"The grounds of the Raytheon Corporation, Santa Barbara, where they actually make missile and bomb parts. I was detected, and told to leave the premises immediately—but by then I had scattered quite a few bombs of my own. Seed bombs are not beautiful. They look more like giant turds. But if they land in the right place and get enough winter rain, they will produce a beautiful clump of native plants and flowers."

Seed bombs germinating, 1992–1993.



Natalie Jeremijenko

Stump is a memory-resident program (a.k.a virus) that inserts itself into your printer queue and counts the number of pages your printer goes through. Each time you consume a tree's worth of pulp, it will print out a slice of tree...so eventually you build a stump of the forest that you and your printer have helped consume.

ON BEAUTY: I am interested in the legible, not the beautiful —which makes things more compelling to look at.

ON CRAFT: I work with contemporary technosocial manufacturing and production conditions; who makes what, where, for whom, and why...and what you do with the toxic capacitors in nine-month product lifecycles...and what rate 18- to 22-year-old girls in Indonesia get paid for working in factories and sleeping six to a bunk (they burn out after four years)...and what paper-processing methods benefit whom. It's not about nostalgia or craft, so I look at the craft of making semi-automated assembly processes work and continue to work for large product runs —which is an incredibly skillful craft, but not usually recognized as that.



onetree is actually one hundred tree(s), all clones, micro-propagated in agar culture. The clones were exhibited together as plantlets at Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, in San Francisco. This was the only time they were seen together. In spring, 2001 the clones will be planted on public sites throughout the San Francisco Bay Area, and possibly some international sites.

Because the trees are biologically identical, over the years they will illuminate the social and environmental changes to which they are exposed. The

tree(s)' slow growth will record the experiences and contingencies that each public site provides. They will become a networked instrument that maps the micro-climates of the Bay Area, connected not via the Internet, but through their biological materiality.

The artificial-life component of OneTree is a group of tree-growth algorithms (L-systems) that will be distributed on the CD-ROM, *MUTATE*. The growth rate and branching patterns of the virtual "L-system trees" are controlled by a CO₂ sensor that attaches to a computer's serial port, melding virtual and actual environments. The contrast between the idealized computer trees and actual complex growth phenomena will be trackable on three Web sites:

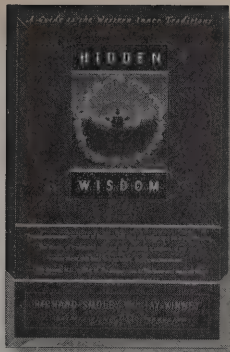
www.pair.xerox.com/natalie/onetree;
www.pair.xerox.com/natalie;
and www.pair.xerox.com/natalie/onetreeonetree.



tree LOGIC

In order to avoid the bucolic and static image (used by environmentalists and lumber companies) of a tree as a triangle on a lollipop stick, Natalie installed six trees suspended in air and upside down in stainless steel planters. This dramatically engages the viewer in the forces of nature—gravity pulling the roots downward and sun pulling stems and leaves upward. Nature (event) becomes dynamic growth responding to solar and gravitational information, as well as to soil and nutrients. This information is no longer part of "commodity" (tree as pulp and timber, or tree as advertising symbol for a nonprofit), but culturally constructed information about the tree itself and a dialogue about what is natural. In Berkeley, California the upside-down tree was removed, because of "tectonic anxiety." The project is now in the safer geology of Boston at the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art. —PW

Natalie Jeremijenko is a design engineer and techno-artist. Her work includes digital, electro-mechanical, and interactive systems, in addition to bio-technological work. She's put video cameras on the Golden Gate Bridge to record suicides, and correlated them to stock market prices (her Despondency Index). She has exhibited all over the Euro-American scene...including, in one instance, a piece of growing human tissue. Natalie's Australian, did her graduate work in engineering at Stanford, went on to Yale's Engineering Design Studio, and is now at New York University. She is known to work for the Bureau of Inverse Technology. —PW



HIDDEN WISDOM
A Guide to the Western Inner Traditions
Richard Smoley and Jay Kinney.
1999; 389 pp.
\$15.95.
Penguin/Arkana.

As editors of *Gnosis*, Smoley and Kinney have devoted considerable energies over the last decade to studying and exploring the terrain of Western inner traditions. Now they've synthesized this knowledge into a single volume, a passionate and scholarly introduction to the Western spiritual quest outside of official "exoteric" religion. Like Jung, whose psychology of meaning plays a central role in *Hidden Wisdom*, the authors believe that spiritual seekers need not turn to the East for satisfaction. "Gnosis," or direct experience of god, is possible through many esoteric and mystical paths, and may resonate more deeply with Western cultural tendencies such as the emphasis on the individual over the group.

Kinney and Smoley have cultivated a "faithful skepticism" that I imagine to be the fruit of years of their own spiritual/academic practice. They address all the traditions—from ancient Gnosticism to alchemy to witchcraft to Madame Blavatsky's Theosophy—with both historical rigor and a wink toward the divine. Like any religious book worth its salt, this one is full of good yarns: Sophia, the feminine aspect of the Unknown God,

unites with Christ in the "bridal chamber" to save humans from their ignorant state, trapped in matter; magicians visualize objects so precisely they appear in the astral light; shamans turn into bears and buffaloes; Dutch scientist Helvetius uses a philosopher's stone given him by a stranger to transmute a piece of lead pipe into gold. The authors sort out the fact from fiction—as much as is possible—and deposit you on the doorstep of the divine. The journey, should you care to embark on it, is yours and yours alone. —Jeanne Carstensen

“ Experience has no qualities in a pure state. We never just experience; rather, we experience *something*, and we experience it *as* something—a specific object. In alchemical terms this is matter in its fixed state, or "lead." It is associated with the color black, which connotes ultimate darkness, passivity, receptiveness. Similarly, when we experience the world in an ordinary state of consciousness, it is radically external to us. Objects are dead, lifeless, without any inner vitality or consciousness of their own.

If so, then Hermeticism could have to do with transmuting the "lead" of ordinary experience into the "gold" of consciousness.

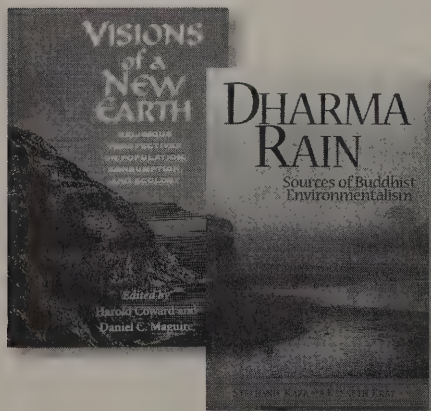
“ Nearly everyone undertakes the spiritual search for some personal gain. To judge by the books published on these topics, many people come to the path hoping it will win them money or love or personal fulfillment. Others view the ben-

efits in more elevated terms, as gnosis, enlightenment, or salvation.

In a sense there is nothing wrong with these goals, for we must all begin at street level. And for a long time, no matter what path one chooses, personal development will be the focus of effort. But at a certain stage one must realize that the work of human evolution is worth doing in its own right, apart from any personal advantage that may accrue. Ironically, if one does not realize this truth after a certain point, personal growth will most likely stop or even reverse course.

“ Masonry began its public life at the end of a long period of religious warfare in Europe, when people laid down their lives for theological issues that today seem trivial. It is thus not surprising that the Masons would have tried to create a clearing where members of different religions and political factions could meet in fellowship.

Hence there is no official Masonic doctrine as such. To be admitted to a lodge, a man is required only to state his belief in a Supreme Being, "Grand Architect of the Universe." Masonic teaching itself, "veiled in allegory, illustrated by symbols," is imparted by rituals. Though innumerable books explicate the meaning of these rites, no interpretation is regarded as definitive, and no Mason is required to agree with any of them.



VISIONS OF A NEW EARTH
Religious Perspectives on Population, Consumption, and Ecology
Harold Coward and Daniel C. Maguire, eds.
2000; 234 pp. \$17.95. State University of New York Press.

DHARMA RAIN
Sources of Buddhist Environmentalism
Stephanie Kaza and Kenneth Kraft, eds.
2000; 490 pp. \$24.95. Shambhala.

The religion-environment dialogue is maturing, shifting from making a theological case for care of the Earth to evaluating strategies, addressing faiths' internal contradictions, and identifying public policy implications of beliefs. Both these books are resources for this next stage. *Visions* treats faith in the market economy as a religion. It finds mandates for limiting population even within pronatalist traditions. Its contributors "do not [believe] that the world will be saved by yet one more scholarly volume"; the next phase of their project is a manual that recasts their arguments in the idiom of policy makers. *Dharma Rain* builds on Allan Hunt Badiner's *Dharma Gaia* (*Whole Earth Review*, Winter 1990) with heartfelt traditional teach-

ings and modern interpretations, but ventures further into such new ground as specific efforts at engagement, Buddhist resources against despair and burnout, and self-criticism of Buddhism's own conflicts and gaps. —MKS

“ ...our present economic system should also be understood as our religion, because it has come to fulfill a religious function for us. The discipline of economics is less a science than the theology of that religion, and its god, the Market, has become a vicious circle of ever-increasing production and consumption by pretending to offer a secular salvation. The collapse of communism makes it more apparent that the Market is becoming the first truly world religion.... —DAVID R. LOY IN VISIONS OF A NEW EARTH

WINNER OF THE MARGARET MEAD 2001 AWARDS

AIO'S AMBASSADORS PROGRAM

If Margaret Mead were alive today, the Ambassadors Program of Americans for Indian Opportunity (AIO) would be a favorite of hers. AIO's staff has remained small (six to seven). Rather than consolidate and fatten itself, AIO has chosen to spawn "children." It has nurtured individuals—especially in its Ambassadors Program—and fledgling organizations, and sent them out into their own communities to navigate among the pressures and pleasures of modern Native American life. "Our principal talent," says Laura Harris, executive vice president, "is the ability to identify needs in the community, bring in experts to talk with that community, and facilitate or contribute solutions."

AIO never loses sight of its roots. Founder LaDonna Harris, Comanche, is the daughter of an Eagle Medicine Man father and a devout Christian mother. Her daughter Laura attends classes in Comanche once a week. AIO reflects tradition, passing along a love of kinship, tolerance, and tribal wisdom from generation to generation. But it is not nostalgic or sentimental. Even the name, "Americans" for Indian Opportunity, bespeaks an acceptance of the here-and-now, the desire to work with the world as it is.

AIO's brilliance comes from seeing what issues face native communities,

and both generously helping and learning from those communities as they adapt to the postmodern dilemmas of a globalized culture. When, for instance, in the 1970s, oil shortages sent the West into deprivation anxiety, AIO opened an inquiry into the shortages' potential effects on tribal America...only to realize that, in the words of Laura Harris, "Well, hell, we OWN a huge proportion of the nation's energy reserves." AIO then asked: If tribal governments owned so many resources, why were they so poor? It turned out that the Department of Interior had entered the tribes into completely unprofitable and harmful deals. So AIO brought together tribal leaders, energy experts, and staff from the newly formed Department of Energy to catalyze a new collective wisdom about the future of energy resources in Indian Country. But AIO did not *become* the energy consultant. Instead, it helped start what is now the the Council of Energy Resource Tribes, known informally as the Indian OPEC.

The Ambassadors Program

The Native American Housing Council, the National Tribal Environment Council, the Laguna Education Foundation, the Tribal Association on Solid Waste and Emergency Response, the California



Ambassadors Chad Williams (Paiute) and Alexis Jimenez (Pawnee/Comanche) discuss Indian leadership at a gathering on the Menominee Reservation in Wisconsin, 1995.

Land Office, and the Daughters of the Pueblo Revolt all owe their genesis to AIO. But the recent centerpiece has been the Ambassadors Program to foster leadership, launched in 1993, which now has 122 program "graduates." It is the only leadership training program to weave traditional tribal values with contemporary reality. Each Ambassador serves for a year, working on his or her community project and meeting with other Ambassadors, for a week, four times during the year. Ivan Posey (Eastern Shoshone), for instance, did his Ambassador work on suicides among his people. He began to work for the Forest Service and, taking his leadership training to heart, ran for and won a seat on the tribal council. Rebecca Alegria's project under AIO was to find old photographs of Menominee life. She not only found photos but discovered their importance to a lawsuit for reparations for timber harvests. She's now a tribal researcher for Menominee historic preservation.

One of the four yearly Ambassadors meetings occurs in another nation (Mexico, Bolivia, Venezuela) and expands the sometimes-held parochial view that Indians with deep and important values live just in the American West. Their meetings aren't "development." They're learning



Intergenerational gathering of AIO Ambassadors and advisors at the Flathead Reservation, Montana.



AIO founder and president LaDonna Harris, her daughters Kathryn and Laura Harris, and Mae Evelyn Jackmon march on Washington around 1975.

programs, philosophical exchanges with often remarkable communities. “The Mayans of Guatemala,” for example, say the Harrises, “are extraordinarily well organized when it comes to publishing their literature in their own language”; something the North American Indian community sorely lacks. Antigua has remarkable political activism and structure, a model “self-advocating” culture. So AIO travels, not to change or repair what it finds, but to share values and absorb, absorb, absorb. “All Native Americans fall prey to occasional myopia,” Laura Harris says candidly; inevitably, though, the young Ambassadors come back “re-wired,” eager to change the domestic climate, and broader-minded about a native world far larger than their tribes.

Once you start listing AIO projects, it’s hard to stop. “Mom’s always having a vision,” says Laura. “What’s coming down the pike? How can we get ahead of it—about twenty years ahead?” Recently, a graduate of the Ambassadors Program explained to AIO how Europeans desired Native American arts and fine crafts. The trouble was that middlemen made most of the profit. Immediately, AIO met with its advisors and board and helped jump-start the Native Arts Alliance. They guided the Alliance through the nonprofit-status

paperwork and IRS red tape. The Native Arts Alliance has begun to cut out the middlemen and sell directly to overseas markets. It is just one more child of AIO with a strong life of its own, a realistic view of the global economy, and great benefit to native artists.

In collaboration with George Mason University, AIO developed the Tribal Issues Management System (TIMS), based on traditional tribal philosophy. It encourages an amalgam of traditional native democracy (upon which much of the US Constitution was based), emphasizing full participation, consensus building, and respect for individual opinion, in contrast to today’s fast-paced, let’s-make-a-decision, 50-percent-plus-one democracy. TIMS is part of an Indian-oriented conflict resolution process. *And*, in partnership, AIO helped create INDIANnet in 1994, a Web site of civic information about and importance to native cultures.

LaDonna Harris founded AIO in 1970 in Washington, D.C. She was married to Fred Harris (US Senator from Oklahoma, 1965–1973), and she learned in Washington about the myriad baroque knots that lobbying can tie you up in, and the diplomacy that sometimes, miraculously, engenders good works. AIO has since moved to New Mexico, “where you can think

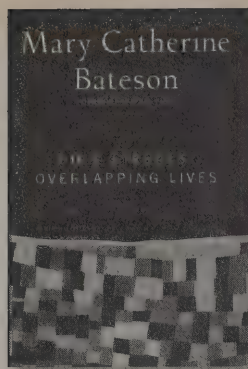
clearly.” LaDonna and Laura work with a small, passionate staff: Sara Whiting, special assistant to the president; Mary Lucero (Jemez Pueblo), office administrator; two interns, Elvina Tenorio (Santo Domingo Pueblo) and Tony Rogers (Navajo); and volunteer David Jones.

AIO has established a self-perpetuating advisory system, routinely calling on African-American, Anglo, Latino, and other non-Indian idea makers. It asks, “How might this affect Native Americans?” “What would your community envision?” and considers the answers’ applicability to the Native American landscape.

One attribute of what Margaret Mead wanted in small groups that change the world was a model that others could learn from. AIO and its Ambassadors Program—focused, nurturing imagination, and applying philosophical muscle—keep native lineages alive and vibrant by molding values to what’s coming up. —PW

THE AMBASSADORS PROGRAM OF AMERICANS FOR INDIAN OPPORTUNITY

681 Juniper Hill Road, Bernalillo, NM 87043.
505/867-0278, lharris@unm.edu,
<http://indiannet.indian.com/prog.html>.



FULL CIRCLES, OVERLAPPING LIVES

Culture and
Generation in
Transition

Mary Catherine
Bateson. 2000;
262 pp. \$25.
Random House.

Mary Catherine
has been a gentile in
Israeli kibbutzim, a
Christian in Iran, an

American in the Philippines, and the only woman in innumerable organizations. In *Full Circles*, she is the white teacher at Spelman College, the renowned black women's college in Georgia. Her dialogues with old and young "students" reveal the essence of Mary Catherine's advocacy: maintain an eye and ear for the strangeness and curiosity in the familiar. It is the bulwark supporting tolerance and love. Marriages infused with curiosity and surprise about one's mate last longer. Generations open to each other's personal histories become wiser and gentler. *Full Circles* continues the work of her popular *Composing A Life*, presenting with passion (and keen personal anthropology) the crucial need to always, always learn, despite the hyperworldic pressures to dwell in anomie. —PW

“ We live with strangers. Those we love most, with whom we share a shelter, a table, a bed, remain mysterious. Wherever lives overlap and flow together, there are depths of unknowing. Parents and children, partners, siblings, and

friends repeatedly surprise us, revealing the need to learn where we are most at home. We even surprise ourselves in our own becoming, moving through the cycles of our lives. There is strangeness hidden in the familiar.

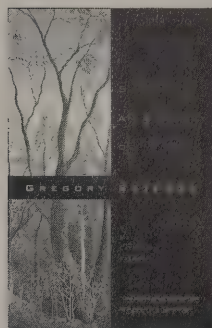
“ The stories our children need most to hear are not the stories of daunting success, achievements so impressive and final that they are hard to identify with, but the repeatable stories of composing and improvisation, in which adaptation is more central than dazzling accomplishment.

“ Miaba is an immigrant, someone born in a different country and arriving without the knowledge and skills for the new one. But every newborn is also an immigrant, and our era is unique in that each new generation is born into a changing country. Each of us, as an adult, is an immigrant, for the country I was born into in 1939 was not the same country as the country I live in today, though at least immigrants in time rather than space have the opportunity to adapt more gradually. The undergraduates in my Spelman seminar were born into a different country from the elders, but all of us bore the stamp of where and when we had matured.

“ Increased longevity—the way we manipulate biology—has an effect on every age and stage, as well as on systems of meaning and concepts such as maturity and childhood, love and family. We have not only added some fifty years to life expectancy since the invention of agriculture, thanks to increments of knowledge and control, but added twenty of those years since World War II. We need to develop new understandings of how adulthood must change as it unfolds over time, beginning later and lasting longer, and how this changed timing will affect the relationships between generations.

“ The exotic is fascinating, but my examples are no more than travelers' tales unless we use them to discover—and be enriched by—the strangeness that lies closer to home.

“ The longer old people survive... and the more active and able they are, the more important it is to make real distinctions rather than see age as a halo around all of a handful of survivors. It may be important not only to compute health care costs but also to understand the sense in which elders are or are not wise. Wisdom may be another of those concepts that has slipped our grasp. Virtually everywhere except in modern America the wisdom of age is associated with an acceptance of the approach of death.



STEPS TO AN ECOLOGY OF MIND

Collected Essays in
Anthropology,
Psychiatry,
Evolution, and
Epistemology

Gregory Bateson.
2000 (reissue ed.);
533 pp. \$18.
University of
Chicago Press.

Kudos to the University of Chicago Press for this new edition of *Steps* (first published in 1972, but long out of print), with a new foreword by Mary Catherine Bateson. —MKS

Through Gregory I became convinced that much more of whole systems could be under-

stood than I thought—that mysticism, mood, ignorance, and paradox could be rigorous, for instance, and that the most potent tool for grasping these essences—these influence nets—is cybernetics.

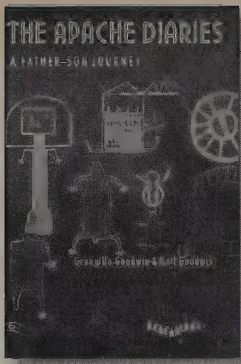
Bateson is responsible for a number of formal discoveries, most notably the “Double Bind” theory of schizophrenia. As an anthropologist he did pioneer work in New Guinea and (with Margaret Mead) in Bali. He participated in the Macy Foundation meetings that founded the science of cybernetics, but kept a healthy distance from computers. He wandered thornily in and out of various disciplines—biology, ethnology, linguistics, epistemology, psychotherapy—and left each of them altered with his passage.

In recommending this book, I've learned to suggest that it be read backwards. Read the recent broad analyses of mind and ecology at the end of the book and then work back to

see where the premises come from.

Strong medicine. —Stewart Brand (from the *Whole Earth Epilog*, 1974)

Dipping back in *Steps* today...I find the threads of connection to my own more recent work revealed and clarified. The importance of diversity in maintaining flexibility (and resilience), the search for continuities that support adaptation, including how to learn from change and cultural disparity, these are the themes that come directly out of Gregory's work. Another is the importance of story as a form of thought. I find that many formulations that are popular today but were unknown when Gregory was writing, such as sustainability, are illuminated in his writings, both in their significance and in their vulnerability to distortion. —Mary Catherine Bateson (from her foreword to the new edition)



THE APACHE DIARIES
A Father-Son Journey

Grenville Goodwin and Neil Goodwin. 2000; 283 pp. \$29.95. University of Nebraska Press.

When Geronimo surrendered, a small group of Apaches escaped to the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico.

Anthropologist Grenville

Goodwin, while living among Western Apache in Arizona in the 1920s, heard that the unsundered still survived. He went on a quest to find them, and encountered stories of postwar kidnappings, fear, murders, renegade Americans, orphans, thievery, disappearing tracks, and recently abandoned camps of the last "wild," unsundered Native Americans. Grenville died soon after, at 33. His son, Neil, read his journal over thirty years later, and decided to complete his father's quest—and, at the same time, to try to discover the father he never knew, by tracing his footsteps.

Apache Diaries weaves the father's and son's journal entries, grouping them by location. It's a totally unique addition to both American literature and history. We read the father's meticulous neutral observations, as well as the son's meticulous desire to maintain his father's honesty but also scrupulously reveal his own heart. The book begins to shine, as if the 'luminations of personal and human histories could turn to palpable silver and gold. Filled with premonitions and visions, haunting cold winds of the Apache wars, sorrowful yet beautiful discoveries of

the destiny of Apache children, and momentary insights into the psyche of Neil's father, I kept thinking: maybe I love this book because I love the Sierra and my Apache friends. But it's much more. *Apache Diaries*, like *Ishi in Two Worlds*, *Ceremony*, and *Yaqui Deer Songs*, captures moments of contact between Europeans and Native Americans. It is rich tapestry—of fathers/sons, Indians/whites, chaotic cultures, and the heroic attempt of individuals to nurture soulful continuities across generations. —PW

“ 1932, Bylas, Grenville's Diary

During ethnological field work on the San Carlos Reservation...several instances of contacts with the Sierra Madre Apache from Old Mexico after 1886 came to light...

Anna Price:

"This happened three years ago in the fall. I went across the river from Bylas and started back into the hills. I had gone about three miles when I heard some people coming, so I got in under a mesquite tree....They were hai-aha and I knew this because I could hear them talking together plainly. They must have seen me, because I could hear one of the men saying, 'do-da, do-da, don't kill that poor old woman'....I did not know where these hai-aha went from there or why they had come up from Old Mexico. I guess maybe they were going to Cibecue to try and catch some girls there while they were out gathering berries."

“ Neil's Diary, the Bavispe Valley

Vengeful Nácori Chico ranchers determine once and for all to wipe out the Apaches....On July 1 [1932, seven months after Grenville had left Mexico], after combing the Sierra Madre for two weeks, the group comes upon an Apache

camp with eight people—mostly women and children. The Apaches try to flee, but it's too late; the Mexicans are everywhere. The camp is a killing ground....

...Amid the blood, the lifeless forms, the scattered possessions and the ringing silence, are three stunned and terrified Apache children: one boy, and a three-year old girl and her twin brother. The twins are taken in by Ramon Hurtado and his family and are baptized....They contract dysentery or some other disease and are unable to eat what the Mexicans feed them. They do not survive the year. According to one version I hear of, the boy deliberately bites through one of his own blood vessels, severing it and thereby bleeding to death....This act of terrible determination by a child is equally remarkable whether imagined or factual.

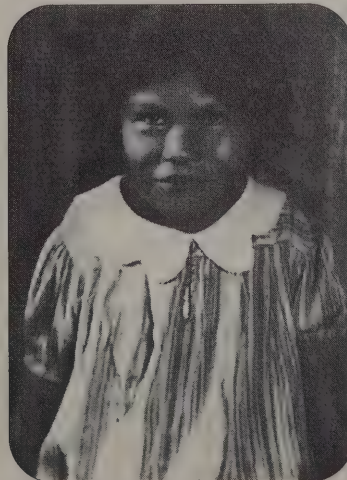
“ Nov. 24, 1930, El Paso Púlpito, Sonora, Grenville's Diary

This afternoon went up to look at cave on north side of pass....There were...several broken arrows on a ledge...feathers gone, but sinew still there. Took these arrows along with several pieces of corn cob, and a piece of pottery which had been used as a ladle. There were several petroglyphs...done in black and red, which I am going to copy. From the cave it is possible to see far up and down the pass, and must have made an excellent look-out.

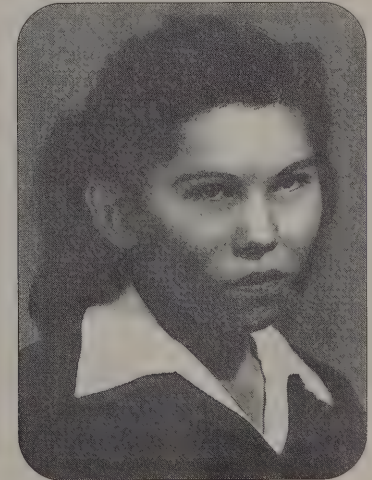
“ Neil's Diary, the Bavispe Valley

My father was an obsessive collector. Growing up on Long Island, New York, he used to walk behind farmers' plows and pick up arrowheads from the turned earth. It was an almost magical adventure, and it determined the course of his life....

An Apache girl, Bui, captured by an American rancher. She was adopted by another American and named Carmela. Photo, 1932.



Carmela, about 1935.



Carmela's high school graduation picture, about 1948.

In the never-ending paradox, we are lavishly praised (see "Letters") and chronically underfunded. *Whole Earth* was the March 15, 2000 *Library Journal's* lead magazine review. It said: "The outgrowth of the *Whole Earth Catalog* may have roots in the counterculture, but *Magazines for Libraries'* pigeonholing of [*Whole Earth*] as a "New Age" publication is off the mark. *Whole Earth* provides access to absorbing ideas for the general reader and is recommended for all libraries." No other magazine reviewed was recommended for all libraries. We'd like to expand beyond the 3,200 libraries that now receive *Whole Earth*. We need local help, as librarians make individual ordering decisions. Ask your librarian to subscribe, or contact us and we'll send the full review.

The May-June 2000 *American Heritage* named our founder, Stewart Brand, "The Most Underrated Sixties Counterculture Hero." "His *Whole Earth Catalog* and *CoEvolution Quarterly* had an enormous impact on society. Brand was responsible for making alternative thinking in the fields of nutrition, medicine and spirituality into accepted parts of our culture." (We might have added, among others, cybernetics, appropriate technology, self-education, personal computing, and sustainable agriculture.)

Good financial news: We are now 77-percent self-supporting; very high for a nonprofit. Our consultants say that with a \$50,000 to \$70,000 influx of "development capital" we could be 90-percent self-supporting in two years. Our renewal rate is a much envied 67 percent. Subscriptions hold steady—also amazing, since we have no money for direct-mail solicitation. Send us four new subs and we'll extend your subscription for a year.

We basically broke even (had a \$6,000 surplus) for the past year. We also sold out our stock of *Millennium Whole Earth Catalogs*—good, because we made money for four years after *MWEC* went out of print; sad, because we've lost that income source.

Not-so-good news: We've stayed afloat by sticking to a bare-bones, maintenance-

only budget. Salaries and benefits are minimal, which makes it hard to hire new staff members. And we haven't been able to add development staff to seek grants and gifts, or expand subscriptions, ads, and newsstand sales—the things we need to do to break free of our subsistence cycle. We raise money issue-to-issue, and remain vulnerable to even short-term cash-flow squeezes.

For instance, an expected \$100,000 grant did not materialize. We hope we've found \$50,000 from other sources, but we still need to raise \$50,000 over the summer—the slowest time for philanthropy and sales. The next three months may be tough, and, realistically, your Fall *Whole Earth* could be late. If you're considering a gift for 2000, or can point us to potential donors, our needs are immediate.

Given the Bay Area's high cost of living and the stress from too few people doing too much work, there's quite a bit of staff turnover. We were sorry to see Alex Gault leave as publisher, to pursue opportunities in the dot.com world. Jay Kinney has graciously offered to oversee the business office for the next few months as we seek a new business manager. Bookkeeper Cynthia Ganey and office manager Devon King have taken on more tasks. Laura Perkins volunteered as our new intern at just the right time. We welcome Deborah Tibbetts, who has replaced Nicky Ovitt as designer.

Partnerships: We have formed or continued symbiotic alliances with six generous organizations: the Collective Heritage Institute (Bioneers); PlaNetwork; the Institute for Intercultural Studies (Margaret Mead Centennial); Green Mountain Energy; Whole Foods; and the Foundation for Deep Ecology. (One example: Through a link from our Web site, customers who purchase green energy from Green Mountain will automatically receive a *Whole Earth* subscription, paid for by Green Mountain.) We are about to sort out details of a *Whole Earth* Mutual Fund, an environmentally and ethically responsible fund for which we will have veto power over investments. Stay tuned for details.

No more Amazon.com: We reported

(*Whole Earth*, Fall 1999) that we were looking at alternatives to our Web site's relationship with Amazon.com. We've elected, as several readers recommended, to affiliate with Powell's (www.powells.com) of Portland, Oregon, the world's largest independent bookstore. No option is ideal—Powell's and its employees are engaged in a long-running unionization fight—but we felt the change brought us a step closer to running our business as we (and you) desire. When you purchase from Powell's by clicking on reviews on our Web site (www.wholeearthmag.com), we receive a percentage.

New board members: Point Foundation, the nonprofit that oversees *Whole Earth*, is seeking new board members to help us thrive and to initiate new projects, such as international coverage and a *Whole Earth* book series. If you're interested (especially if you live in northern California), or want to recommend someone, please contact Point's president, Danica Remy, at remy@organic.com. If you can help with other needs, such as donations of computers or software, or have grant-writing skills, we'd love to hear from you. —PW

New *Whole Earthers*



Production artist Deborah Tibbetts (shown at age four, during her Mondrian period) figures design runs in her blood. Deb's been in the business for sixteen years, and is a freelancer specializing in packaging. She lives with son Julian, husband Sebastian, and iguana Iggy.



New intern Laura Perkins, an English instructor for eight years, wrote in her application that she had "the patience of the old woman who lived in the shoe." We couldn't pass that up! Welcome, Laura.

Whole Earth is a conversation. Compliments, cavils, and corrections are welcome. Letters and e-mail may be (reluctantly) edited for space or clarity.

We have fans

As a charter subscriber to *Whole Earth*, there have been many editions that I couldn't even begin to understand, but I faithfully read through them, with the belief that some day much of what I was reading would make sense—and it so frequently has.

But with this Spring [2000] issue, I am truly overwhelmed. It is simply wonderful—and Paul Hawken's article on WTO caps it all.

As I am 77, I can't help but wonder if some of the kids I saw growing up with mine in San Francisco and the Bay Area have gone on to be the leaders that Paul talks about—and if how we raised them in those days has borne fruit.

Warmly,
Ruth Gottstein (by e-mail)
Volcano Press

The color photography of Antarctica in this [Spring 2000] issue is wonderful. If this has anything to do with the new art director, Stefan Gutermuth, kudos to him too.

The Stephen Pyne excerpt was so good, I cried out when I got to the end of the spread and realized it was not the start of a feature.

Paul Bissex
(Posted on the WELL)

Thanks for the lovely magazine each quarter.

Its material is useful and the information great. During the past couple of years, I have been thoroughly enjoying it.

The new format is "friendlier" and the classified section is interesting. Winter '99 issue: The

article on the "nine-dot problem" was simply amazing. The gist of it was: There can be a different world beyond the simply obvious—one should develop the ability of looking beyond the apparent to discover the endless world of creativity!

I hope you guys keep us changing, like what you have been doing in the past.

Arif Masoud
Jeddah, Saudi Arabia

I think you folks edit the magazine with a certain elegance no newspaper has ever known.

Thanks again.

Pat Holt (former book editor,
San Francisco Chronicle) (by e-mail)

I have been a long-time subscriber and small-time supporter of *WE* and its former incarnations, and if I was limited to just one magazine, it would be this one. I enjoy having my perspective tweaked, validated, or thoroughly confronted every time I open the pages. I can't think of any other source of information that has made a greater impact on my life than *WE*. I feel that I am offered a greater view of the world from *WE* that I couldn't otherwise obtain for myself. I found Issue 100 [Spring 2000] particularly useful in the understanding of just what we are losing with the globalization of the world.

I have been trying to think of what new tools for modern life *WE* could review, and all I could think of were tools to be used to live more consciously and deliberately and with less consumption. Then it occurred to me that you folks have been doing that all along. There also seems to me to be a difference between being a green consumer and green consumerism, so maybe tools that help distinguish between the two would be useful.

It sometimes seems to me that *WE* is rather like the World Wide Web in print. The best browser

available on what is going on in the world, that isn't filtered by big corporations, governments, or greed.

Maybe it is not so much what you folks present but the way you present it—always with an eye to how the individual could use the item, book, or idea to enhance their life and that of the Earth. This seems just as valid to me now as it did in the seventies, when I first became acquainted with *CoEvolution Quarterly*. Paul Hawken mentions in his report of his experience in Seattle last November that there are no leaders, per se, of the protest against the WTO, but that there were thought leaders. I only recognized a few of the names he listed, but I am pretty sure that I heard of them first in *WE*'s pages. Perhaps more tools on how to access these thought leaders would be useful. But, isn't that what your articles do already? I am sure that you offer as much (and from as many) of these thought leaders as space and money will allow in each issue.

Thanks again for a useful (at least to me) magazine.

Kay Robison (by e-mail)

My name is Lee Peh Long, I wrote a letter to the editor to *WER* not long before I left the States and it was published (to my surprise!). Now I am in Malaysia, a Third-World country where the postal service is TOTALLY UNRELIABLE.

I want to subscribe to *WER* but I am afraid that the local Malaysian postal service will do the same thing as to my other magazine subscriptions—non-deliveries, torn magazines, and so on.

Malaysia is a weird country—they censor almost everything. It is not unlike the North Korea, where everything must conform to the "Leader"'s liking; anything that doesn't conform to it will be censored. They even censored a CARTOON MOVIE—*The Prince of Egypt*, a cartoon about the story of

Moses, and the reason they censored the cartoon was because it was about JEWS!

I came to Malaysia because I work here. The local authority has (I suspect) censored some of my other foreign subscriptions, because I have so many NON-deliveries. You have to live here to know the frustration of NOT receiving the magazines you subscribe to and you know there is NO WAY you can get anyone from anywhere to listen to you.

So far, Malaysia has yet to find a good way to censor the Net. Therefore, if I can subscribe to your magazine online, I will get your publication.

I see that you do carry articles on your Web site. I want to know if they are the same as the ones you

print in your mag?

I loved the *WER* because of the excellent articles, and the broad range of coverage on almost everything. I have lost touch with you guys for almost four years, and if it is possible, I would like to re-subscribe to your excellent magazine. I just can't contain myself after years and years of trying to locate you on the Net.

Lee Peh Long (by e-mail)

[The texts of articles on our Web site, www.wholeearthmag.com, are the same as those in the magazine, but without illustrations. We don't post every article or review on the Web site. —Ed.]

Howard Rheingold [*Whole Earth*, Spring 2000] cites NetFuture alongside Phil Agre's Red Rock Eater News Service...excellent company to find oneself in! *Whole Earth*, by the

way, is as stimulating and useful a magazine as you will ever find.

From NetFuture (www.oreilly.com/people/staff/stevet/netfuture/)

CORRECTIONS

We should have noted that the faces used to illustrate "Choose Your Sperm" (*Whole Earth*, Winter 1999, page 103) were taken from Jennifer Heath's *Black Velvet: The Art We Love to Hate* (1994; 94 pp. \$12.95 plus postage. Pomegranate Artbooks, PO Box 6099, Rohnert Park, CA 94927. 800/227-1428). Apologies and belated thanks to Jennifer.

Announcing the Margaret Mead 2001 Awards recognizing community creativity for a new century

from the Margaret Mead Centennial Committee, Institute of Intercultural Studies, and *Whole Earth*

**"Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world."
— Margaret Mead**

When Margaret Mead died in 1978, she was the most famous anthropologist in the world. In her honor, having started in 1999 and continuing through the centennial year of her birth in 2001, *Whole Earth* and Margaret Mead's foundation, the Institute of Intercultural Studies, come together to honor small groups of thoughtful, committed citizens who have changed the world.



Mead always believed in the human capacity to change, insisting that the cultural habits of racism, warfare, and environmental exploitation are learned. She promoted human diversity as a teaching tool; pointed to modified traditions and new institutions that had successfully adapted to a changing world; and praised groups who were inspirations, models, and vehicles for learning from one another. Her goal was nothing less than intercultural and international understanding as a foundation for human freedoms.

If you know of a small group (fewer than 100 people) anywhere on the planet that has worked to change the world; that has cross-connected issues such as race, environment, intergenerational learning, child rearing, and gender understanding; that has developed an organization or series of tools that others can learn from; and that takes a long view of cultural understanding, please send your nominations to:

Mead 2001 Awards PO Box 3223 Peterborough, NH 03458 or nominate@mead2001.org

MICRO-RADIO, FREE SPEECH TURNED OFF!

The tiny opening recently afforded radio democracy on the airwaves is in danger of being closed. In *Whole Earth*, Spring 2000, we reported ["Grassroots Radio"] on the decision by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to license two new classes of micro-powered (10- and 100-watt) community-based FM stations. But before the Commission was able to review the hundreds of new applications from nonprofits and local groups, the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB) mounted a fierce lobbying effort against the decision. In April, the House of Representatives passed H.R. 3439, the "Radio Preservation Act of 2000," by 274 votes to 110—virtually shutting down openings for new micro-powered stations. A similar bill, S. 2068, is gaining support in the Senate. The new FCC policy is very cautious, both politically and technically. It will deny licenses to "pirate radio" micro-radio pioneers—whose efforts made all this possible—and will not allow new stations into such big cities as Chicago, New York, or Los Angeles.

The NAB is one of Washington's most powerful lobbying groups. It played a critical role in writing the 1996 Telecommunications Act, which encouraged the recent broadcasting merger-mania. The resulting corporate ownership concentration was one of the FCC's stated reasons for supporting low-powered radio, in order to open up the radio spectrum to a diversity of smaller, community stations. The NAB did not argue against the need for diversity of ownership, but instead told legislators that the new stations would cause serious signal interference for existing stations—despite strong evidence from FCC engineers and independent news groups to the contrary.

The other anti-low-power radio lobby was National Public Radio (NPR), which claims that low-power stations might interfere with its signals. (It never mentions fear-

ing possible competition from micro-powered radio, or how NPR has dropped much local programming in favor of nationally syndicated shows.) NPR successfully lobbied many Democratic Party legislators on this issue.

NPR's surprising position notwithstanding, the list of supporters in the ten-year national campaign for micro-powered radio reads like a who's who of free speech: organizations for human and civil rights, consumer and environmental rights, the non-commercial media, libraries and schools, municipal governments, religious organizations, musicians, and academics. They are all working to reinstate this small gain for more heterogeneous music, information, and views. For more on these developments, see www.mediaaccess.org/programs/lpfm/supplist.html. —Dorothy Kidd

NEW GAMES RETURN

How to Play New Games: A Training CD-ROM, \$39.95 (\$45.95 postpaid). *Earthball*, \$349 (\$359 postpaid). Free catalog from Dale Le Fevre, PO Box 1641, Mendocino, CA 95460. Toll-free 877/426-3768, 707/962-0514, dlefevre@mcn.org, www.mcn.org/a/newgames/.

Remember New Games—Earthballs; parachutes; aggression-diffusion games; everyone wins; "Play Hard, Play Fair, Nobody Hurt"? Some date New Games to a "Soft War" event conceived by Stewart Brand at San Francisco State. In 1973 Point funded the first New Games Tournament. Vivid memories of the 1976 Whole Earth Jamboree include a canvas-covered Earthball, six feet in diameter, chased across the field or kept aloft by a giggling circle of kickers. We still get mail: "Whatever happened to New Games?" Or, "Do you know where I can buy an Earthball?" We've been mailing back, "Sorry. We don't know either. Let us know what you find out."

Now we've heard from Dale Le Fevre, former New Games Foundation staffer, who's been keeping New Games alive up in Mendocino, while teaching them in thirty-two countries from Northern Ireland to South Africa. He's also produced two books, five videos, and now a CD-ROM with fifty games and guides for matching games and groups, and teaching cooperation while having fun. His catalog features all his publications, and New Games equipment—including, yes, an Earthball. —MKS

ORGANIC FIBER DIRECTORY

2000; 62 pp. \$25 (\$29 postpaid). Organic Trade Association (OTA), PO Box 1078, Greenfield, MA 01302. 413/774-7511, ota@ogc.org, www.ota.com.

The OTA's *Organic Cotton Directory* (*Whole Earth*, Fall 1998) has been expanded to include flax, hemp, and wool, and listings and contact information for organic fiber growers, brokers, mills; manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. OTA reports that

acres planted in organic cotton increased by 75 percent between 1998 and 1999. —MKS

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Our friends at Ocean Arks International (www.oceanarks.org) are developing the first Living Machine wastewater treatment plant on the European continent. Part of a \$70-million office and warehouse complex in Hungary, the system will utilize thousands of species of plants, bacteria, microorganisms, zooplankton, snails, clams, crabs, and fish in an enclosed, sunlit, managed environment to break down and digest organic pollutants in wastewater. Architect Attila Bodnar of Organica Ecotechnologies, the firm installing the system, calls it "an arboretum that cleans wastewater." The system will be capable of treating 300 cubic meters of wastewater per day. Organica is also designing a wastewater treatment plant that could be built on a barge anchored on the Danube River. —MKS

FROM RUSSIA WITH HIVE

The Varroa mite has parasitized honeybees across the country ["Global Bees and Local Beekeepers," *Whole Earth*, Fall 1999], as mites have developed resistance to chemical miticides. US Department of Agriculture entomologists are trying to breed new honeybee strains highly resistant to mite attacks, crossing mite-resistant Russian honeybees from Primorski with domesticated honeybees. The USDA scientists are proceeding cautiously, monitoring the bees' temperament, lest they inadvertently let loose a Russian version of the Africanized "killer bee."

For more information: Marcia Wood, USDA-Agricultural Research Service Information Staff, 800 Buchanan Street, Albany, CA 94710. 510/559-6070, mwood@asrr.arsusda.com. —*HortIdeas*

LASER VISION FOR FIREFIGHTERS

Zybron, Inc., 3915 Germany Lane, Beavercreek, OH 45431. 937/427-2892, evan_zybron@ameritech.net, www.zybron.qpg.com.

(See fire theme issue, *Whole Earth*, Winter 1999). *Technology Review* reports that Zybron is developing a system to allow firefighters to see through walls (of fire) in search of trapped persons.

Currently available devices use infrared detectors to peer through thick smoke, but the bright light and high heat of a fire block the weak infrared signals given off by a human body. Zybron's helmet-mounted system will use a diode laser to beam light at a wavelength outside fire's spectrum. The light, reflected off objects behind the fire, will pass through filters on the helmet set at the laser's wavelength, and permit the firefighter to view images on a liquid crystal display on the helmet's visor.

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ISSUE 101 THANKS

We are grateful to the following people for editorial, art, and business assistance with this issue.

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Scott P. Richert (*Chronicles Magazine*)
 Kelly Rogers (The Rowman & Littlefield Publishing Group)
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
 Laurie Fuller
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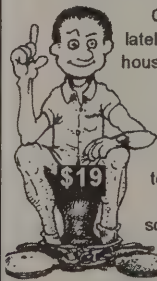
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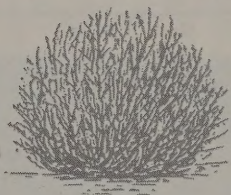
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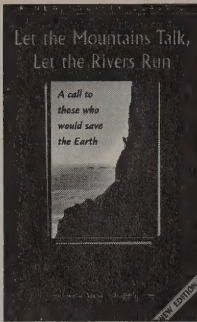


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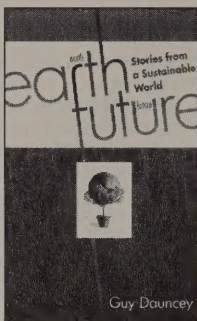
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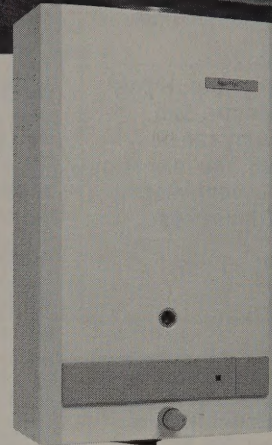


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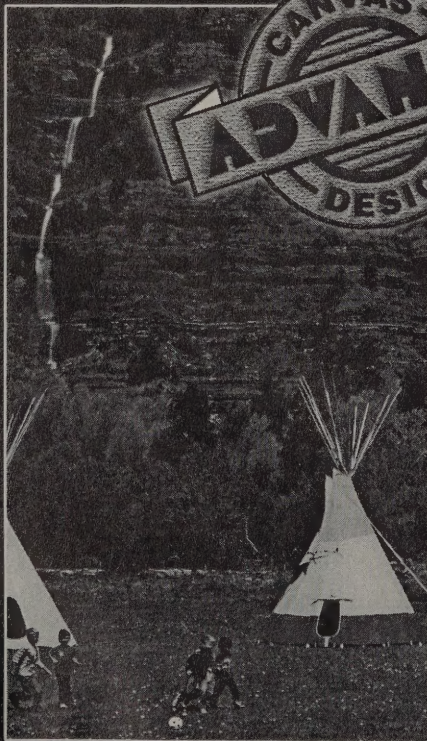
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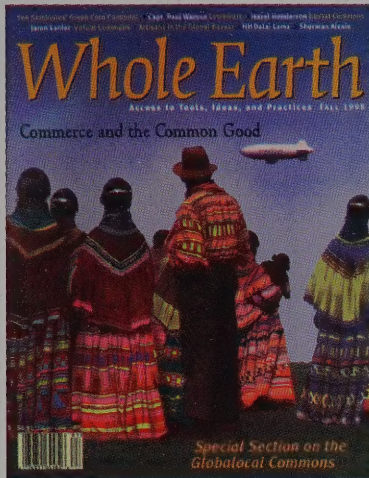
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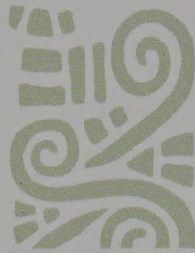
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BACK ISSUES



#96. Fall 1998 — Commerce and the Common Good: rethinking the commons; Paul Watson on eco-piracy; Jaron Lanier on the virtual commons; the Independent Traditional Seminoles; "Map or Be Mapped." Artisans in the global bazaar; the -stans of central Asia; culture jamming. \$12.

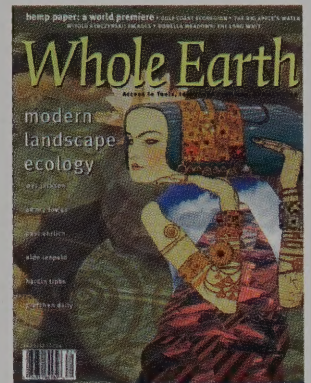
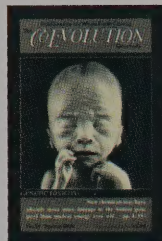
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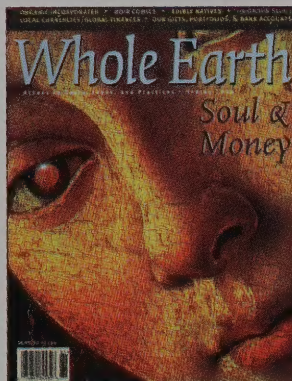
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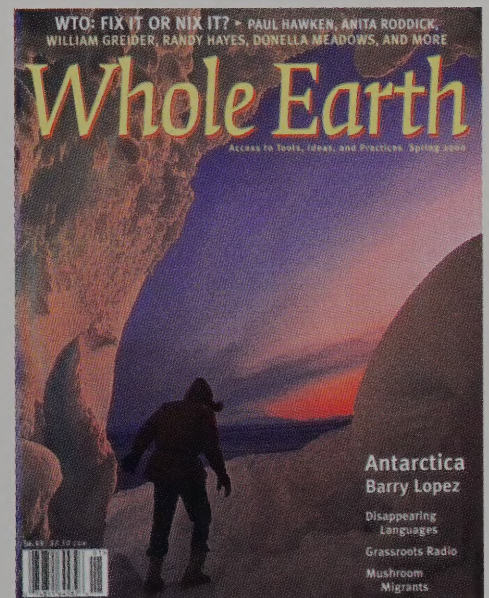
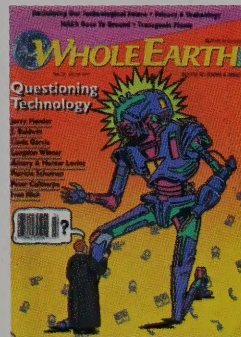
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